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THE

WRITINGS

OF

ROBERT C. SANDS.

VOL. II.

THE

WRITINGS

OF

ROBERT C. SANDS,

IN

PROSE AND VERSE.

WITH

A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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Page
Psalm cxxxvii. 358
Lines written in an Album 359
The Lover to the Tree 361
Prologue to Waldimar 363
The Stars,—a Poetic Meditation 366
The Butterfly 372
Elegy on Henry Slender 373
Horace, Book II. Carm. 3 375
Horace, Epode 2 377
Weehawken 380
Preface to an Album 382
Invocation 386
To a Lady on the Death of her Daughter 389
The Ocean of Nonsense 394
The Deluge 399
Noah, a Poem 403
The Dead of 1832 406

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

Page
Psalm cxxxvii. 358
Lines written in an Album 359
The Lover to the Tree 361
Prologue to Waldimar 363
The Stars,—a Poetic Meditation 366
The Butterfly 372
Elegy on Henry Slender 373
Horace, Book II. Carm. 3 375
Horace, Epode 2 377
Weehawken 380
Preface to an Album 382
Invocation 386
To a Lady on the Death of her Daughter 389
The Ocean of Nonsense 394
The Deluge 399
Noah, a Poem 403
The Dead of 1832 406

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[The paper entitled "Association," together with "The German's Story," to which it serves as an introduction, was first published in "the Talisman," a miscellaneous work undertaken by Mr. Sands, in conjunction with two of his literary friends, under the name of Francis Herbert, Esq. They appeared in the last volume of that work, in the year 1830. The "Simple Tale," which follows, was published in the second volume, in the year 1829. The story entitled "Boyuca" was one of the latest productions of the author. It formed part of a collection of original tales, by different writers, published under the name of "Tales of the Glauber Spa," in November, 1832.]

ASSOCIATION.

"We change our clime, but not our nature, when we run beyond the sea." Neither time, nor place, nor circumstance, can affect the identity of the individual man. I am not about to weary the patience of any too indulgent reader, by expatiating on this old but sage proposition. All that is true is trite; yet truth is often received by sophisticated mankind, with the startling effect of an entirely new revelation. Axioms which reason and experience constrain us to assent to, do not prevent us from entertaining and fostering pleasant delusions. Hope and Imagination triumph over Truth. Under a different sky—with different associates—among other forms of things—the venerable relics of by-gone ages—or the fresh and newly-crested honours of a rising nation—

> "Among unknown men
> In lands beyond the sea,"

we dream that we should act a wiser and better part. Circumstances may favour the self-deception in some instances. Disappointment must of course attend upon most of them. But truth tells us that it *is* a deception in all. Man is *not* the creature of circumstances; he is the creature of OMNIPOTENCE.

We are not changed by any difference in the persons and objects around us. Yet how do they seem changed to us! The reasons why they do so are obvious, and are oftener

felt, than well expressed in prose. Poetry is indebted to them for half of its stock in trade.

In plain and gently-ambling prose, however, steering clear of the whirlpools and quicksands of metaphysics, every one can understand how what we have seen, heard, felt, and undergone, in an intervenient space of time, affects the picture presented to our mind's eye by external objects at different periods. The most familiar illustration of the effects of comparison is, that what had at one time seemed grand in size, or beautiful in proportion, will subsequently strike us, and generally with a melancholy sensation, as diminutive or misshapen.

Theodore Hook, as pleasant a writer in his way as any English author I know of, seems to think, from the manner in which he dwells upon it, and the frequency of the observation in his "Sayings and Doings," that he has made a profound discovery in relation to this subject—to wit: that when we leave, for the first time, scenes of humble pretensions, we are not so much struck with the altitude or vastness of other objects, as we are, on returning, with the littleness and mean proportions of what we had once been accustomed to regard, not only with complacency, but respect. The rules of optics and of perspective furnish an easy solution of the first part of this supposed phenomenon; while the simplest consideration of the nature of association as readily explains the latter. When Captain Lemuel Gulliver returned from Brobdignag, he ducked very naturally on entering his own door, though he had grown no taller than he had been when he entered it with "front sublime," and all the upright dignity of man. Why the respectable animal which we call a goose, does, or is supposed to, in the common conundrum, stoop in entering a barn by the door-way, is satisfactorily accounted for by the children's answer to the quibble; at least to my apprehension. If there be a deeper solution of the mystery, I suppose it can only be obtained by devising some direct means of intercommunion with the

geese themselves. If this can be done, the opportunity should be embraced of unravelling several other knotty points in metaphysics.

Places which we visit after protracted intervals of time, can hardly ever wear, to our perceptions, precisely the same aspect, though they should in the mean time undergo no obvious change. Yet there may be exceptions to this general truth. The present associated images may fortuitously be so identical with those of a former hour, that the intervening years, with all their joys and sorrows, shall have their effects and influence momentarily suspended, and that we shall go back in the chronology of memory.

There is a well-known anecdote, illustrative of this phenomenon. A gentleman was about to sail for the East Indies, who had a propensity for telling long stories. He stood on the quay, with his most intimate friend, telling him one of his most prolix legends, when he was summoned to get into the small boat which was to convey him on board. Many years elapsed, during which he married and buried two wives, and made and lost a fortune, when he returned and landed on the same quay, where he met the same friend. "As I was saying"—he continued, taking him by the arm; and finished his narrative, resuming it at the precise point where he had been interrupted. There is nothing extravagantly improbable in this incident; and, from all I heard about it in Germany, there is no reason to doubt that it actually occurred.

When an alteration has been made in any place which it is our chance or desire to revisit, or when it has received some addition, no matter how small in comparison with the whole, the whole will seem changed to us; but it will depend on other associations, whether we most regard the novel object, and wonder whence it came, or the former scene, and wonder why it is altered.

In the course of my somewhat rambling life, I have myself often experienced the various effects which circum-

stances produce, in changing the appearance of natural and artificial objects. But I remember no more violent and disagreeable sensations arising from this cause, than those which I felt on paying a second visit to what is called the Pine Orchard, an elevated platform on the Catskill Mountains, of late most terribly becockneyfied in newspaper prose.

I ascended to it many years ago, accompanied by two experienced admirers of nature. We carried with us only our pilgrim staves and scrips. Our path was a rugged and often a toilsome one; but, as it led us onward amid deep woods and a fine landscape bounded by a barren and wild prospect, in the valley through which the Katerskill creek runs, winding its course onward until it unites with the Kattskill—or turned abruptly round some bold rampart, whose rocky foundation jutted forth in defiance, supporting a respectable hill, which would, in a level country, be dignified with the name of a mountain—or as it carried us over gurgling water-courses, through shady glens, and into dark ravines—or left us to clamber and actually to crawl up precipitous ascents—still, "the rough road seemed not long." Ever-shifting scenery and converse as varied beguiled us, so that we felt not fatigue, and should scarcely have been conscious of the difference between our sluggish progress, and that of "Hyperion's march on high," had it not been for the increasing heat. And ever and anon we paused to contemplate some striking picture before us; or arrested our footsteps, and stopped on a level landing-place to gaze on the region we had left behind, when a new opening presented such a combination of the imagery we had before beheld in detail, as the mind could not have grouped, or the imitative power of painter or poet expressed.

We were sensible that we were constantly ascending; but the mountain did not rise before the sight, nor was the point to be gained at all visible. And, afterward, I could not help assimilating our journey to that of Life, when the

unseen and unknown heaven has been steadfastly kept in mind as the bourne of its pilgrimage; and after toil encountered, mazes threaded, and difficulties overcome, it is crowned with the Beatific vision.

At length we reached a delightfully cool grotto, which, with its smooth projecting stone roof sheltered us from the sun, while we reclined on as primitive seats of the same material beneath. The moisture which exuded from the rock all around, filled this retreat with freshness. A natural basin in the living stone was filled with pure cold water by its secret fountains, which welled out also in other directions, forming little rivulets that played and murmured softly around our feet. Here we refreshed ourselves for a short time, and blessed the Nymph of the place, to whom antiquity would have given a name, had her haunt in classic days been approached by the footsteps of the then civilized man.

My companions did not inform me how near we were to the Mecca of our pilgrimage; nor had they given me any other notion of the view from the spot we had almost reached, than that it was a very extensive one. When, therefore, after climbing a moderate ascent on the left, I stood upon the naked flat rock, two or three acres in extent, called the Pine Orchard, by a catachresis (a few dwarf evergreens of two feet high, or less, and of an unhealthy look, which sprouted from the crevices of the platform, being the only specimens of vegetation), and when I advanced to its brink, overlooking five or six States, the vastness of the scene that broke upon me all at once was overwhelming, and, at first, not understood.

I *beheld*—"Creation!" as Natty Bumpo said, "dropping the end of his line into the water, and sweeping his hand around him in a circle." On the verge of this stupendous precipice, whose sheer descent is in some places nearly a thousand feet, in an atteuuated atmosphere, above the common clouds and vapours, with all heaven over head, and

half the earth, as it would seem at first, spread beneath the feet, there was nothing artificial, nothing that man had done, to relieve or break the suspension of the faculties which occurred instantaneously when the prospect burst upon the eye. We stood on this narrow table-land, isolated from the world; of which we gazed on a portion seen in miniature so far below; while beside, and behind us, the everlasting mountains lifted their heads, still towering higher into the clear and boundless firmament.

The presence of God was realized in the breathless pause of the moment. Nor did the sensation accompanying this consciousness soon pass away. On changing my position, to which I had been fixed and rooted for the time, on moving to other points of observation, and on ascending to higher acclivities, still the same unlimited extension lay before the sight, and the image of eternity dwelt upon the mind.

And when we arose the next morning (for we bivouacked after a fashion beneath the rocks and under the trees), the mist that covered the level scene below, just before the dawn, unbounded by any outline, but mingling with the all-casing air that enwraps the planet we live upon, presented to the feelings a more immediate though cloudy type of that which is without beginning or end, or any confines, than the ocean itself has ever suggested to me. I have been on much more elevated spots, and have powerfully felt the natural influences of the locality, and the picture before me. But the sense of mighty solitude, of somewhat oppressive and always sublimating abstraction from the peddling concerns of mankind, never overcame me more forcibly than on this occasion. I heard a deep voice, though all was silent, and saw a vast phantom stretching and spreading away for ever; and the shadow which this pageant cast over the brain was constantly that of "Eternity, Eternity, and Power."

There has been no description attempted fit to be com-

pared for an instant with that given by the hunter in the Pioneers, either of this place or of the neighbouring Fall. It was my fortune to read the passages to which I refer before I thought of expressing in written language my own recollections of the effects produced on myself by both of them. My ingenious countryman has anticipated me altogether (as he has anticipated everybody else), by making his favourite hero the organ of his own reminiscences.

As we stood on the floor of rocks, down which the streamlet which was so soon to take so terrible a leap, came sportively winding and dancing onward, with as much glee as if it was always holyday upon earth, and as we looked down into the profound depths, where its waters, after having been resolved and shattered into spray, resumed their course—and gazed laboriously up the side of another gigantic mountain, rising fairly to the sight, in all its distinct grandeur, from its very base to its dome-shaped summit, clothed from bottom to top with its drapery of solemn woods, mounting girdle upon girdle, until the eye ached that tried to count for even a small portion of its unmeasured conoid, the number of their cinctures—here, there, and everywhere—we saw nothing which interfered with the religion of the place. Nature remained, stalled and throned in her own holy solitudes. We trod, involuntarily, with cautious steps; and spoke in regulated tones, as if feeling that we were in her Cathedral; that the voices of her waters and the whisperings of her wilderness were devotional litanies and thanksgivings.

I do not think that Natty Bumpo himself would have been much more scandalized and afflicted, had he known that the march of the "Settlements" would extend up to these wild regions, where, by himself alone, he had chased the bear, the wolf, and the panther, and where, safe from man's intrusion, he had gazed from his eyrie, in his contemplative moods, upon the "carryings on" of this world—than I was, when I learned that some people had been building

a monstrous tavern on the table-rock—knocking up a grog-shop on the top of the semi-amphitheatre into which the streamlet makes its leap, and damming up its waters—for miserable lucre—in order to charge the spectators a shilling a head for opening the sluice.

Oh! ye Oreads, Dryads, Hamadryads, and Napeids! Thou, sweet and solitary Nymph of the now desecrated grot! And ye, tiny Naiads of the rivulet and the daring cataract! Whither have ye fled! And had ye no avenger? Do the storm and the hurricane roar harmless for ever beneath your immemorial haunts? Do the great Thunder, and the all-consuming Lightning, which was wont to visit the lofty places of the earth—the tall pines and the presumptuous towers, and the monuments of ancient kings—riot idly beneath the regions ye have loved? Will not winter, when the trees, each of which belonged to one of you, freeze and shiver on the ice-incrusted scalps of those Titan-hills which you once made your homes—when he binds up your springs, arrests your torrents, and piles up his snow in your valleys, nooks, and pathways—will he not in some indignant and tyrannic mood lock up your invaders in monumental cold, to perish without succour or sympathy? I thought in my folly that those two barren acres and that sacristy of nature were inappropriable, and that they belonged to mankind. It was an idle thought. Could the bowels of Ætna or Vesuvius be subjected to human power, Enceladus would be made to roar by contract, and the natural fireworks be exhibited for a consideration!

Such might or would have been the expression of my indignation, when I heard of the profanations to which I have adverted. An actual inspection of the *Improvements*, as it may well be conceived, did not mitigate my exasperation. Human converse and human comforts reconciled me however for the time being, and, prosaically, to the change; though poetically it was and must be impossible to do so. The place has been made vulgar; the nymphs have fled;

it has been trodden by the feet of cockneys, unnumbered and innumerable; lackadaisial lovers have made soft matches in its rarified air, where their small wits were weakened by expansion; and the qualities of the victuals and drink which may be bought upon it have been painfully puffed in the public prints. It is desecrated. And though the elements should carry away every vestige of the improvements, it can never more, unless dreadful oblivion shall shroud the past, be gazed on from afar as a point in the outline of the blue figure above the horizon, which the heavens seem to vindicate as their own, or be visited with reverent footsteps—as it was gazed upon, and as it was approached, in the days that have departed.

Yet, with agreeable company, one may get along there well enough, I have no doubt. When I was there the second time, which was a few years ago, I went up the Hudson in a crowded steamboat. I am fond, when in the mood, of mingling with the accidentally-assorted contents of these conveyances. We are not obliged to be brought into such close compact with disagreeable individuals as we are in other contrivances for the transportation of people by land and water. And we often make temporary acquaintances, from whom we part with a feeling of pleasant melancholy. On this occasion, I was pestered with an Englishman, who had come out to see about selling some cotton stuffs for his employers, and having two weeks on hand, before the return of the packet, was making notes for his travels. As we passed the Highlands, he observed that they were nice Ills. He inquired whether the other end of the Hudson emptied into Hudson's Bay; and being told yes, made a memorandum to that effect.

Even those who find the Pine Orchard an Elysium, have to go through Purgatory to get to it, in the usual warm season. The musty adage says that we must all eat a peck of dirt in the course of our lives, and the whole of this penalty will be exacted in riding, on a hot and dusty day, from

the Catskill-landing to the hotel on the mountain. When the crowded vehicle, in which we were dragged up the ascent, drove round in front of the inn, the company were in a sorrowful-looking plight; and as we regarded each another's condition, the ridiculous contended manfully with the sublime for the mastery. There, to be sure, was the vast view at our feet; but there too was the big hotel, all shining new, with well-dressed multitudes promenading its piazzas, and inspecting the travel-soiled and fatigued new importations with complacent curiosity. And then the trouble with baggage and servants, and procuring one's self quarters and needful comforts—though there is no host more civil and agreeable to be found in the land than the lord of this wooden castle in the air—these things must effectually interfere with the feeling of awe, if not with that of simple wonder, which the instantaneous bursting of the vision below upon the sight is calculated to produce. The ladies severally said, Oh! ah! or dear-me! and hurried to get dressed, before they "looked at the prospect."

The prospect indeed is altogether another sort of an affair—seen everlastingly through every one of the hundred windows in front of this mansion, which there is no passing without beholding it, in a picture-like form set in a common-place frame—from what it was when looked upon from the naked rock, under the canopy of heaven, and in the solitude of nature. I wished heartily that it was out of the way.

I was sitting in one of the parlours, in the evening, where a small circle were amusing themselves with such resources as they had for the purpose. Two interesting young ladies from Virginia, whom I shall call Penserosa and Allegra, were seated together on a sofa. The latter was playfully tracing on the wall the outline of the profile in shadow thrown upon it by the bust of Penserosa. It so happened that the full features of this damsel were at the same time reflected in a looking-glass which hung in the direction to which her head was turned. On that reflection she might well have gazed with the conscious pride of

beauty; but whether she did or not, I am unable to say. The sweet and somewhat pensive lineaments of her countenance were thus presented in triple variety; the fair originals being three-fourths seen, while the mirror showed the whole, and the mere contour was exhibited on the wall. There was also a third copy of them in process; for I observed that an Italian artist, who had been roving among the mountains taking sketches, was busy with his tablets, and ever and anon casting an earnest glance at the sisters.

I was mentioning to an intelligent German the disappointment I had experienced in the change which the view had undergone, to my eyes; and we fell into a rambling disquisition on the subject of association. Penserosa opened a volume of Wordsworth's poems, which was lying by her, and asked if any thing better had ever been written on this theme, than the glorious ode of this great bard, which she began to read aloud.

There was a melancholy pathos in her voice as she read the first stanza, concluding with

> "Turn wheresoe'er I may,
> By night or day,
> The things which I have seen I now can see no more"—

which almost led me to suspect some secret of the heart, might, without resorting to the deep philosophy of the poet, afford a sufficient reason for her feeling—

> "That there had passed away a glory from the earth."

Allegra said that for her part she loved variety, and should soon get tired of the world, if it always looked alike. With the beautiful development of the poet's theory, beginning with—

> "Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting," &c.

the German was enraptured. The expressions of his admiration were enthusiastic to an unusual extent; at least, I was somewhat surprised by it. He understood the English

language remarkably well, though he spoke it with a broken accent. We fell into a speculative disquisition about the notion of the pre-existence of the soul as a matter of course; though, as a matter equally of course, none of us had any thing to suggest which was not suggested three thousand years ago, as we know from the records; and three thousand years before that, as we have the best reasons in the world for believing, it was as great a mystery.—

"The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had *elsewhere* its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness
But trailing clouds of glory, do we come
From God, who is our home;
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!"

The German adverted to a mental phenomenon, which he seemed to think connected with this subject. He said he had several times been suddenly perplexed by a strange sensation that what was passing at the identical moment had happened before. I admitted that I had experienced the same hallucination myself, as did also Penserosa. Allegra said she had never felt exactly alike twice in the course of her life. I referred, for the reason of the seeming mystery, to the strong accidental similarity or identity of associations; as in the case of the gentleman who went to India, which I have before mentioned. But this natural solution did not seem altogether satisfactory to my new acquaintance. He dwelt so much on one instance which he said had occurred to himself, in which he was in a kind of trance, that I besought him to give me the particulars. He said he had written them down, on account of their curiosity, and that I was welcome to the manuscript.

I thought his narrative might prove amusing to some of my readers. I believe I have translated it faithfully. There is some flightiness about it, as might be expected from the nature of the occurrence.

THE GERMAN'S STORY.

I was sitting one evening, just before twilight, with my back against the wall, in a recess of my with-drawing room, in which there was a large window. I leaned my arm on a table, and was meditating with no continuous train of thought, but, certainly, without the least somnolency; as I am not subject to it in the afternoon, and had taken strong coffee after a light dinner. A strange sensation came over me, identifying the present moment with one which had been. "Just so I have felt—all this I have acted and suffered before." Thus I thought, or rather, of this I was conscious. It was not that I accurately recognised any particular combination of existing images or sensations, as the doubles of those I had perceived at a previous point of time: but the strange consciousness was entire and irresistible, and was accompanied with a peculiar physical effect, not unlike the incipient terror of those who are affected by the dread of supernatural appearances. As my dog looked up sleepily in my face, this hallucination grew more vivid. A lady, who was in the room, made some remark as she quitted it. I heard only, as it seemed to me, a passing strain of music in the cadence of her sweet tones; and, as I looked upward, I felt that I knew all that was to follow.

But Beatrice stood before me with her full yet floating and angelic form, her bright and laughing eyes, and her luxuriant hair, with its clusters carelessly yet classically confined in beautiful subordination; and she smiled as she was wont, when not to believe the language of her expression would have been disbelief in the existence of angelic intel-

ligences. So I looked at her. I could not love her more than I had done, or did; for love of her then occupied my soul, and was like the Hebrew tense, supposed to shadow forth the Divine origin of that language—past, present, and to come. The modifications of time had nothing to do with my feelings, to which Love, undivided, was the measure of duration as well as of space, matter, and sentience. Beatrice stood before me. "So," said she, "you are in a brown study again?"

"Our ideas will wander, dear Beatrice, at certain times, when we are not asleep, and cannot safely swear that we are awake. But now I *am* wide awake; and now I think of but one object."

"That is because you cannot help it. It is before you, and compels you to talk to it."

"Sit down by me, and do not be so mischievous. Why, you are almost in bridal apparel?"

"I am practising for the day after to-morrow. Do you think you will be ashamed of me?"

We sat together in a recess, a window which admitted a prospect of the beautiful twilight scene; and the softened glory yet lingering in the west, mellowed but not yet all spiritual, as it irradiated her form and features, showed me the most delightful vision which prophet had ever seen, or poet pretended to behold. And it was no phantasm; for this exquisite image breathed and lived and panted responsively to the quick and full pulsations of my own heart: and as I looked down into her eyes, where the light of the soul illuminated each mysterious sun of expression which shed its effulgence over the sweetly moulded world of her features, I seemed gazing into wells of unfathomable thought, and holiness and love. He who could have believed that truth did not lie at the bottom, would never have been healed at the pool of Bethesda. But what was *I* to believe? I only felt, strong as the consciousness of my own existence, that we *loved*. I saw my own miniature in each

of those wondrous orbs; and did they not open into her heart?

"Beatrice!"—I murmured.

"Hierome!"—she whispered.

"Why is not to-morrow, the day after to-morrow?"

"Because, my friend, the almanac-makers will not have it so. The day after to-morrow will come soon enough." (And she sighed.)

"But not too soon, Beatrice?"

"Oh no!—It is past seven o'clock, is it not?" (What a strange question!)

"I should think so; for the sun set some minutes ago."

"Well, Hierome, when the everlasting sun measures the days and nights, and the heart measures time by its own calendar, I wonder why they make almanacs, and watches. It seems to me as absurd as astrology. Did you ever believe in astrology?"

"Believe?—I believe nothing at this moment, but that I am, and you are;—and that I love you as my better existence. But, last night, I was gazing on the stars, and I will censure no one hereafter for having faith in their ordained connexion with the destinies of men—provided the proselyte is not honestly in love, and an accepted lover. If he cannot then defy augury, he ought to be discharged by his mistress."

"I incline to the same opinion," said Beatrice. "If he is frightened by looking at the quiet stars, a melon rind with a candle in it would be certain death to him."

"But you *shall* hear about my astronomical observations, nevertheless, dear Beatrice. I looked forth on the eternal, silent, and mysterious heavens. Star after star, as it hung in the intensely blue abyss, arrested my glance, and then it wandered to another, and yet another. More millions of those unextinguished lamps were raying out their influences, than there have been individuals to be governed by them among living men and the generations that have been on this planet since the morning stars sang together. I looked

upon the milky way; and explored, with untaught eyes, that star-studded pavement for the footsteps of Omnipotence. All was vague and undefined in the mirror that gave to my soul its images; or else my soul drank in only the lessons of Eternity and infinite Power, which the meanest peasant can read in that book of GOD. But presently my attention was fixed upon two pellucid and sparkling orbs, distinctly shining near each other. Their spheres were as uniformly brilliant as the focal radiant eye of the diamond; save that their lustre seemed more liquid, and that they appeared to oscillate in the ocean of immensity beyond our atmosphere, sprinkling or shooting forth portions of their own pure glory; and as they vibrated, they still seemed seeking to approach each other—"

"Did you hold your fingers between your eyes?" said Beatrice; "because—"

"Pshaw!" said I, rather angrily—"I know it is all folly; but I did *not* hold my finger between my eyes. And to what do you think I likened those two beautiful stars?"

"Perhaps to Aretine's two eyes."

"No!" said I, still more vexed; "if I had wished to see anybody's two eyes in those stars, you might account for it. But I *will* tell you all my vision. I likened them unto ourselves; and in the very sanctuary of my heart I offered up to them my orisons, and adopted them as the controllers of our destiny. The filmy drapery which had floated round them was withdrawn. In a certain space in heaven they were alone; and therein they shone and radiated, and sometimes seemed almost to kiss each other. Whether it was a mere delusion of the sight or the imagination, or that some wandering meteor mocked me—it did seem that I saw a sphere of morbid aspect drop rapidly between those two goodly stars; and I was startled through the very marrow of my frame, with the rapidity of an electric shock, and with a cold sensation, which I felt through every pore. You need not laugh, Beatrice. The yellow star fell. Some

one then spoke to me, about I know not what; but when I looked again, a silvery curtain had been drawn over that portion of the firmament; and through it I only saw, as I thought, the heaven-rejected and sickly hues of that strange, interloping light. Now this made me melancholy, until I fell asleep; and then in my dreams I saw this unholy orb, moving about, like an ignis fatuus in a church-yard. At last I thought I was in our own cathedral, and that you were with me; and that the priest stood in the chancel with an open book; and that then this accursed and persecuting globe came, and hung right over the altar, whirling round and round its dull, tainted, and abominable fires, till I grew sick—"

"I don't wonder at it."

"But, Beatrice, I must tell *you* almost every thing. Have compassion on my dreams; though they are made, like those of other men, of incondite stuff—the leavings of reason."

"Strange stuff they are," said Beatrice, "and not worth remembering. You may look into the fire, or into the water, or among the stars, until you can see what you please. And if you look upon the water or stars very long, you may see what does *not* please you. This was your case. I had much rather look at an honest wood-fire, or a grate full of good coals. There you may form Saracens, knights, and whatever you like, and invest them with all the glorious poetry of obscurity; and then, like Circe, metamorphose them into what you will; and you do not feel dizzy or light-headed afterward. But where do you think Frederick can be?"

Frederick was my *friend*, O Nemesis! and the cousin of my best beloved. I do not know why a convulsive shudder should have passed through my frame when this simple question was addressed to me by Beatrice. He had dined with us, and was to return with her that evening to her father's house, a couple of leagues distant.

"I dare say he is merry enough, with the merrier party in the saloon."

"Do you know," said Beatrice, "I have thought it would be more delightful to give my father our intended present, now, than after—after—"

"After he has given *you* away, dear Beatrice. Do as you please about it."

"Oh! I will not thank you now," said she. And she kissed my cheek. To be sure, I would have given her every thing, save the fee-simple of my soul, if she had then asked for it. I held a bond for a very large amount, which had been given by her father to mine, as security for which nearly all the property of the debtor was pledged. A release, drawn up with all due formalities, had been prepared and executed; and we had agreed to present it to her father on the day of our wedding. It was in an escritoire on the table beside me, and I drew it out and gave it to her. She placed the parchment in her bosom; and, pressing her hand upon it, said, "It is all yours, nevertheless."

"*Ce qui est à toi est à moi.*"

"*Ce qui est à moi est à nous.* But there comes Frederick, at last," said Beatrice, gently withdrawing from me.

Another chill passed over me; and now it struck me more emphatically than before, that it was strange how the name of her best friend should have the effect of one of those charmed words, which, being uttered, will cause paralysis, fever, and other sudden diseases, in certain men, or the animals which are their property. I looked casually forward, in vacancy of thought, and my glance fell on a large mirror of singular perfection, which, in the waning light, seemed to reflect objects with more distinctness than that in which the original images were directly presented to the eye. The picture of Frederick passed over it; and its polished surface became immediately overclouded with a rusty incrustation, through which, smoking with pes-

tilential lustre, I thought I saw the dingy yellow star of my vision. Ashamed of such weakness, I half expressed my vexation in spoken words.

"I am getting to be a mere old woman. Frederick, I hope you have committed no deadly sin! They say that a true mirror is spoiled, when it has reflected the image of a contaminated person; and just now, I thought that the large looking-glass was clouded when you passed it. And so it is still, if I see well."

"You do; and the glass looks as if the servants had been keeping holyday," said Frederick, who stood looking earnestly at me. It afterward occurred to me that his colour changed, and that a tremor passed over him.

"He is getting so superstitious," said Beatrice, "that I am almost afraid of him. I almost believe that he keeps company with ghosts, and that some of his friends may come to see me without knocking."

"MARRIAGE will lay them," said Frederick.

"I hope so!" said Beatrice.

"I know it will," said I. But, while I said it, I felt as if two separate processes of thought were going on in my brain, with inadequate machinery; and I wondered how I *did* know that I knew it!

"The coach is waiting," said Frederick: "it is later than I had supposed; and I shall take the liberty of doing now what I shall never have the right to do again; of parting you two."

"I must go then," said Beatrice, gliding her hand into mine, while a quick look of singular intelligence passed between her and her cousin.

"No! by the GOD that made and redeemed me!" I exclaimed, starting forward furiously—"not this time! All this has been once before; and, oh! there was a horrible sequel of shameless fraud, and perjury, and infamy—and of idiocy, credulity, and forgiveness! But not again! Every syllable of all this I have heard before. Every sensation I

have felt before. Every image, even to the twirling of that wretch's half-gnawed glove, I have seen before! But whether the eternal river of time has rolled backward, or I have slept and dreamed through a long interval of pain and joy, or nature is to stand still while this drama is played over again, for my indemnity and your confusion—now, miserable swindlers, you shall not go! Traitress, I spit upon you! Liar and coward, take this token of my *friendship!*"

And I aimed a blow at the vanishing shadow, as my own wife, my dear Aretine, entered with a candle, which she had left the room to seek. She could not have been absent two minutes; and I had not stirred from my position.

* * * * * * * *

"It is a thousand times better *as it is*," I exclaimed. "But if I were a Mahometan, I could easily believe in the story of the Prophet's pitcher; and as it is, I have entire faith in the tale of a tub, in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments."

THE MAN WHO BURNT JOHN ROGERS.

Qui vultur jecor intimum pererrat,
Et pectus trahit, intimasque fibras,
Non est quem lepidi vocant poetæ,
Sed cordis mala, livor atque luctus.

PETRONIUS ARBITER.

ON board of one of the ships sent out by Walter Raleigh under the patronage of Queen Elizabeth, to make discoveries along the North American coast, was a passenger of a singular and melancholy aspect, who from the first moment of departure was regarded by all the company with eyes of doubt and suspicion. There was a settled gloom upon his countenance, mingled with an expression that seemed sinister and malign, at the same time that it was timorous; and there was a restlessness and uneasiness in his deportment and gait which it was disagreeable for one who noted him to observe. He would sometimes start when there was neither sound nor sight, nor other cause of agitation. Sometimes he was seen, as darkness was descending over the waters, to conceal himself near the ship's stern, or among ropes and coils of cable; on which occasions he would start and turn pale, as if detected in guilty musings, or would assume a savage aspect, as if he wished to destroy the intruder on his stolen privacy. The horrors of a guilty conscience seemed evidently to possess him. It seemed as

if its workings had given him an unnatural appearance of premature age. The lines of his face and the furrows of his brow were deeply impressed; and a morbid imagination might almost trace, in the dusky red characters of the latter, the thunder-scars of the fallen angels. His hair in some places had turned completely gray. And yet, on the whole, he seemed not to have numbered more than forty years.

He entered the vessel under the general invitation, unknown to any of the ship's company. A rumour was soon current that his assumed name was fictitious, and that he had done some deed which rendered him odious among mankind. His crime was variously surmised, and, among other things, it was whispered that he had been an executioner. There were in that ship many desperadoes, and many who were flying from justice at home for crimes which in any country would have made them infamous. But no man inquired into or cared for his neighbour's character, though notoriously bad. This man alone, convicted by his peculiar and disagreeable physiognomy and manner, was the mark of aversion to all his fellow-voyagers. The awkward attempts which he made, during the first few days of their voyage, to form acquaintances, met with such unpromising reception that he desisted, and became uniformly silent. The women passengers avoided his glance, or looked at him askance, with a mingled expression of curiosity and horror; and at night they stifled the cries of their children by telling them that the Strange Man was coming. At meal-times, a solitary corner became his own by prescription, where his food was given and received in silence: and at night he retired to a couch, from the vicinity of which the occupants of the adjacent dormitories had removed; as they said his motions, groans, and cries prevented them from sleeping. The sailors regarded him with a superstitious dislike, as the Jonas of their vessel, and avoided, or coarsely repulsed him, when he drew near them at their work. He frequently overheard their comments

on his situation, and their surmises as to the cause of his revolting appearance, and the disgust it excited; which were all, however various, alike disgraceful to him.

Thus, on the bosom of the ocean, and within the narrow prison of a ship, without friend or counsellor, or the power of vindicating himself (for who can fight single-handed with prejudice?) among hundreds of his fellow-beings, men of like passions with himself, this wretched exile found himself the focal object of aversion, hatred, and disgust. He seemed to be in the situation of a guilty ghost; more tormented in its unnatural exposure to the living world than in its congenial hell; or like some of the prodigies with which the superstitions of different ages have teemed; like one who had been bitten by a rabid wolf; or who, having had his own veins sucked by a visitant from the charnel-house, had become himself possessed by the horrible appetite for blood. He was like the first born Cain, bearing an obvious but inexplicable mark, which was at once the stamp of his guilt and his protection from the death which he coveted; or like the Jew who insulted our Divine Redeemer, as he passed on to his closing passion, branded with the indelible stigma which men trembled at and fled from. But the first murderer and the wandering Israelite had the world before them, with its solitudes and lurking places, where no human countenance could obtrude with its expression of scorn, or fear, or detestation. This man was tied to his stake, with a tether whose shortness only allowed him to make idle and maddening efforts to hide himself from the many hundred eyes that glanced distrustfully and with loathing upon him. The Hindoo who has lost his caste can mingle with others, who, however despised by millions around them, at least form a community and fellowship of misery. But this man was alone; and the hatred for all his persecutors, which he gave them back in return for their aversion, was silently consuming his heart.

There was, however, a young man, named Rogers,

among the company, whose sympathy for the desolate state of this individual overcame the repugnance which, in common with the others, he could not help feeling. He had, once or twice, made an effort, which none observed him, to break through the sphere of repulsion with which the lonely man had become invested. But the latter, supposing his object was derision or insult, avoided his looks and retreated from his advance. Rogers, however, had marked him, when he apparently thought himself secure from notice. He had observed that he wore a shirt of coarse hair under his upper garments, and had seen him in the attitude of prayer telling his beads. He naturally concluded that the source of so much anguish was some dreadful and unforgiven crime, for which he was undergoing penance.

The weather, which had long been threatening in appearance, now indicated an approaching storm; and the symptoms increased in terror and in certainty. A tremendous gale rendered it impossible for the ship to carry any canvass; and night came on with tenfold darkness. The commander of this vessel, now separated from the others, was in the utmost perplexity; and the ship was alternately rolling and driving under bare poles, at the mercy of the tempest. At first a murmur, and soon a shout was heard among the crew, that the strange man should be brought forth and thrown overboard.

Roused by the clamour and the sound of his name, reiterated amid the uproar, the unfortunate being sprung from his troubled slumbers, and rushed upon deck. He trembled in every joint and fibre; his hair rose in distinct bristles; and his eyes, after wandering wildly, fixed in an intense gaze that spoke of expected evil, dreadful and inevitable. It seemed as if he had been summoned to reveal to the assembled universe the secret that overburthened his heart, and to receive the forfeit of some unpardonable sin, among the hootings and cursings of mankind. No one approached him who regarded his countenance by the fitful light of the

lanterns; but those immediately before him shrunk backward, under the overpowering influence of preternatural terror. Two stout seamen, however, sprang from behind, and were hurrying him rapidly towards the gangway. He was urged along so speedily, that he made no resistance until on the verge of destruction. The ship rolled downward on the side whence he was about to be precipitated; and a ruddy flash which streamed from a lantern held near the spot, fell upon the troubled waste beyond. They were on the summit of an immeasurable mountain-wave; and the wretch looked downward and downward into infinite darkness; while stretching high above, before him, another advancing Alp of waters was impending over the gulf, which was to be to him the abyss of eternity. He uttered one long and shrill and piercing shriek; and clung, in the agony of his struggle, so firmly to his conductors, that they in vain endeavoured to shake him off; but when they had pushed him from his foothold, he adhered, with the tenacity of despair, to the gripe he had taken of each of them, and was thus suspended over the yawning shades below. One was advancing with a cutlass to sever him from his tormentors and from life, when the vessel, shifting its position, threw all three backward. His grasp relaxed: he fell, as if examinate, and rolled against the mast. The two men, having sprung again on their feet, were kicking him towards the opposite quarter; when Rogers, who had been standing near, interrupted them, and arrested the body of their intended victim in its progress. The whole scene had passed in a few moments; but in that brief interval the poor Jonas of the ship had passed through all the bitterness of death. Rogers now remonstrated with the seamen, but to no purpose. In vain he represented that the man had an equal right with themselves to the precarious protection which the ship yet yielded them; that they might one day be called to account for it; and that, though they should escape from human tribunals, they must eventually, and

might, perhaps, in a few moments, follow this now living being, who had never offended them, to the last common audit, to answer for their usurpation of the attribute of God.

His intercession would have been altogether ineffectual, had not the commander himself at that moment appeared, and restored order by directing the execution of some new manœuvre. While the attention of the men was thus diverted, Rogers dragged the insensible being down to his couch, and deposited him there in darkness and temporary safety. He opened his eyes, which fixed for a moment on his deliverer; then, turning on his face, he enveloped himself in his covering, and lay coiled in the farthest corner of the recess which had been allotted him to sleep in.

The storm abated, and courage and confidence returned to the crew. On the day following the night of his jeopardy the strange being crawled from his lurking-place, unobserved, until he suddenly made his appearance in his usual place at the hour of dining. His danger on the preceding night was not generally known; but the company looked at him with a creeping sensation of superstitious awe, when they saw that his hair had turned completely white. His lower jaw seemed to have dropped. His head was bowed low over the trencher, from which, with trembling hands he took his allotted fare. Silence for some time prevailed in the cabin; and when the spell was passing away, the speakers addressed each other in an under tone, that sounded unnaturally to themselves, rebuked as it was by the fear that had fallen upon them. From a furtive glance which he threw towards him, Rogers thought that the object of so much terror recognised him as having been his preserver. He soon took an opportunity, unobserved, of beckoning to him, and the man followed him to a retired corner. Not without some emotion, Rogers requested him to meet him, at midnight, on the quarter-deck. "I will, sir," replied the man: "I believe I owe you my life. Would to God I had never incurred the debt. May I

know the name of one, who, at any rate, meant to befriend me?"—"Rogers." At this word the man recoiled. His limbs seemed seized with a sudden paralysis, and he was only sustained from sinking by a projecting timber. "I know you not," said Rogers: "you never did me any injury: I may do you some good. Remember your appointment." So saying, he left him.

Whether curiosity or humanity had most influence with the young man in seeking this interview, is a question which, probably, he did not ask himself. Whatever was the original motive, the former inducement was now exceedingly strong. He determined to gain from the stranger a confession of the cause of his situation; and though it could not possibly interest him, though it might involve him in a troublesome confidence, or stamp on his memory some disagreeable picture with which his imagination might be ever after haunted, though the supposed possession of the man's secret, or even a discovery of their private conference might render him obnoxious to the dislike of all his companions,—he still felt impatient until the hour should come which was to gratify his desire of penetrating this mystery. Such is the disease of the mind, however denominated, or by whatsoever cause excited, inseparably connected with the thirst for knowledge. Eve could not have disbelieved the warning which she heard from the lips of Omnipotence; that evil, however darkly apprehended as to its nature, must follow the breach of the Divine prohibition; and yet she plucked and ate, and death came into the world.

The wind had lulled, but a universal darkness covered the face of the deep as the appointed hour drew nigh. Save the watch and himself, all the inhabitants of the vessel were resting below from the fatigues and alarms of the previous night and day, as Rogers was slowly pacing the quarter-deck. The lights from the binacle glimmered with wan and melancholy rays, deepening the infinity of gloom around. The ocean seemed moaning, as if after its

recent tortures. There was no other sight nor sound, until a stifled groan fell on the ear of Rogers—a sob of deep agony, which the sufferer seemed vainly endeavouring to repress. He looked in the direction whence it came, and indistinctly discerned a figure advancing with irregular movements, and half-crawling towards him. He began to experience an unaccountable nervous agitation. This man was probably insane; perhaps unnaturally visited by some demoniac possession. Credulity was rife with stories of the kind at that time. Why had he sought this intimacy? Why summoned him in private, at this untimely and ghostly hour? But the figure had reached him, and after a little timid observation, the strange being stood up and began to gaze earnestly on Rogers' countenance, as the dim light played flittingly across its features. There was nothing to terrify the subject of its scrutiny, either in the gaze, or in the appearance of the examiner. For the former soon changed from the expression of anxiety to that of humble entreaty; and the figure shook as with decrepitude. And, indeed, after a short time he fell down on his knees, took hold of his young defender by the skirts, and looked up to him with an imploring eye. Rogers drew him from his abject situation to the stem of the vessel, and there bade him sit down beside him.

Silence succeeded for a few moments; when, with some hesitation, he addressed him, "I believe I did, indeed, preserve your life last night. You say you cannot rejoice at your deliverance. I have felt compassion for you, because you are alone among so many. Confide in me, and I will extend my protection still further. Whatever crime you may have committed, you are going to the deserts of a new world, where you may begin a new existence. The arm of retributive justice cannot reach you there; and the face of man cannot behold you, if you choose to fly into its solitudes. I have a strong desire to learn your history, and

promise, most solemnly, never to betray your trust, without your consent."

"I have committed no crime," replied the man, "for which I am amenable to human laws. In what I have performed, I have been told I did Heaven service. But could I fly from man, nay, could I escape from the presence of God, beyond the uttermost parts of the earth or the depths of hell, I cannot fly from myself. I have prayed for madness; but I am not mad. I can reason, and, alas! too well remember. Here it is, printed on my brain, a picture of fire; and it burns, and will burn for ever, unless the soul can be annihilated. I would not commit an offence which I believe would consign me to perdition; or I would, long since, have laid down this tormenting load of life: yet how could I be happy in heaven, if memory is there, or if there I am to meet any of the countenances that are now looking upon me, though you cannot see them,—so sad, so horror-struck, so agonized? Have you not read how heathens, in old times, guilty of parricide, or other inexpiable offence, were followed over all the earth, and even to the thresholds of their temples, by terrible women, shaking unquenchable firebrands, with living serpents hissing and twisting around their heads? I am beset by many followers; but they do not threaten me, but look fixedly and sorrowfully upon me; and I seem sinking down and down beneath their looks into a fathomless pit. Last night I saw them, too, deep in the monstrous womb of the ocean; and now I see them; and I shall see them for ever. The heathens, I have read, could cling to their altars; and the Jews had certain places where the avenger of blood could not pursue. But I have no sanctuary, and no city of refuge, in all the wide world of land and waters that basks in the sunlight;—and I cannot look for it in the grave."

And here he lay down on his face, and a strong convulsion shook him like an ague fit. He regained some composure, and continued. "Since I have been on board of

this vessel the torments of my earthly purgatory have been condensed to an intensity greater and more unremitting, than ever the persecutions of those who follow me have been constant. Every living thing around has mocked at and shunned me; until each human countenance seems to be that of a fiend to whom the penal torture has been assigned of persecuting, and mouthing, and chattering at the guilty; but I could abide all this, if *they* were not with me. I have seen them in crowded capitals; in the Arabian deserts; and in the dungeons of the infidels; but never, though long years have passed, more distinctly than now.

"But why should I weary you with what you cannot understand, and have no interest in. You ask to know the source of my calamity. I will endeavour to tell you as briefly and intelligibly as I can. I was the son of an industrious and frugal woollen-draper, in the city of London, and his only child. I was much indulged; and my father, having bound me apprentice to himself, did not chastise me when I neglected his business, but was satisfied to reprove me for my present offences. I did not acquire any vices; but I was an idle youth, and loved to see spectacles of all kinds. In particular, I attended all public executions; and was very sure never to be absent when any tragic scene was to be acted on Tower-hill or at Tyburn. I loved to watch the countenances of men going to be separated instantly from the bustle of life; and felt a strange excitement at the parade and circumstances which attend the awful execution of law. I did not go with the common feelings of the multitude, who thought no more of the event after it had passed, but dispersed to other places of amusement, or to their every-day business. The procession to the scaffold or the tree; the prayer, and the psalm, and the dying speech; the preparations for the block or the halter; the descending axe or the withdrawing cart; the hushed pause of the countless spectators; the mangling of the

bodies afterward—were all to me so many acts of a stage-play, in which I took a fearful but intense delight. It became a passion, paramount above all others; insomuch, that I sometimes envied the vile executioner, all stained as he was, and besmeared with the blood, and tearing the vitals of his often yet conscious victims; because he enjoyed a nearer prospect of the scene, from which I was kept back by the crowd and the soldiery.

"I have seen, in the East, men who derived their sustenance from mortal poisons; and others who kept tame snakes in their bosoms, and would caress the slimy monsters, as they were wrapped in their grisly and glittering folds. I have heard, too, of cannibals, and of forlorn creatures who haunt grave-yards and prey upon dead carcasses. Not more unaccountable even to myself than the fancies and appetites of these extraordinary creatures was the desire that possessed me of witnessing the sufferings of human beings previous to the separation of soul and body. I have reasoned upon it since, and found no satisfactory cause; for in my nature, if I know what it was in childhood, there was no cruelty nor malice against my fellow-men. But so it was, that the contemplation of all these scenes of bloodshed and terror was my constant employment, and visions of executions, in all their terrible variety of pain, and fear, and agony, held their infernal sabbath in my mind, so that I neglected business and regular occupation of every kind.

"The persecution of the heretics began, and burnings took place in every part of the country. I had never attended an exhibition of this sort, and imagined, according to the craving of my diseased curiosity, that it must surpass in terror and sublimity all I had witnessed of the closing drama of penal justice. It so happened that I had made acquaintance with one of the sheriff's men, with whom I had held much communion on the subject always uppermost in my thoughts; and he came one morning to inform

me that a minister was to be burnt the next day, and that I might, if I pleased, be close to the pile, and see every thing as it occurred. This was a golden opportunity for me; and one for which I had long and vainly sighed. I was, however, not a little damped in my eagerness, when he told me it was necessary I should light the pile myself. From this office, although a good Catholic, and esteeming, even as I still do (but forgive me—you are a Protestant), the consuming of heretics as an acceptable thing to God;—from this function, I say, I recoiled, as unbecoming the son of an honest man, out of whose province it was entirely to perform the part of the common hangman. My acquaintance, however, told me, that I could gain a near access to the stake on no other condition; and gave me a mask which was adapted to the upper part of my face, and which, he said, would prevent any person from recognising me. He added, that he would call for me the next morning, and so saying, he left me.

"All the rest of that day I was uneasy, irresolute, and almost beside myself, pondering between my desire to indulge a long-cherished curiosity, and the repugnance I felt to execute an office considered disgraceful even when prescribed to an individual as his legal duty. Before I fell asleep, I had made up my mind to depart from home early in the morning, and to behold the spectacle from a distance among the multitude. My dreams, prophetic of all I have ever had since, were troubled, wild, and agonizing; and I awoke in a feverish state of excitement. Very soon the populace was seen pouring from various quarters to the field where the execution was to be; and while I was yet meditating whether to evade my appointment by flight, or to refuse accompanying the sheriff's follower, he made his appearance, and beckoned to me, and as if by a fatal, uncontrollable impulse, I slipped quickly out of my father's shop, and accompanied him on his way. Turning down a narrow alley, he equipped me with my mask, and hurried,

or rather dragged me towards the prison. No notice was taken of me, as, by the side of my companion, I mingled among the retainers of the law. Very soon the inner gates were opened, and there came forth among the officers a man in black vestments, a little advanced in years. His countenance, though not discomposed, was sad; for, as I heard, he had just parted from his family. And behind the escort I saw them slowly advancing, but did not then note them particularly; for a heavy load had fallen upon my heart. I heard not distinctly what was uttered around me, and turned my face neither to the right nor the left, but was led by the arm, mechanically, by my companion; following, with the other attendants, the cart in which the victim intended for the present sacrifice was placed.

"In this stupor I walked on the whole distance, unroused by the great following of the people, or the occasional interruptions that took place in our progress, until we arrived at the spot where the stake and the fagots were prepared. I kept my eyes fixed, as if by enchantment, on that fatal pile, and was dragged along unresistingly, while a ring was formed around the scene of torture. With dim and dreaming vision, I saw the minister descend from the cart, and walk tranquilly and firmly, as it seemed, to the goal of his earthly pilgrimage. There were other things passing, which swam indistinctly before my sight. There was a priest with an angry countenance, holding a cross, from whom the heretic minister turned away; and a proclamation was read, of which I heard the sounds, without perceiving the meaning of the words. Then they fastened the prisoner to the stake by iron hoops, and closed up the circle of fagots around him. At this moment I was thrust forward so suddenly by my companion, that I was urged within a few feet of the pile. I stood without motion, rather as a machine than a thinking being, and a torch was put into my hand by a halberdier. The sheriff, who stood by, addressed me, but I understood not his words. I only com-

prehended from his gesture that I was to light the pyre. A dead silence prevailed among all the assembled people, and we might have heard the whisper of an infant, or the falling of a leaf. A brief struggle passed through my frame, and hastily, by the same seemingly mechanical impulse, of which alone I appeared to be conscious, I advanced with the fatal brand. One instant I cast my eyes upwards on the victim. His countenance was serene and cheerful; and he bent his eyes upon me with a settled calmness and forgiveness, which now lives before my sight as though it were yesterday. I thrust the torch among the light stuff and combustibles at the foot of the pile; and the flame speedily ran all around it, and mounted among the wood. I thought I felt it at the same moment encircling my own brain. I dropped the torch and returned to my companion. There was a weight upon my feet that seemed to clog them to the earth at every step, and a deathlike coldness at my heart. Then, as I lifted up my eyes, I beheld, behind the surrounding guards, a melancholy train in sable apparel. There was a mother with a little infant in her bosom. She was tall and of a dignified aspect; but her cheeks were pale; and her eyes, swollen and red, were fixed in the direction of the pile where her husband was suffering. There were two lusty and stately youths, who stood gazing sternly and sadly; but as the fire began to crackle fiercely behind me, they lifted up their voices and wept aloud. There was a maiden just arrived at womanhood, slender and graceful, with a saintly countenance, such as I have seen in pictures of the Holy Virgin; and she clung weeping to her elder brother. There was a younger girl, with golden hair and blue eyes, like a young cherub, weeping, shrieking out for mercy for her father, and a boy, deformed, and supporting himself with a crutch, who had an obliquity in one eye, that gave to the agony of grief, expressed in his face, a strange peculiarity. And there were little children clinging around their mother's garments, all crying bitterly;

the youngest, poor souls, for company, not knowing why the rest were so afflicted. Methought that, at the same instant, they all directed their eyes towards me; and ever since I have retained the individual expression of each of those wo-begone faces. I turned around, and saw the father of this family surrounded by the ascending blaze, that burnt fiercely, but with a pale unnatural lustre, in the broad glare of day. His look was serene, and he stretched out his hands, and washed them in the consuming element."

(Here there is a large defect in the manuscript.)

The vessels were in sight of the coast of Florida. A delightful perfume was wafted from the shore, and the adventurers beheld the banks, even down to the edge of the water, covered with luxuriant vines and groves of magnolia. Some boats put off from the ship in which Rogers was a passenger, for the purpose of paying a visit to this land of promise; and in one of them the unhappy man, whose history is herein before recorded, went on shore. He was never seen more. Those who were in the same boat with him said that he had wandered into the interior of the country, and could not be recalled in time. It is more probable that they purposely left him.

The ship under command of Sir Francis Drake, a few years afterward, took from the Virginian coast the remnant of the colonists, who were unfortunate in their settlement. Among the survivors, Rogers returned to England, by whom the foregoing facts were narrated. And notwithstanding many traditions and legends that have been popular, the above are the only authentic particulars in relation to the MAN WHO BURNT JOHN ROGERS.

Hæc scripsi, invitâ Minervâ, Richmond, August 27th, 1724.

A SIMPLE TALE.

In a certain village, pleasant enough to behold, as you ride or walk through it, but abominably unpleasant to remain in, on account of the unconquerable propensity of its inhabitants for scandal and tittle-tattle, which prevails to a degree infectious even among decent people:—in this village, about ten years ago, a man and his wife, of plain appearance, both in person and dress, came to reside, having the fear of God before their eyes; and in that fear, I trust, they died.

But they were the subjects of much speculation; and the presidential question has not, to my certain knowledge, called forth so much original argumentation among the people of that village, as did the arrival of this couple; unpretending, unquaint, and inoffensive as they were.

They came in a stage, with but small incumbrance of baggage for persons who meant to remain in one place for any long time; and, according to an arrangement previously made, took up their quarters in the house of a respectable widow, whose modest mansion afforded to them the only room they wanted, and whose modest circumstances made their coming to board with her, in that single room, a decided convenience.

The fact being ascertained, in an hour's time, throughout the village, that the widow Wilkins had got two boarders who were to occupy her spare room, it became a subject of conversation at the post-office, the tavern, the groceries, the prayer-meeting, and in every domestic circle. But nobody was able, that evening, to throw light upon the question of

who the new comers were; and conjecture was left free to range through the mazes of its own world of imagination.

Three ladies, a widow, a widow bewitched, and a middle-aged single woman—namely, Mrs. Steele, Mrs. Hawkins, and Miss Cross, had gone immediately, on observing that the stage had dropped two passengers with the widow, to ascertain who they were, where they came from, what they had in view, and whither they were going next. All the information, however, that Mrs. Steele, Mrs. Hawkins, and Miss Cross had been enabled to obtain (albeit they would have wormed the one secret which a man ought to keep from his wife out of him, after the Holy Inquisition had given him up in despair), was, that Mrs. Wilkins had taken a man and his wife to board at her house; and that their name was Tompkins. They had retired to their own apartment, and had not been seen by the respectable triad; yet Miss Cross said, she thought from the looks of an old pair of boots, which were tied to one of Mr. Tompkins's trunks, which was standing in the entry, that "they were no great shakes." As to this point she had a right also to speak her opinion, seeing that her father had been a respectable retail shoemaker. So, therefore, the report of Mrs. Steele, Mrs. Hawkins, and Miss Cross did but whet the curiosity of the congregation as to the private history, present estate, and future prospects of poor Mr. Tompkins and his wife. Many supposed that his name was assumed for the occasion. So many, they urged, were indicted or sued, who had such an alias, that he must have broken out of the State Prison, or run away and left his bail in the lurch. An inveterate reader of all the newspapers observed, that a Mr. Tompkins was advertised as having left his wife without any means of subsistence, who would pay no debts contracted by him. It was probable that he had a female partner of his flight; and the circumstance of his coming in such a clandestine way to the house of the widow Wilkins, was certainly a singular coincidence. It would be endless, and

scarcely amusing, to mention all the suppositions broached on the subject. One, which was quite popular, was, that this Mr. Tompkins must be the man who had been hanged in Alabama some months before, and who, it was rumoured, had been resuscitated.

The most speculatively benevolent hoped that these people would be able to pay their board to the widow, as she was a good sort of woman, though none of the wisest, and could not afford to lose it. The most scrupulously decorous hoped this couple were actually married, and had not come to bring disgrace into Mrs. Wilkins's house, as she had always passed for an honest woman, as had her mother before her, though there had been some strange stories about her aunt and the Yankee doctor.

The next morning, after breakfast, Mr. Tompkins came forth from the widow's house, and walked through the village to the barber's shop. His gait was that of a grave gentleman who has passed the meridian of life, and has nothing to excite him immediately to unnecessary action. There was nothing in his manner that was at all singular, nor was there even the inquisitive expression in his countenance, which would be natural in that of an entire stranger in the place. He walked as a man walks who is going over ground he has trodden all his life, in the usual routine of his occupations. His clothes were plain black, cut after no particular fashion or fancy, but such as old gentlemen generally wear. His walking-stick was plain, with a horn handle. He wore apparently no ornaments, not even a watch. Those whom he met in the street, or passed as they stood in their doors, looked hard and sharply at him; but he neither evaded nor responded to their glances of interrogation.

The barber who shaved him, extracted from him the facts that he had come last from York city, where there was no news; and that he meant to stay for some time in the village. After leaving him in possession of this valuable

information, Mr. Tompkins sallied forth, and strayed, at the same leisurely pace, up a hill, the summit of which commanded a picturesque view of the village, and of the adjacent country. The barber observed something like a cicatrix, in a rather suspicious part of his neck, but he did not feel justified in pronouncing an opinion as to whether he had ever been actually hanged or not.

In the mean time, or not long after, Mrs. Steele, Mrs. Hawkins, and Miss Cross paid a visit to the widow, to tell her not to forget to come to a charitable sewing society that afternoon, and to make another effort to relieve their minds about the case of poor Mrs. Tompkins. They found the latter lady sitting with her hostess. She was knitting cotton stockings. She was a plain, middle-aged woman, forty years old or upwards, attired in a dark-coloured silk dress, with a cambric ruff and cap, not exactly like those worn by the straitest sects of Methodists and Friends, but without any ornament. An introduction having been effected, the ingenuity of the three ladies was immediately exercised in framing interrogatories to the stranger. She was civil, amiable, and apparently devoid of art or mystery; but never was there a more unsuccessful examination, conducted with so much ability on the part of the catechists, and so much seeming simplicity in the witness. Without resorting to downright impertinence, these ladies could extract no more from Mrs. Tompkins, than that she had come with her husband last from New-York, where they had left no family nor connexions, and that they meant to spend some time in the village.

"Had she always lived in New-York?"

"No—she had travelled a great deal."

"Was it her native place?"

"No—she was born at sea!"

"Had her husband been long settled in New-York?"

"No—he had lived there some time," &c. &c. &c.

With this highly unsatisfactory result, the fair inquisitors

were compelled to return from their mission. Something, however, in the placid manner of Mrs. Tompkins, had produced an influence upon them which counteracted the natural effects of the irritability arising from ungratified curiosity. Their hypotheses in relation to her were by no means so uncharitable as might have been expected. Mrs. Steele actually maintained that she believed her to be Mrs. Fry, travelling incog. through the United States. Mrs. Hawkins had no doubt it was Dorothy Ripley, a woman who had a call to straggle through the country, vending her religious experience; and that her escort was no less a personage than Johnny Edwards, a lay enthusiast of great notoriety. Miss Cross, the least complimentary in her conjectures, supposed it was Mrs. Royal, a travelling authoress, and bugbear to booksellers and editors.

After a walk of two hours or more, Mr. Tompkins returned from his perambulations, and stopped in at the tavern or stage-house, where he seated himself in an unobtrusive place, and began to read the newspapers. He perused these budgets of literature systematically and thoroughly; and the anxious expectant of the reversion of any particular journal he had in hand, waited in vain for him to lay it down. When he had finished one broadside, and the fidgetty seeker after the latest sense had half thrust forth his hand to grasp the prize, Mr. Tompkins, gently heaving a complacent sigh, turned over the folio, and began to read the next page with the same quiet fixedness of attention, and unequivocally expressed purpose of suffering nothing it contained to escape his attention. It thus took him about two hours to finish his prelection of one of the issues of that great moral engine, as it is called, by whose emanations the people of this country are made so wise and happy. Advertisements and all he read, except poetry, which he seemed to skip conscientiously, generally uttering an interjection, not of admiration. Notwithstanding he thus tried the patience of those who wanted a share of periodical

light, he was so quiet and respectable a looking man, that not even a highwayman, or a highwayman's horse (supposing that respectable beast to be entitled to its proverbial character for assurance), would have attempted to take the paper away from him by violence. His person was in nobody's way. His elbows and knees were kept in; and there was no quarrelling with his shoe or his shoe-tie. There was a *simplex-munditiis*—a neat-but-not-gaudiness, about him, which everybody understood without understanding Latin.

When he had apparently exhausted the contents of all the periodicals that lay on the bar-room table, just as the village clock struck one, Mr. Tompkins asked for a glass of cider, which he drank and departed. I need make no apology to an intelligent reader for a detail of these minute particulars; because they engrossed the attention of many at the time, and were severally the subjects of conflicting hypotheses. And besides, the history of his first day's residence was so exactly that of every other which followed, that it is expedient to be particular in recording it.

He returned then to his lodgings, and after dinner was seen sitting in the porch of the widow's house, smoking a cigar, and reading in an ancient looking volume. Towards sundown he again walked forth, with his wife (if wife she was) under his arm; and they strolled to some distance through the lanes and among the fields adjacent to the village. Thence they returned at tea-time, and at an early hour retired to their apartment.

Mrs. Wilkins had not for a long time received so many visiters as called upon her that evening, to inquire after her health, and the "names, ages, usual places of residence, and occupations" of her boarders. For the best of all possible reasons, she was unable to satisfy them on many of these points. The appearance of Mr. Tompkins at the tavern, however, had produced a reaction in the opinions of the men, as that of his wife had in those of the ladies; and he

was supposed to be some greater character than a runaway husband, a fraudulent insolvent, or a half-hanged malefactor. They were determined to make an Æneas under a cloud out of him. One was convinced that he was Sir Gregor Mc Gregor; another that he was Baron Von Hoffman (a wandering High-Dutch adventurer, much in vogue at that time), and a third ventured the bold conjecture that he was NAPOLEON himself. A rumour, then rife, that the most illustrious of *détenus* had effected his escape, gave greater accuracy to the last surmise than to any other. Napoleon was then in ——!

The post-master advised the speculative crowd, whose imaginations were perturbed and overwrought by this suggestion, to keep themselves quiet, and say nothing about it for the present. Letters and packages must necessarily come to the mysterious visiter, which would be subject to his inspection; and from the post-marks, directions, and other indices, which long experience had taught him to understand, he assured them that he should be able to read the riddle. By this promise, the adult population were controlled into forbearance from any public manifestation of astonishment. The little boys, however, whose discretion was not so great, kept hurraing for Bonypart to a late hour, around the widow's house; for which the biggest of them suffered severely next morning at school; their master being what was called an old tory.

"Days, weeks, and months, and generations (in the chronology of curiosity), passed:" but the post-master was unable to fulfil his promise. Nothing came to his department directed to *our* Mr. Tompkins; nor did that gentleman ever inquire for any letters. During this period, which was about half a year, the daily occupations of Mr. T. were almost uniformly the same with those mentioned in the diary I have given. So punctual was he, that a sick lady, having marked the precise minute at which he passed before her house, on his return to dinner, set her watch regularly

thereafter by his appearance, and was persuaded that it kept better time than those of her neighbours. One would have thought that she ought to have felt grateful to the isolated stranger who thus saved her the trouble of a solar observation: but whether it arose from the influence of the genius of the place, the irritability of sickness, or her association of Mr. Tompkins with ipecacuanha, certain it is, that her guesses about his identity, and his motives for coming to that town, were of all others the most unamiable.

I must mention, however, some of the other habits of Mr. Tompkins, and some of the peculiarities of his character. For, though the former were systematic, and the latter monotonous, he was yet not a mere animated automaton; and was distinguished from other male bipeds by certain traits, which his acutely observant neighbours of course did not fail to note.

Neither he nor his wife ever bought any thing for which they did not pay cash. Their purchases were few in number, and small in amount; and they generally seemed to have exactly the requisite sum about them, rarely requiring change, and never exhibiting any large surplus of the circulating medium. On Sunday, unless the weather was very bad, they attended at the Episcopal church regularly, sitting in Mrs. Wilkins's pew; and regularly did Mr. Tompkins deposite a sixpenny-piece in the plate which was handed round. They did not, however, partake of the communion in that church—why, I know not. It was in vain that Mrs. Tompkins was urged by the ladies with whom she became acquainted, to attend religious meetings of different kinds, held in the evening. It was also in vain that either her husband or she was solicited to subscribe to any charity, of whatever description. They severally answered, "I cannot afford it," so naturally, that the ladies and gentlemen on the several committees appointed by the several charitable meetings, gave them up in despair. They rarely accepted invitations to tea-drinkings; and yet there was nothing un-

social in their manner or conversation. They could converse very agreeably, according to the opinions of many of the people; and what was strange—was, that they neither talked about scandal, religion, or politics. Sometimes they spoke of other countries so familiarly, that the question, "Have you ever been there?" was naturally asked; and the answer was generally "Yes." Avoiding, however, any communion other than what was inevitable, with those who were decidedly gross and vulgar in intellect and feeling, and forming no intimacies in the small social circle into which they were thrown, the barrier was never passed by their acquaintances, which precluded familiarity. The amusements of Mr. Tompkins, other than those I have stated,—to wit, walking and reading the newspapers,—were extremely limited in kind or degree, so far as they were observed. Books of his own he had none. The widow's collection was small: but he availed himself of it occasionally, when smoking, or when the weather was bad. As it was more than a quarter of a century since any of the volumes had been purchased, and they were mostly odd ones, his studies could neither have been profound nor extensive. He also very frequently played backgammon with an old Danish gentleman, Mr. Hans Felburgh, who had brought his wife from the West Indies, to reside in this village for the benefit of her health, and had buried her there. It had been a subject of much dispute why he remained; whether from regard to her memory, want of funds, or because he was afraid or too lazy to go back. My readers, I trust, are troubled with no such impertinent curiosity. No human being can long move and live in the same society without contracting a preference for somebody or other; but the intercourse between these two gentlemen arose very naturally, as they were near neighbours and both strangers, and as the Dane was without kith or kin in the country.

Thus, as I have said, six months passed away, and the mystery which enshrouded Mr. Tompkins yet hung about

him "as a garment." Curiosity, "like the self-burning tree of Africa," had almost consumed itself in its own ardours; but the vital fire yet glowed under the embers. The people had worn threadbare all the arguments on the questions who Mr. Tompkins was, and why he did not publish to them his autobiography. The all-absorbing topic of conversation now was—"How did he live? what were his resources?" He ran in debt to no one, borrowed from no one, and kept no account in either of the four village banks; he paid his board regularly, as was regularly ascertained from the widow, who became indignant, however, at the frequent recurrence of the question. The tax-gatherer in his rounds called upon him, and found him only liable to be assessed at the same rate as those were who had neither realty nor personalty subject to taxation.

It was now suggested, and became the current report, that Mr. Tompkins and his wife were secretly connected with a gang of counterfeiters, for whom they filled up bank notes, and with whom they had means of holding clandestine intercourse. Often were they both dogged, on their rambles, by gratuitous enthusiasts in the cause of justice. Mrs. Tompkins was seen to stoop for some time, removing a stone that lay under a hedge. The observer, in his eagerness, approached too incautiously, and trampled among the dry leaves. She turned her head and saw him, and went onwards, making a pretext of pulling up a handful of violets. Nothing was to be found under the stone, or near it; but there could have been little doubt, it was supposed, that she had intended to deposite counterfeit bank notes, where her accomplices knew how to find them. Mr. Tompkins was observed, in his morning walks, to stop occasionally to talk to some very poor people, who lived in the outskirts of the village, and even occasionally to enter their ricketty and tumble-down habitations. Many inquiries were of course made of them, both in an insinuating and a fulminating tone, as to the object of Mr. Tompkins's visits, and the purport

of his communications. But these virtuous, though impecunious democrats, made no other reply, than that Mr. Tompkins was a good man, and a better man than those who came to examine them; and, when threatened, they stood upon their integrity as individuals, and their rights as free citizens, and contrived to empty their tubs and kettles "convenient," as the Irish say, to the ankles of the questioners.

But now an event occurred—or rather seemed likely to occur. One afternoon, a horseman, dusty with travel, rode up to the tavern, and having alighted, inquired if a Mr. Tompkins lived in that town. Now there was also a shoemaker of that name who had long dwelt there. But when the stranger added, that the person he sought for could not long have been a resident, all doubts vanished. Between their impatience, however, to assure him he had come to the right place, and uneasiness to get out of him the facts which were to explain the mystery, the dusty traveller had much difficulty in obtaining answers to his first question, and to his second—"where Tompkins lived?" All the information he gave, in exchange for that which he received, was, that he had business with the gentleman. He also asked, where he could find the nearest justice of the peace? A bandy-legged individual, with a hump-back, and a strange obliquity in both his eyes, who was drinking beer, came forward immediately, and said *he* was the squire. The traveller looked as if he thought the people had a strange taste in selecting their magistrates; but, telling the crooked functionary that he might have occasion to call on him in a short time, set forth in the direction indicated to him, to find the person he was in search of.

He marched at a round pace; but not so fast that others were not on the ground before him. Several persons who had heard what had passed, scudded off in different ways for the same point, announcing as they ran, in half-breathless accents, to every one they met, that a sheriff had come for Mr. Tompkins. A party kept at no great distance

behind the stranger, among whom was the justice himself, who seemed disposed not to be out of the way should his services be demanded.

As Mr. Tompkins, who was sitting in the porch of the widow's house, reading a volume of the Gentleman's Magazine for 1749, and had just exhaled a cloud of many-coloured smoke, was watching the delicate spiral curve of sapphire hue, which did not intermingle with the other vapour, but wound through it like the Jordan through the Dead Sea (to give the *coup de grace* to a figure worn to tatters, and beggarly tatters too), I say—as Mr. Tompkins lifted up his eyes and beheld the prospect before him, he was aware of a man in riding trim, lifting the latch of the widow's little court-yard; behind whom a small crowd, headed by the cross-eyed and cross-legged Coke of the parish, advanced in a huddle, all earnestly gazing upon himself. And, glancing around; through the rose-bushes, lilac-trees, and pales which surrounded the modest enclosure in which he was ensconced, he beheld, peeping and chuckling, the quaint and dirty faces of divers boys and girls, with dishevelled hair and goblin expressions; and he marvelled what in the world was the matter.

The stranger entered the court-yard, and touching his hat respectfully, asked if Mr. Tompkins was at home?

"That is my name, sir," said the gentleman.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the stranger. "I have been mistaken. I was looking for another gentleman."

So saying, he again touched his hat, and retired, looking rather surlily upon the people who gathered round him, and followed in a cluster his retiring footsteps. My tale does not lead me to tell how he got along with them, nor do I know more than what I have heard—which was, that having proceeded a little distance, and feeling them treading upon his heels, he got upon a stump, and looking around him, asked if the place was a Sodom or Gomorrah,—that a Christian man, dressed like themselves, could not come

into it without being mobbed in that manner? Upon which he marched on at a quicker step, some of the men shouting, and a few of the little boys following and throwing stones after him, till he remounted his horse; and mingling with the clatter of the charger's retiring hoofs was heard the rider's hoarse and coarse malison upon the town, and all the people that lived in it!

——"But with Mr. Tompkins
Abides the minstrel tale."

"Time rolled his ceaseless course," as he does now while I write; and I shall record but one more anecdote, being an incident which happened several months after that last mentioned.

A fondness for getting up charitable societies had always prevailed, to a greater or less extent, in this village. But at this particular time it became a *rage*, in consequence of the organization in larger towns of associations on a grand scale; the notices of whose meetings, with the names of the several official dignitaries, as published in the newspapers, inflamed the ambition of the country folks. A society for the Suppression of Pauperism was immediately formed. Under its auspices, at the same time, was organized a society for the relief of the poor and destitute; and, subsidiary to the latter, an auxiliary branch was instituted, for the purpose of seeking out and examining the condition of such poor and destitute people, with a view of reporting their cases to the parent society. The executive committee of the auxiliary branch consisted of four ladies and three gentlemen; who met twice a week regularly, with the power of calling extra meetings, for the purpose of reporting and consulting.

It was certainly most unfortunate that a system so complicated and so admirable should be framed, without any subjects being found to try it upon. It was like a fine new mill, with a double run of stones, without any grist to be

ground in it. The executive committee were not inactive; but, strange to relate, unless they patronised some of the members of one or all of the three societies, thus compacted like Chinese boxes, there was never a soul in the place upon the causes and actual extent of whose poverty and destitution they could report, without going to the gentiles whom I have mentioned before, who lived in the crazy and deciduous tenements in the outskirts.

To them, however, the three gentlemen, urged partly by their zeal in the cause, and partly by some sly intimations from the four ladies, that they were afraid of receiving injury to their clothes or to their persons, were induced to repair. Their mission was fruitless enough. While they were talking to some of the members of this small Alsatia below, others from above contrived accidentally to administer libations of ancient soap-suds and dish-water to the philanthropists, which sent them back in no amiable mood, and in a pickle by no means prepossessing, to report to the executive committee of the auxiliary branch.

What was to be done? It was necessary that some report should be made, which, having been approved by the branch and the parent institution, and laid by them before the Pauperism Society of the village, might be transmitted to the great Metropolitan Branch of the General State Association. The grand anniversary was approaching; and what a contemptible figure their returns would make. Under these circumstances Miss Cross called an extra meeting of the executive committee.

I do not intend to report the proceedings of this illustrious delegation, but merely the upshot of them. They actually appointed a sub-committee, consisting of Miss Cross, who was all of six feet high, and a pot-bellied tinman who was only four feet eleven, to wait upon Mr. and Mrs. Tompkins; and to inform them in a delicate way, that the auxiliary branch had viewed with satisfaction their efforts to maintain a decent appearance, and had taken into very

particular consideration the causes of their poverty, and the mode of applying suitable relief. It was well known the committee were instructed to say, that they were destitute people, because nobody wrote to them, and it was a universal subject of wonder how they lived. They were growing paler and thinner under the influence of hope deferred, or more probably of no hope at all; and if they would quit Mrs. Wilkins's, whose charge for board was too high, they might yet have bright and pleasant days before them, under the patronage of the society. They might lodge with the aunt of Miss Cross, who had a nice room in her garret, and took as boarders half a dozen of the cabinet-maker's apprentices. Mrs. Tompkins could improve her time by washing and ironing; and something might be done for her husband, in the way of getting him accounts to cast up for grocers, running about to collect them, dunning, &c.

So Miss Cross and the tinman went the next afternoon; and, I believe, that with all the importance they assumed or felt, as members of the auxiliary branch, there was a little hesitation in their entrance into the demesne of Mrs. Wilkins. At any rate, I know, that in mounting the three steps before the door, Miss Cross, by a twitch of her foot, either nervous or accidental, kicked her colleague, who was behind her, on his back, or some other part; and set him a rolling with such emphasis, that he found it troublesome to stand up again fairly; or, indeed, to know the four points of the compass.

Mr. Tompkins was playing backgammon with his Danish friend, when his wife opened the door suddenly, with her face flushed, and said—"My dear, here are a lady and gentleman, who wish to inquire into the causes of our poverty, and the means of relieving it." She laughed as she spoke, but as she turned away and went up stairs, cried hysterically.

Mr. Tompkins, who had a man taken up, as the phrase is, and had just thrown doublets of the very point in which

he could not enter, rose, and issued forth to talk to the sub-committee. I believe, most devoutly, that he was an amiable man; and as to the vulgar practice of profane swearing, I do not think he ever had indulged in it before in his life. But when he discharged this sub-committee, I am credibly informed, that he availed himself of as round and overwhelming a volley of blasphemy as ever was heard on board a man-of-war. I hope it has been pardoned him, among his other transgressions.

Time rolled on, and five years had passed away since the arrival of Mr. Tompkins and his wife at ——. Curiosity as to them had become superstition; though the vulgar imaginations of the mechanical *bourgeois* of the village had not enabled them to conjure up any spirit or demon, by whose assistance this inoffensive couple were enabled to exist without getting into debt. No letters had come, during all this period, through the hands of the conscientious and intelligent post-master. No deposite had been made by Mr. Tompkins in any one of the four banks; nor, to the best of my knowledge and belief, had he ever seen the inside of either of them; for he never went to a place where he had no business to transact, or was not required by courtesy to go.

Death—which we must all expect, and meet as we can—Death came, and makes tragical the end of a narrative which I have written, perhaps, in a strain of too much levity. A fever, occasioned probably by local influences, seized Mrs. Tompkins, and after a few days' illness, unexpectedly even to the doctor, she died. Such was the fact; and if I had all the particulars, I know not why they should be given. It is hard, however, to realize that anybody is dead, with whom we have long associated; still harder, if we have dearly loved the friend who has gone before us. I suppose this was the case with Mr. Tompkins, who did not long wear his widower's weeds. He died too, only eight weeks afterward.

He followed his wife to the grave, leaning on the arm of

half-stern, intelligent, and looking as if it exacted from others such true intelligence as they might have to give—with its bold, slightly aquiline nose, and compressed lips, cheek-bones rather high, and coldly serene, though fixed and penetrating eyes, as it appears in the rude engravings which ornament the folios of the old Spanish chroniclers of his exploits, reminds us somewhat, save in certain indications of its liability to become petulant and impatient, of that of several worthies of our own revolution, whose features live on canvass, or in memory, or yet in the flesh. In youth, the lineaments of the cavalier must have had a strikingly imaginative character, traces of which were still visible, particularly when they were lightened up with animation.

"Yes, Juan," he continued, after a pause, "if this old crone has now misled or deceived us, as you gloomily anticipate, I must return to my hacienda, arrange my affairs, and rot perhaps before I die, leaving further exploration to you and Alaminos—or to the vulgar spirits which, if you were successful in your researches, would probably wrest from you both profit and renown; and by sharing in the secret which would then be common, would prolong their own worthless and dull existences, cumbering these fair islands, and those still fairer which will be found beyond them, with their purely animal presence; impeding the progress of knowledge, and perpetuating their own stupidity in numberless generations, as clod-like, mean, and half-souled as themselves."

"Señor Almirante," said the blunt Juan Perez de Ortubia, "there is a deal of sense in the latter part of your observations. Allow me to wonder that the idea never struck you before. Now that we have nothing else to do for an hour, I would fain talk to you about that same fountain, which puts me in mind of those unreal ones which those who have been in Africa tell of, as deluding the thirsty traveller in the desert. Our Lady grant that there may be no sorcery in it. But of this anon, if you please to hear me. I must say,

burgh went shortly after Mr. Tompkins's death to Denmark. If any private revelations were made to him, he has never divulged them, and I know he never will. When I saw him in Copenhagen in the summer of 1826, I did not think he looked like a man who was to stay much longer in this world of care. He had not any thing to trouble him particularly, that I know of; except that he had nobody to inherit his property, and that was not much.

There was another strange circumstance, which I must not pass over. A few weeks after Mr. Tompkins was buried, a plain tombstone, shaped exactly like that which had been erected by his order over his wife, appeared at the head of his grave; and on it was inscribed—"HUGH TOMPKINS: Died in the 58th year of his age." Who put it up no one could tell, nor is it known to this day.

The burying-ground is as forlorn a place as can well be imagined. There is only a ragged fence around it, and nothing but rank common grass, dandelions, and white weed grow in it. There is nothing picturesque in or about it; and a Paris belle would rather never die at all, than be stowed into such vile sepulchral accommodations.

These are all the facts in my knowledge, relating to my hero and heroine, as to whom and whose resources curiosity is yet so lively, in the village which I have referred to, but not named, in order to avoid scandal.

"The annals of the human race,
Its records since the world began,
Of them afford no other trace
Than this—there lived a man"

and his wife, whose name was Tompkins.

I superscribe my story "A Simple Tale," and "simply," as Sir Andrew Aguecheek has it, I believe it is such. It can possess no interest save from the mystery which hangs over its subjects; no pathos, except from their loneliness on the earth, into whose common bosom they have been consigned, leaving only such frail memorials behind them as their laconic epitaphs and this evanescent legend.

BOYUCA.

CHAPTER I.

En especial de aquella señalada Fuente, que decian los Indios que bolvia à los Hombres, de viejos, moços, la qual no havia podido hallar por baxos, i corrientes, i tiempos contrarios.—Herrera, dec. i., lib. 9, cap. 11.

In one broken link of that long chain designated by the general name of the Bahama or Lucayos Islands, and about three hundred years ago, two Spanish cavaliers, in bright steel armour, were reclining on the thin soil spread over the rock, covered with rather scanty herbage, and overrun with creeping vines, in the midst of a grove of lofty palmettoes. The graceful columns rose all around them, farther than the sight could pierce, except in looking towards the ocean, and ascended straight, smooth, and tapering, far higher than any shafts with which the most ambitious and powerful of human builders have ever propped the domes of their cathedrals and temples. The plumelike branches, springing and expanding from the green and swelling summits of these pillars of nature, overarched the whole with a canopy of verdure, which excluded the sunbeams, while they borrowed brightness from them. A soft and balmy fragrance, redolent of many odours genially blended, and not overpowering to the sense, breathed freshly through the grove.

The figures of armed men in these "pillared shades" were in strange contrast with their deep tranquillity. The hidalgos seemed to have yielded to the influences of the scene, as they listlessly reposed their stalworth and mail-clad limbs, each reclining his head upon his hand, and apparently wrapt in musings. They wore the large sombrero, with its gracefully drooping feathers; but it was plain that even in this peaceful solitude they were not inapprehensive of danger. Their ponderous and glittering casques tufted with sable plumes, heavy gauntlets sheathed in intertwisted rings, pieces of armour, and partisans lay around them. Near them was couched one of those terribly strong and sagacious hounds, whose lineage is recorded, but of which the breed, if not extinct, has been long since materially changed. He was not of the largest size; but, even in his watchful repose, the power as well as the agility of his limbs might be discerned. In colour he approached almost to red. He was black in the muzzle; and his regular and white teeth might be seen, firmly set, and looking as dangerous as brilliant. His eyes were hazel, but were illumined with a light, which, kindled by rage, might flash like electric fire. Around this group a few soldiers were scattered recumbent, or leaning on their long pikes, or examining the condition of crossbows and arquebuses. An Indian, partly clad in the Spanish costume, was among them.

As the cavaliers looked towards the sea, through the natural aisles of this sylvan temple, the prospect was one which, with its associations as presented to their minds, was at once lovely and grand. Where the grove terminated in that direction, the surface of the island sloped down imperceptibly, for some distance to the beach, covered with enamelling wild flowers of every colour, in bewildering mixture and profusion; and even down to and upon the pebbled and shell-strown beach itself, the sea-grape-tree and flowering shrubs and vines were quietly vegetating and blossoming, as if they had no fear that the mighty and

treacherous power on whose borders they were encroaching, of which armadas are the "toys," and which changes at its will the boundaries of empires, would deign to destroy their humble and ephemeral existence. In equal tranquillity, but more in pride and defiance, anchored, on the calm, blue, sunlit waters, were lying at a short distance from the beach two clumsy, but picturesque caravels. With their miniature castles, built tier on tier above their poops, surmounted by huge lanterns, with their far-projecting prows, ascending and curling outwards, they somewhat resembled in form that of the antique lamps which occurs most frequently. Their masts were of great height in proportion to the size of the hulls; and their long bowsprits, rigged with square sails, made so elevated an angle with the water, that they more resembled masts bent forward from their proper position. Streamers fluttered from all their tops; and from that of the tallest mast of the larger galley a silken banner fitfully and partially unfolded itself to the gentle breeze, in which, amid letters and heraldic devices wrought in gold, a green cross was displayed.

Far beyond stretched upon the eye the blue expanse of waters over which that memorable flag had first floated but twenty years before, and from which it now exacted homage. Here and there upon their glistening surface some little emerald island might be seen, yet unnamed and unexplored, and offering temptation to the insatiate spirit of adventure, curiosity, and cupidity.

Silence, as we have said, reigned over the scene, or could not be said to be disturbed by the suppressed breathing of the sea, the whisper of the ripples on the shore to the conchs and many-coloured shells and stones which they were kissing, the glancing of the circling gulls, as they displayed fitfully their white bosoms, or by the motion of the gentle air, scarcely more audible than the pulsation of life. Occasionally the tiny colibry, nature's miracle in the winged creation, darted by not far off, like a pencil of light thrown

hastily from a prism; but its weak and simple note died ere it reached the ear. The feathered visiters of the spot, few in their variety, were disporting elsewhere, or had been scared by the warlike intrusion. The innocuous little lizard, in his party-coloured and beautiful coat, crept noiselessly through the carpet of the grove; and the venomless snake lay coiled in his retreat. No sounds of shrilly uttered orders, or of rude merriment, nor chants that lighten the sailor's toil or amuse his idleness, came from the galleys; for their commander had enjoined the strictest observance of quiet, and it was for the interest of his followers, as it had been their habit, to obey.

"So then," in an under-voice, said the younger cavalier, "if this old hag disappoints us, as I take it for granted she *must*, in your favourite object, and *will* in mine (though, for an incorrigible heathen, she has thus far proved herself a more true and skilful guide than any old woman I ever knew or heard of),—if she deceives us, your excellency will make the best of your way back to Boriquen."

"Why," asked the senior, in rather a vexed tone, "why, Señor Perez, do you call me 'your excellency?' Am I an adelantado, or even the governor of a wretched island, that I should be thus saluted? What am I, friend, but a poor gentleman adventurer, who, if this our enterprise fails totally, must be grateful for being allowed to enjoy a small repartimiento, and bid good-by to ambition, wealth, and glory?"

The sturdy warrior who thus spoke had long before passed the prime of man's life, "il medio curso della vita nostra;"—and hard service, which had imbrowned and scarred his features, and made his helm-worn locks, peaked beard, and grim mustachios more gray than grizzly, had certainly not made him appear younger than he really was. His forehead, not unusually high, but full and ample, was corrugated with the deep furrows of toil, and thought, and care. The outline of his countenance, commanding, grave,

it is unkind and unfair in you to suppose that our veteran pilot and I, your devoted lieutenant, would deprive you of your lawful credit and reward, even if we could do so without risk or censure, as, I allow, you have been served by others. But that shattered caravel cannot long thread these intricate seas, botch her up as much as we may; and should you part from us, we must soon follow you to St. Juan, whether we find this Boyuca,* or Bimini, or return with only the hair on our heads. Even then, our missing vessel may come back with good tidings. And if not, are we to count our hundred skirmishes, narrow escapes, and many losses and wounds for nothing? And must we stand with folded arms in stony gloom, like those melancholy rocks you took a fancy to call the Martyrs? Is the discovery of that beautiful island of white flowers and perfumes, which seems larger than Hispaniola, and which we found on the joyous festival of Palms, to be accounted as nothing? The savages have well called it by a name implying secrecy. By San Fernando, I'll be sworn it has secrets worth keeping. Though there may be no Boyuca there, there are things more substantial."

"Yes, Perez," slowly replied the grave senior of the two, as his lieutenant paused to take breath, "I suppose I may write home a relation of my adventures to the king our lord; and much good it would do me. Or I may repair in person to court, and tell of the fierce currents in which we have been whirled, the rocks and shoals against which we have been beaten, the thousands of ferocious cannibals which have beset us, and the fine countries we have seen. But what avails this without gold—gold to lavish as if we knew where to procure it in abundance, proving the truth of our story, and that our labours have not been useless and barren? And after all, what is this gold, which causes

* Gomara says the Indians called the fountain first sought after, which search led to the discovery of Florida, *Boyuca.*

half-stern, intelligent, and looking as if it exacted from others such true intelligence as they might have to give—with its bold, slightly aquiline nose, and compressed lips, cheek-bones rather high, and coldly serene, though fixed and penetrating eyes, as it appears in the rude engravings which ornament the folios of the old Spanish chroniclers of his exploits, reminds us somewhat, save in certain indications of its liability to become petulant and impatient, of that of several worthies of our own revolution, whose features live on canvass, or in memory, or yet in the flesh. In youth, the lineaments of the cavalier must have had a strikingly imaginative character, traces of which were still visible, particularly when they were lightened up with animation.

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spiritual state of these savages, I doubt it particularly. If there be any such waters, I am afraid the devil gave them their virtues; and they will turn out a damnable fraud at last, like all his works."

"If this be all you have to suggest, my friend, your conscience may remain quiet. We are Christian men" (and as the leader spoke he crossed himself devoutly), "defying the enemy and all his works, in the name of our Lady and San Juan. Learned men, Perez, and holy fathers have held that, by Divine permission, such seeming miracles might be; though it has been doubted whether they were according to the course of nature. The waters of the pool of Bethesda were only healing after the angel had troubled them, as I heard from a learned monk, who preached in the cathedral at Leon; and he also said, that when some Eastern king was sent by a prophet to bathe in the river Jordan, to cure him of a loathsome disease, the waters had no virtue to cure any others than himself, though they might have had if it had pleased God. But why should there be any miracle or any sorcery in this famous fountain of which we are in quest? We know of many springs that yield relief to the sick, and prolong life, perhaps to the ordinary period of its duration. Why should not others be by nature gifted with like qualities in a more intense degree, so as at once, by a proper use of them, to restore the vigour of our bodies, as in their most complete and full organization? And why, if it were but a fable, should these ignorant savages have dreamed of such a subtle invention?"

"It seems to me," said Perez, "that I am often obliged to reply to your excellency's—I beg your pardon—to our admiral's observations, backwards; taking the bull, as the proverb says, by the tail, instead of by the horns; which is perhaps the safer way. Are not these heathens, if not the devil's own children by generation, the children of his kingdom upon earth?—as Fray Bartolomeo said in the last discourse I heard him preach in San Domingo, before I last

left Hispaniola. And is not he the father of subtle inventions? But suppose such a fountain to exist. I take it, its virtues are no charm against accident. We should be no more secure from harm, when away from Bimini, than we are; or than poor Salzedo was proved to be by those who drowned him, to try if the Spaniards were immortal. We may perish in the ocean, or by the poisoned arrow, or by any vulgar casualty."

"Ay, Perez; and what would life be worth without hazard and danger? How else should we feel its value? I am not so foolish as to desire immortality on earth, even for my memory. But I would renew life—"

"For how many generations?"

"For one—or two—or more. How can one answer such a question, Señor Perez? Are we not here, as it were, at the commencement of this New World, as the patriarchs were at that of the old, after the deluge; with all before them where to choose? But, alas for us! they were the fresh descendants of giants,—of men who numbered life by ages; not by those flying years which hurry us on the grave before we can half-conceive, much less execute, grand undertakings. They lived till their children's children grew into nations, hale and strong, and enjoying all that makes existence happy; and when they laid their gray hairs in the sepulchre, a people, the offspring of their own loins, gathered around it—"

"I take it," said Perez, "they had not much hard fighting to do, and drank no aguardiente. Besides, there are a great many more of *us*, I believe."

"Not too many—not enough gallant spirits, to explore—we know not what, that may remain before us, in the round world (if round it be as I do believe); to subjugate the barbarians, and establish new empires and imperial cities. Oh, Perez, it is not only the flight of our sails over new oceans, or of our banners over new worlds that I regard; but it is the onward progress of the human mind, immortal

as its Author, not shackled by the meanest agents that fulfil his pleasure. Why should not the free in soul be free in fact? And will they not be? Methinks I see an awful, radiant form, all armed and equipped, like the unbegotten goddess of the old pagans. The earth thrills beneath her tread, and her spear-head shines like Lucifer. She is invincible and immaculate, and her name is *Libertad!* But now we do but labour for posterity; and when that which we should win is reached, we do but see it as the patriarch Moses saw Palestine from Pisgah,—and we die. Look at the great admiral. What did he gain, besides a vision of the harvest left for others to reap, save chains, neglect, and a sorry epitaph? When he was too old for service, they left him to eat his heart with vexation, and were glad enough to be rid of him."

"His son, however, to whom you owe no special goodwill, has succeeded to his power."

"And may lose it to-morrow. May God preserve our lord the king, Perez—but hark ye, between ourselves, give me youth and hardy followers, and let me go onward with the sun—and I will found new empires, not to be blown from my grasp by the breath of a bishop or a cardinal. I will find a new world, not for Castile and Leon, but for one Juan Ponce, an humble private gentleman of the latter kingdom."

"And I might be your adelantado. That would be capital. But, señor, let us consider. Would the chances of success be so much more in your favour, during a new lease of life, with all your experience, than in that of one commencing his course of adventure for the first time, with the knowledge obtained by tradition? Good luck and bad would probably come in the ordinary proportion; and you might have as much trouble with the vulgar varlets, who would renew their youth likewise, as you prophesied *I* might when you opened our confabulation. And disappointment,

I take it, would be no sweeter for coming the oftener, but quite the contrary."

"I spoke, Perez, in a gloomy fit. By San Juan! I would find a way to deal with the varlets. What you say of disappointment may well apply to the scum of cities or slaves of the soil at home—to the drudges who toil but to prolong a miserable life on a few square yards of beggarly earth,—or the lying pimps and parasites of deceitful courts. But here all is fresh and new. This air has never been saturated with the breaths of sordid loons, nor reeked with the foul smoke of their hearths. Here to respire and range at pleasure is to be free as yonder ocean, and to be unconquerably fixed in the determinate purpose of the soul. I feel—I know that I can overcome all opposition, and bend all meaner spirits to my purpose. Give me but the strength of my youth, and time for action, and execution should follow my volition, as naturally as the effect does the cause."

"Always by our Lady's grace?"

"Ay, always—always"—(and the cavalier crossed himself again devoutly). "But now, with battered health and broken fortune, if we are deceived at last, I go to lay up myself and yonder crazy galley together, and none will think the wreck of either of us worth repairing."

"Again your gloom is upon you. I shall say nothing of the certain overpeopling of the world, even were it ten times as large as we reckon it may be, by the number of knaves who would needs insist upon plunging their filthy carcasses into Bimini, unless, indeed, they dried it up."

"By all the gods," said the elder cavalier, "not a scoundrel of them all shall pollute it. I will defend the island with a strong hand—even against our lord the king himself, unless he will come to my terms."

"That might not be so easy," said Perez; "and we might as well find it first, before it will be worth while to talk treason."

"None but ourselves and our guides, and such as shall be

sworn to secrecy, shall know where it is. It cannot be a river, or it would lose its virtues, or communicate them to other waters. We will wall it up, and it shall be watched as carefully as is even the holy sepulchre itself."

"Into which all manner of beastly infidels have occasionally entered. Others have been on this quest before us, and they may already have done what you threaten to do. But, as I said, let us find it first. There is another matter of which I shall say but little. Do we not, the longer we live, stand in more jeopardy of committing deadly sin? And with a renewal of the hot passions of youth, will not our risk be double? May we not perish without the benefit of ghostly shrift and absolution, and scatter our bones over some unconsecrated desert, where Christian men may, in some distant day, spurn them as those of idolaters, unworthy of burial?"

"Indulgences may always be had; and while we sail under that banner, our cause is a holy one."

"Well—what I want to say even makes me sad to think of; and like you, señor, I could be melancholy enough. My parents and the friends I loved best, where are they?"

"Your parents are in paradise, I hope."

"I doubt it not. They died in the true faith, and no rites of the church were wanting. I remember them well, and I hope to see them again as glorified spirits. But now, señor, consider this matter. Could we bring all we love, at any time we pleased, to bathe in this restoring well, they would still have no indemnity from harm by the assault of enemies, or by the perils of fire, air, earth, and water. And so, the longer we were enabled to protract life, the more we should have to sorrow for. If we lived on, one by one they would disappear, and our memory would be a churchyard record of those whom we thought fittest to live, and to make life happy. Would our new friendships have the freshness of the old? Bimini may give back the strength of youth; but could its waters restore the well-spring of the

soul? I trow not, unless, indeed, they had the dull powers of some old river I have heard of, by drinking of which men forget all the past. Give me memory, with its pleasures and its pains; but let it not be too much overburthened, or more than it must be, in the common period of life. Señor, when you were young, you must have loved some object better than all the rest—"

"I did." And the stern warrior passed his hand across his eyes. "But it is long since she was—nothing."

"Nothing here, but an image living in the soul, which must sometimes sigh to rejoin the soul that has departed. I have—but how know I when I too must say I *had*—one who loves and expects me in Boriquen. She must be weary of my absence, and perhaps, poor soul, thinks I have been ere this food for the fishes or the cannibals. Our best affections cannot be stifled by the turmoil of war and conquest, or by the struggles of ambition. Why, even a dog, could he understand the offer, would not accept a renewal of his short life, to be again and again the slave or companion of new masters. What sayst thou, Berecillo?"*

The animal thus addressed started to his feet, erected his ears and his long head, and snuffed the air, and seemed waiting for further orders with bright expectant eyes. At a sign from the senior cavalier, he made a few gyratory movements, recomposed his limbs, and closed his eyes.

"Even so," said Perez, "when his term is up, or when he may have lost his master—may that period be far distant—even so would he fain lie down in his last quiet sleep, leaving his renown behind him; though for him, poor fellow, there is nothing to come after death."

"Ahi! well, Señor Perez," said the cavalier, "I never

* Gomara, who describes this animal, calls him Becerillo in the text before me; but it is probably a misprint, as the other authorities spell the name as in the text.

knew before how deep a philosopher you were, nor supposed you at all a sentimentalist. Let us waive our discussion. I still sigh for the fountain of life!"

CHAPTER II.

Ventum erat ad limen, cum virgo, poscere fata
Tempus, ait.—Virg.

A SILENCE of some minutes ensued. The senior relapsed into gloom, and the younger was resigning himself to slumber, when the dog again arose, sensible of the approach of another party. But his low growl of recognition intimated that it was no stranger. Presently a female figure, if such it might be called, appeared, advancing with a slow and regular gait. The step was firm and light, and the form erect, of this old and shrivelled Charaibo woman. Lank spare gray hairs hung round her broad square head and over her lofty forehead, which had been flattened after the manner of her nation, and over her wild black eyes, which wandered with quick uncertain glances, as if her brain was unsettled. Her teeth were yet white and regular, though no one knew how many years had passed over the head of this crone; and there seemed to be no flesh under the loose skin, originally of a Spanish olive colour, but still bearing irregular dull red vestiges of having been stained with arnatto. She wore no garment but a red cotton cloth or hamack, depending from one shoulder, slightly girt below with a rude cincture, and hanging down loosely to the knee. Buskins of the same material encased the lower part of the leg. Such was the haggard form that now stood before the cavaliers, and pointing with her bare and withered arm in

the direction from which she had made her appearance, exclaimed, "I have found Bimini!"

"Ha! is it no new delusion?" cried the older soldier, starting up hastily, while his countenance kindled and glowed with intense and even fierce expectation.

"She certainly has not tried it herself," said Perez, rising more slowly; "or if she has, it has not made *her* look any younger. Hast *thou* washed in the fountain, Cuanaboa?"

The sybil fixed her glance for a moment on the querist, uttered a low hollow laugh, folded her arms over her skinny bosom, and with a look resembling one of contempt for the question, and in a shrill and almost angry tone, her gray locks vibrating as she shook her head quickly, and several times, from one side to the other, she replied, "No!" Again she shook her head more slowly, and in a lower and sadder voice repeated, "No!"

"Truly," said Perez, "you Charaibes, or Calibis (for I cannot make out your heathen names), are an unaccountably strange sort of people. I wonder not that you despise gold, for you don't know its uses. But you, Cuanaboa, may have been a good-looking girl a hundred years ago, or less; and though I grant your savage husbands do not treat you with common decency, I cannot believe that there was ever a real woman who did not wish to restore her beauty; —though she may be the last to find out that she has lost it. It proves, however," he observed, turning to his commander, "that they are not of the same species with ourselves. Padre Bartolomeo was certainly right."

The elder warrior stood confronting Cuanaboa, wrapped again in many thoughts; and regarded her with a stern gaze of interrogation, not unmingled with suspicion. She stood awaiting his speech in an attitude as rigid as his own; and now met his glance with one that did not quiver nor deviate, but was composed in its brightness.

"Tell me, Cuanaboa," he said, slowly, and in deep toned

accents, "did you believe you had found the spring, and did you not even taste it?"

This woman, it should be mentioned, had been casually found by these wanderers of the deep, some time before, on a small island of which she was the sole inhabitant, and which they named La Vieja,—*ex nomine facti.* She had learned enough of their language to speak it indifferently well for common purposes, and acted sometimes as an interpreter, but more particularly as a guide, in their intricate navigation.

She replied in brief and broken sentences to the queries of the soldiers, growing more animated, and gesticulating not ungracefully, as she proceeded—"*Halea tibou*" (good be to you), "señores." She held up her hands six times in succession, spreading out their long attenuated fingers. "So many times," she continued, "have the great rains and the great heat come, after each other, since one called me *yene-neri*" (my wife). "My children are gone to their father's country. I am alone. I wait to follow them. *Tamoussi* will soon let me go there.* The evil spirit permits you white and bearded men to take away the fairest lands from these cowardly Arrowauks. He teaches you to make the brave Charaibes as bad as the worst of you. This brings the hurricanes oftener; and the brave and the dastards perish together. Drink ye of the fountain! Live, slay, and conquer. I would not live to be your slave. I would not live to win back all I have lost. I lost them long, long before you came; but they are with me as if it were yesterday. I would not live to have them, and to lose them again. They are in the pleasant land of Guiana, on the farther side of the great mountains, and live for ever in pride and happiness. There you can never be, alive or

* The "Universal Father," in the language of the Calibis Indians of South America—from whom the insular Charaibes are supposed, with sound reason to support the theory, to have been descended. See Edwards's History of the West Indies.

dead. There they build great houses of the gold you are ever seeking for.* There the hurricane never sweeps, nor is the air disturbed with the thunder, nor the sea and land with the frightful quakings—"

"Why may not we be there, and why will you not show us the way, Cuanaboa?" exclaimed the lieutenant.

Again a low chuckling laugh, and a smile of almost withering sarcasm, interrupted the sybil's discourse, and the enthusiastic expression of her features.

"Why!" she screamed, "Tamoussi will not let you. The spirits of the brave will not let you. Bathe in the fountain! live, slay, and conquer! But there ye may not come. I go to my goodly home for ever. I have seen one by the fountain ye seek, who has been with me whenever I called him, so long as I have told you, from the time when I was first alone until ye found me."

"She *is* old enough, I take it," interrupted Perez. "But can it be possible that she has lived sixty years in total solitude?"

"She could have kept no reckoning," said the commander.

"I know what you say, señores," said the Charaibe. "You may wander, and fight, and kill those who have done you no harm, and search for the yellow stone which is your god, and forget how often the trees have changed, and the flowers, and the grass, and the moon, and the sun himself. But so long as I have told you, I was alone,—alone,—but the Tuyra† was with me when I called him. When I burned sweet herbs, the smoke was pleasant to his nostrils,

* El Dorado.

† So the demon, styled by the old Spanish authors the devil's particular agent, and by the modern writers on Indian superstitions the tutelary genius, was called by the Charaibes of the continent north of Guiana, according to the report made by Gonzalo Fernandez de Oviedo for the King of Spain. It will answer well enough for the purposes of this apologue. The spiritual home of these savages on the Continent was of course farther off than that of their descendants in the islands; but their customs and creed appear to have been nearly the same.

and he came. He came when the moon and stars were bright in the sky, and danced in the waters. He called me Tequina,* and told me when the hurricane would come. When ye came, and found me waiting, he had told me to be ready. But now, by the fountain, he came without my calling. He told me that when the sun disappears I should go to my people. Then, because I have brought ye to the waters ye seek, gather up my knees,† and cover me from the light and air. Cuanaboa returns to her father and mother, her husband and her children."

"Will it be safe or proper," asked Perez, "to go with her farther, since she has confessed her dealings with the devil himself; and hath been in his company in person less than an hour since?"

The tequina sat herself down; and reclining against a palmetto, began to chant an aryeto in a low dull strain of monotonous cadences, and in her own language.

"Perhaps she is even invoking him now," continued Perez. "I am a good Catholic Christian, and I do not at all like this business."

"Peace, Perez," said the senior. "Do you think the enemy, if indeed he visits this hag, dare show himself to the true soldiers of Holy Church, and in sight of yonder blessed emblem? Cuanaboa, when you have rested from your fatigue, we will set out for this same spring—ay," he muttered to himself, "though we should find the fiend guarding it. Perez, if you have fears, you may remain."

"Fears!" said Perez, quickly; "save for my soul, I have forgotten them, if I ever knew them." He drew his long straight sword from the scabbard, and having reverently

* The conjurer to whom the Tuyra was supposed to make his revelations. The epithet was applied to persons particularly distinguished as excelling in any art or craft, according to Oviedo. It was sometimes applied to the Spaniards themselves, who could not have been flattered by the appellation.

† This patriarchal custom was observed among some of the Charaibes, and an argument is founded on it as to their oriental origin.

kissed the cross which formed its handle, said, "Let her lead on—I, for one, will follow."

"Let the poor creature have some little repose. Yet I would fain set out; for she never seems to feel weariness, and the sun is half-way down."

"Her journey is to end, she says, with his setting. If the devil keeps his word with her, we shall lose the best guide we have had."

"As you said yourself, but a short time since, he is the father of lies."

But Cuanaboa did not long keep them in suspense. Her chant being ended, she arose, and said, "Let us go."

"Did you meet with any Indians on your way?" asked the senior.

"None. I met with none but Tuyra. There are none here."

"We shall then have no need of carrying superfluous weight," said the knight, adjusting his short scarlet *capa* loosely over his armed shoulders. "Nevertheless, we will take two soldiers with us, as we may want them. Call them, Perez, and bring the interpreter too. Let a strict watch be kept here till our return, and let no one leave the spot, as he values his eyes and limbs."*

* A common military punishment among the Spaniards, in those days, was mutilation.

CHAPTER III.

Dux femina facti.—Virg.

These arrangements having been made, the cavaliers followed Cuanaboa, who moved on at a moderately quick and regulated pace, to which she timed the muttered chant which she had resumed. While thus engaged they knew she would answer no questions. Berecillo stalked by their side; and the Indian and the guards brought up the rear in silence.

Though many of these islands were found to be very populous, there was no evidence that this small one, thus visited, had ever undergone the slightest cultivation, or had, indeed, been trodden by other footsteps. The nature of the soil, which in most places but thinly covered the rock beneath, and the almost impenetrable thickness of the woods, were unfavourable for the simple agriculture of the Indians; and the fruit-trees which, in many of the other islands, spontaneously flourished in such variety and abundance, were not visible here. Perhaps, too, an incident which will be related, or some superstition, may account for the absence of all inhabitants from this "Bimini" of the Tequina.

It was towards the close of the dry and hot season; and delightfully as the breeze from the sea had crept upon them, while at rest, the cavaliers, in motion, could not but feel, notwithstanding the excitement of the moment, the relaxing influence of the ardent climate. The air became more motionless; and the utter silence was scarcely broken by their measured and unresounding tread. Even the heavy crossbow-men stepped with the caution of a devotee entering the sanctuary whose precincts are most sacred to

his eyes; and it might well have been supposed, that instead of rushing to renew youth at the fountain of life, they were following to its last place of deposite a body which life had left for ever.

As they gradually left the palmetto grove and its neighbourhood, they found themselves ascending, in what soon assu ed the appearance of a gloomy and narrow valley, in the direction of precipitous high grounds, rough with huge rocks up to the lofty summit, and shaggy with dark trees of a vast growth, as seen even from the sea where they first observed the appearance of the isle. The shade grew deeper and deeper as they advanced, not without difficulty, through the interlaced fibres of tough crawling vines, and over the complicated and knotty projections of the far-spreading roots of the mighty trees around them. The rank lianes and other venomous creepers, from the decoction of which the savages obtained that poison with which their arrow-heads were impregnated, and for the mortal effects of which, when communicated to the blood by a flesh-wound, the Spaniards then knew no remedy, curled in entangled rings 'round the ankles and legs of the armed men. They were further embarrassed with the matted and luxuriant vegetation, springing up in a wilderness of profusion and variety, in which they waded knee-deep. Sombre mahogany-trees of the hugest size, solemn locusts, and tall cedars wearing a funereal hue, towered up on either side of their path, if path it might be called, upon the ascending ground, to a vast altitude, mingling their dark foliage in indistinguishable masses; while the vines, climbing even to the branches of the loftiest trunks, thence spread themselves in wanton snake-like extension, with inexhaustible exuberance of length, mingling and intertwisting, and hanging the arches of the dense forest with sepulchral festoons. No slanting sunbeams quivered through this "contiguity of shade," and the light imperceptibly admitted seemed unnatural. In this lone haunt, as in that of the Den of Error—

"The glistening armour made
A little glooming light, much like a shade."

The gloom was indeed horrid as that of the "selva oscura"—

"Questa selva selvaggia ed aspra e forte"—

in which the poet of hell found himself at the commencement of his infernal pilgrimage.

Nor were the specimens of animal life which they met with in this solitude calculated to relieve and enliven its oppressive and close loneliness and lifelessness. The armadilloes, crawling into their nooks, or between fissures of the rocks, lay motionless and contracted within their scaly harness. High above, diminutive monkeys, gray and brown, with prominent wild eyes and sprawling nostrils, stared at them with surprise, moping faces, and ugly gestures, and a dismal chattering faintly heard below. Of none of these did the well-trained Berecillo deign to take the slightest notice. Receiving a soldier's pay,* he fought only with a soldier's adversaries, and made his way through the obstructions of the route with a precise and silent gravity.

As they still advanced, and the "brown horror" of the wood seemed to deepen, no opening yet appearing in front of their circuitous and crooked course, the air became cloggy to the inspiration, and noisome to the smell. Perez, who, in deference to his taciturn commander, had stridden onwards hitherto with manly and determined steps, suppressing, perhaps, some natural ejaculations which might else have escaped his lips when encountering some peculiarly tenacious obstacles, now broke silence. But his deep bold voice sounded as if it had lost its natural tones; like that of one in a large, unventilated, subterranean vault.

"I think," said he, "we shall be suffocated. This does,

* The pay of a crossbow-man, and other perquisites, with rations, &c., was allowed him when in service.

indeed, seem to be the devil's own den. Cuanaboa! shall we soon be out of it? Is Bimini here?"

The witch (as she was, according to her own account of herself) had for some time ceased from her mumbled incantation, or whatever it might have been, still moving onward in an unhesitating manner, as if she was perfectly familiar with the route by which she was threading the labyrinth. Nor did she turn her head, or pay any sign of attention whatever, to the question of Perez. But presently she suddenly stopped, in manifest trepidation; while at the same moment, with a terrible growl, the hound bounded from the side of his master, sprang up the rugged ascent on one side, and was lost from sight in the black and savage wilderness.

"Sorceress," cried the lieutenant, swiftly baring his blade, "if thou hast led us into peril of our souls, thy own, irredeemably sold as it is, shall first depart."

"I am more apprehensive of an ambush," said the commander, following in action the example of Perez, but with less haste and more precision.

The occidental saga stood trembling and unheeding, or not hearing these exclamations. Her eyes were fixed on a particular point in the forest, and she asked, in broken, accents, "Tuyra! is it thus I must die?"

But ere she had said so, a crashing of branches was heard amid the underwood, with the continued barking of the dog, re-echoing from unseen rocks or elevations, and made more terrible by the unearthly effect produced by the same cause which altered the sound of the human voice. But still more terrible, and altogether strange, was another cry, which might, but for the same cause, have been loud as the roar of a bull, but was strangely compounded of plaintive agony and mad wrath. The soldiers closed up to their officers in uncertainty and fear, crossing themselves as they prepared their arms for service; and with them stood the interpreter, exhibiting in his shaking limbs and wandering eyes the unequivocal signs of vague terror.

It was but a moment, before, peering through a tangled thicket of underwood, creepers, rank weeds, and inextricable brake, they suddenly saw, at not more than twenty yards' distance from them, two bright malignly fierce eyes, darting their glances upon Cuanaboa, through a dilated and inflamed iris of sickly, yellowish brown, circled with black and white, as they rolled in the huge lion-like head of a monster, with projecting black ears, tipped with white, broad tawny breast, and great red fore-paws, with long protruding fangs, couched as if preparing for an instantaneous spring. The Charaibe woman almost sank to the earth; but it was in infinitely less time than the circumstance can be related in, that, catching a glimpse of the group beyond, the creature, with its awfully dolorous cry, resembling a prolonged *hoo! hoo!* or involuntary screams of pain, uttered now under the pangs, and now in the intervals of excruciating torture, withdrew its eyes and fangs from their sight; and the rustling noise it made in its departure was drowned by the sharp uninterrupted baying and ringing clamour of the dog, struggling to penetrate the thick-set progeny of the forest floor.

"*Por la santa Madre de Dios*," exclaimed Perez; "you are called for, Cuanaboa. Your time has come. Here—kiss this blessed symbol"—(and he tendered to her his sword, at the extremest distance which the length of his arm and that of the weapon would permit, and more too; while the bright blade trembled and vibrated irregularly up and down, as the point rested in the grip of his gauntleted fingers)—"kiss!—kneel!—pray!—or follow where your master bids you."

"Ochi!"* cried the interpreter.

"It is a tiger," said the commander, who stood with

* The name given by the Charaibes of the continent to the animal sometimes called the South American tiger.

fixed eyes and ears attentive to every sound. "Raise your point, and be on your guard."

"A tiger! There be none here—what should they prey on?"

"Indians," said, or rather fearfully murmured the half-exanimate interpreter.

"Ay, it is Satanás himself, who has come for her as he promised; and he may come for all of you, that I know of, by good right."

As he spoke, the lugubrious *hoo! hoo!* of the savage beast, not like the voice of one crying in the desert to repent, but like that of one crying to prepare for eternal anguish, was heard from the other side of their station; and in an instant, a long red quadruped, with a swollen bristling tail of the same colour, and of at least two feet in length, in rapid motion, was seen springing through the air, and immediately climbing the tall trunk of a locust. It was among its branches in another instant; and from a cleft among them, fifty feet at least above the lower ground on which the party stood, the glaring eyes again appeared. In the brief time permitted them for observation, during its flying ascent, they could perceive that it almost doubled in size that of Berecillo, who now rushed between them and the tree on which the prodigy had fastened, foaming at the mouth, and watching the movements of his adversary's eyes; and keeping up incessantly an angry roar, as he shifted his position, leaning back on his haunches, and bracing his rigidly-knit limbs, as if in expectance of the stranger's leap.

They also perceived that the hide of the latter was, in its ground-work, of a bright tawny red; quaintly streaked from the breadth of its back with black and fallow stripes, diminishing in size as they approached the lighter hue of the belly and extremities; that it had also among them spots that looked like eyes, and that he showed in all his formation amazing strength, ferocity, and activity. Ever and

anon, as his eyes became fixed on Berecillo, and he seemed about to spring, he shrank back, as his glances wandered to the soldiers;—glances which

"Made *no* sunshine in the shady place,"

but seemed to emit through it lurid beams of yellow fire. But the Indian interpreter now appeared to have regained his self-possession, and had led one of the soldiers with him a few yards farther off; hastily and earnestly giving directions to the reluctant veteran. Bringing the butt of his weapon to his foot, the latter drew the strong cord to its tension; and adjusting to its groove a heavy bolt, adapted to a long steel arrowhead, furnished with broad and deeply indented barbs, raised it slowly, and not in a military style, to his shoulder, as he hesitatingly winked at the furious and to him unintelligible savage, in his frightfully beautiful and shining coat,—who, with fixed look and contracted limbs, must have fairly given the impulse for his fatal spring upon the dog, when the Indian touched the soldier's shoulder. The tough cord twanged; and it was plain enough whither the bolt had sped; for they saw it cleaving into the yellow breast of the monster, and heard his demoniac shrieks of pain, tormenting the very marrow of their bones. The red blood crimsoned his rich and mottled skin, as, for a few seconds he clung to, or was balanced upon, the tough limbs he had chosen for a rest; and then, with fainter but not less thrilling yells, he fell, crashing all before him, and rolling over and over down the declivity, to within a few yards of the party.

As Berecillo was sweeping round him, and ever and anon, in a paroxysm of rage, preparing to rush upon the entirely new and dangerous stranger (for such he was to him), not, however, with that fearless speed, sudden, straight, and swift as that of an arrow, with which he was wont to seize his designated victim, among however great a multitude, but with dreadful groanings, and almost whinings, he was successively called off by the Indian, the bowman, and

his master; and it was with an entire breach of the seemly discipline becoming a man-at-arms of that, or of any age, that he growlingly, and by unequal movements, obeyed the stern command of the latter.

Meantime, whichever way the mortally-wounded creature turned, the barbed steel, as he twisted it in his vitals, or as it was forced in by the end of the shaft coming in contact with the ground, as he rolled over or fell, tortured from him screams which no human ears could ever forget, and no human voice could faintly describe or imitate, were even the crazy shepherd Chrysostom's attempt a practicable one.* But their ears could not be shut to those infernal sounds, nor their eyes, by a distressing fascination, be withheld from occasionally reverting to the exhibition of horror long to be protracted, as they followed the guide and interpreter, at their earnest entreaties to proceed; the former assuring them that the *ochi* would be dead before their return.

"Ay," said Perez, gloomily, "that may very well be."

The beast tore up the underwood and the earth, and the sparks flashed as he ground the rock with his teeth. With convulsive leaps, he at one time showed at full length his crimsoned breast and wildly-struggling limbs, with his infuriate eyes bursting out of their sockets, and so fell prostrate backwards; and then, after writhings intolerable to be beheld, he would jump from his feet, and fasten claws and fangs on some huge trunk, tearing off great shreds of the thick tough bark, and splinters of the wood itself, until he fell again from the temporary exhaustion. They were soon out of sight of this scene, but still the piteous wails and yells, that shook every nerve even of those fearless men, followed them with persecuting reiteration.†

* Haré que el mismo infierno comunique
Al triste pecho mio un son doliente,
Conque el uso comun de mi voz tuerza, &c.
Don Quixotte. Part I. chap. 14.

† This mode of killing the tiger, as it was at first called, of Terra Firma, and the description of the beast and its habits, are taken, with few varia-

CHAPTER IV.

How great, while yet we tread the kindred clod,
To stop and pause, involved in high presage;
Through the long vista of a thousand years,
To stand contemplating our distant selves,
As in a magnifying mirror seen,
Enlarged, ennobled, elevate, divine,
To prophesy our own futurities!
And chase we still the phantom, through the fire,
O'er bog, and brake, and precipice, till death?—YOUNG.

THE line of their march was now more irregular and hasty, though their advance was not more rapid than it had been; and this auricular torture made every moment seem a divisible portion of tedious time, to be counted as in sickness, or in waiting for an answer to a half-hopeless application for relief, made in imminent trouble, by the dull ticking of a lazy-going chronometer.

The leader himself addressed the woman. "When shall we escape from this darkness,—when shall we see the fountain, Cuanaboa?"

"It is now but a little way, and my travel will soon be done for always."

tions, from the report of Oviedo, before referred to. M. Buffon gives but a poor account of the jaguar of Guiana, as he calls the animal. M. Sonini de Manoncourt, whose description is given in Count Lacepede's edition of Buffon, agrees in most respects with Oviedo; but he denies that the Indians were more afraid of it than the whites. They have had, however, the experience of some hundred years to improve their morals and reprove their superstitions; one of which was, that the *ochi* would select an Indian for his prey among many white men. It is very extraordinary indeed how this jaguar, or whatever it was, got into a desolate island of the Bahamas, as they belonged only to the main. But so says the legend; and as it conforms to recorded truth in so many instances, the logical inference is in its favour here.

It is impertinent to the story, and the dry matter-of-fact legend we follow, says of course nothing about it; but may we not venture to guess what were the feelings of a hitherto-disappointed, but still superbly ambitious adventurer, when the "amreeta cup" was thus, possibly, within his immediate grasp? Is it not to be feared that judgment yielded to imagination—and faith-built hopes of spiritual happiness, to dreams of earthly fruition?

Worlds! worlds!—all the imaginable or unimaginable space between these new islands, and

> "——Mightiest empire, to the destined walls
> Of Cambalu, seat of Cathaian khan;"—

Wealth, pomp, and splendour!—all that can blaze and glitter,

> "Where the gorgeous east
> Showers on her kings barbaric pearls and gold;—

Dominion!—caciques, and khans, and caliphs, prostrate in oriental man-worship,—"louting low"—and even Cæsars not daring to ask homage, but courting friendship;—Pleasure!—renewable at will, infinite in variety, "never ending, still beginning;"—Progeny!—numerous enough among whom to choose, for the partition of his falling mantle,—"*et nati natorum, et qui nascerentur ab illis;*"*—Glory!—seeking not in vain to enlarge itself, till it girdled the round world, as with a belt for the dull planet;—ay, independent immortality,—or so long a possession of all this, that

> "Still as up he sped
> Above him still th' immeasurable spread:"

In a word, "the kingdoms of the world and the glory thereof,"—all, all may have overwhelmed the imagination of the leader, as he reflected that a few paces might bring him to the mystic lymph, by laving in which, at will, the

* "And children's children shall the crown sustain."—*Dryden.*

power of overcoming time, place, and circumstance, and destiny would belong to a poor and untitled gentleman, Juan Ponce, of Leon.

"I guess we are almost out of the woods," said Perez; "but the weather portends a squall of some kind or other. In the name of all the saints, señor, let us transact this fresh-water business, whatever it may turn out to be, as quickly as possible, and get out of hearing of the screeching of that devil incarnate! You have seen me fight in Africa. I tell you, I am afraid to be here."

But not to those screechings, shrill and ear-piercing as they were, did the chief now attend; nor did he mark, as the ground before them became more open, that the appearances denoted some movement near at hand in the now sluggish elements. He looked only forward in the direction in which the woman was advancing, to where, through the more scattered forest-growth, a precipice arose, as it almost seemed, to the sky, against the now rather inky hue of which, in that direction, a bald black crag which crowned the summit was gloomily relieved. Below, the scarred and seamed face of the rock gave evidence that it had experienced the action of fire at some remote day; which was confirmed by uncouth incrustations and jagged formations above, quaintly fashioned like turrets and towers, circling what might have been the mouth of a crater. Up to this elevation in the immediate perpendicular line of vision, the abrupt ascent was ruggedly interspersed with savage and deformed specimens of vegetation, presenting monstrous figures to the imaginative eye; while immensely long trails of seemingly charred weeds and creepers hung downwards, with the melancholy effect produced by the trappings of wo, used to decorate some antique chamber where dead pride was laid out in state, when revisited at long periods after the name of him in whose honour the mockery of mourning had been got up and passed into oblivion. On either side of this front, however, up to the naked summit, the hill

was clothed with dense and awful woods, the irregular outline of which at the tops was unfringed with any lighter hues borrowed from the heavens. If volcanic power had, as seemed probable, hollowed the centre of this rude pile, it might well have served for the residence of some angry Prospero, and as the reception-chamber for his ministers of evil.

Looking to their left, the train of this pilgrim of hope, who seemed to be approaching the strangest conceivable shrine, for the realization of his prayers, observed that the sun was of a dusky red hue; and that a dimness had come over the pure depths of ether. Dull was the light in which they beheld the haughty and superb, but baleful manchineel, uplifting its stubborn and symmetrical limbs, and exhibiting among the dark foliage its golden but poisonous apples, like the King of Terrors, masked and clothed in purple; or some trunk that, from the nature of the crevice from which it had forced itself in its infant wantonness, had grown along the surface with its sinuous and massive folds, even like the "leviathan, that crooked serpent" of the prophet Isaiah! and which might have said, with a slight alteration, in the language of another divinely-inspired poet, "My path is my own, and I have made it for myself." But to the Europeans who now observed it, with its prickly coat and branching crest, it seemed more like the dragon of more modern and romantic invention; for they knew a precious little about the writings of the prophets.

The sky, as we have said, was dull, and by the glimpses they caught of the sea, they might mark that it was also of a leaden colour, and seemed disturbed. A sound arose as of distant subterranean thunder, which they would naturally have ascribed to the beating of the waves on the beach, when the element of which they were the vagabond protegés gave the usual notice of its being vexed and incensed. But this noise was not like that of "the much sounding main." It seemed like distant thunder from the caverns of

the earth; smothered but prolonged, as they made their way over the unequal floor, where the scraggy protrusions of honey-combed coralline rock, besides the inequalities of the surface, impeded them in their way to the mountain, through the immemorial dust, and ashes, and worms of the forest, as the superstratum of its floor might have been called without an overstrained metaphor. It required no quickness of association to assimilate the rugged forest-girdled enclosure, with its insurmountable wall, towards which they were journeying, to some unconsecrated cemetery; and the murmur that came up to their ears, to the moans of unpardoned ghosts.

Still the atmosphere continued to be oppressively close; while they were sensible of a new and disagreeable odour which appeared to find its way from the seaside to the west. Hitherto they had met with no water in their progress. But now they came close by the side of a pool or spring, overshadowed by locusts, cedars, and mahogany trees, at which the Indian woman cast for a moment an inquisitive glance. As they marked the action, and looked at the unilluminated surface of the miniature lake, they observed bubbles constantly rising and breaking upon it, and a slight faint hiss as of water beginning to boil.

"Is this Bimini?" asked Perez, leaping to the brink, and plunging his hand into the reservoir. "By all the saints," he exclaimed, withdrawing it speedily, "it is as cold as the grave."

A smile, as chilled and chilling as the image employed by the lieutenant for a comparison, came to the face of Cuanaboa, as she said, "Ye seek for the fountain of life, and this is that of destruction. They are near together. Put a torch to this, and you will see it burn like the fires your people told me of, which they must pass through before they go to be happy."

"She blasphemes," said Perez; "and she is as false as the fiend her master. Is it near this seething caldron,

in this ugly and noisome desert, and with this infernal rumbling beneath our feet, that we can find any thing that is good?"

"Cuanaboa," said the chief, pausing, "I have trusted you; I trust to you yet; but if you prove a traitress, the hound shall tear your living body to pieces. You said the other fountain was near; show it to me."

She gazed on him with a stern and frowning aspect; and a flash of indignation broke from beneath her haggard brows. "Let your fierce dog now rend and slay me where I stand; and if you could depart alive, what would you have gained by all your foolish wanderings? But, no! yonder is the water you seek," pointing to the rocks strewn at the foot of the precipice which they were now near; "and much good," she muttered, as she went on her way towards it, "may it do ye, after ye have drunk."

They were soon mounting or scrambling over oddly piled and inconveniently angular fragments of stone, covered with the common, perplexing, tough, and deceitful net-work of vines; and not without shuddering they saw, in the tangled and wide interstices beneath, coiled snakes that thrust up their crests, with revengefully red eyes, and hissed as they seemed unfolding their slimy convolutions; or flat-headed gray lizards, whose gripe they dreaded as being fatal. The hollow and ominous sound from beneath became deeper in its loudness, and seemed to come up to them directly from the entrails of the earth, as they at length stood within a few yards of the bare face of the mountain, which here rose sheer up above them; its grotesque tracery of unpatronised parasites, wretched wild-pines, broken projections, and lava formations of fantastic shapes, in the upper elevations, alone breaking the view up to the zenith, now overshadowed with a veil, dim, indistinct, and gloomy. Right in front of, and extending downward beneath them, was a shallow but high and deep cavity in the naked and rude stone, black with seeming stains, wherever the per-

colating moisture silently trickled through unseen and minute crannies. Silently we say, for the exudation would have been as inaudible as the progress of the liquid was imperceptible, "at the calmest and the stillest" hour. But now, from a hollow circular space of a few feet in diameter, at the very bottom of this grotto, the noise they had heard came up with more violent and awful effect.

The Tequina leaped to the brink of this chasm, and was followed with anxiously quick steps by the chief. Perez also, from an emotion of curiosity, or a sense of duty, lazily and incredulously presented himself, confronting his commander on the other side of the cavity, while, a little way behind his master, the dog stood, with his feet firmly planted against the broken and scattered stones, his limbs quivering with terror, and his short hair fiercely raising itself, as with instinctive affright, over all his strong and shapely body. The men-at-arms and the Indian interpreter gazed curiously down upon the party, whose speculations they seemed to have no desire of disturbing by more close approximation.

"I guess," as a lake-poet would say, that a striking picture might have been made out of the group, thus arranged in that wild place, and peculiar light; could a painter have caught the expression of the individuals, and of the scene, and the combined expression of both.

"Here," said Cuanaboa, pointing downwards to the aperture, with a motionless apathy of countenance,—"here is Bimini." The tones of her voice, usually distinct, and not unmusical, sounded hoarsely, and as if prophetic of doom, heard as they were amid the re-echoed roar, sullen, angry and solemn, which came from the opening at their feet.

Perez applied the tip of his finger to the surface of the humid rock, where the dull light irregularly twinkled, showing that there was motion in the thin moisture which glassed it; and looking downwards, exclaimed, "God help me! is this your Bimini? I have half a mind to throw you into it."

The chief also peered into the well. The liquid element was plainly to be seen, perfectly smooth as the polished surface of black marble, in which a ray of dingy light might be said to sleep, for it did not quiver, but only showed the smoothness and sombre quietude of the waters.

"It is the repose of death," he muttered.

"And the dreadful sound from beneath it," said Perez, "is made by those whose unrest shall be everlasting."

The old woman grimly smiled.

"Ho! Diego, lend me thy casque and a cord," said the chief, kneeling and bending over the edge of the well. It was most difficult to determine how near to the mouth the water rose. It might have been two yards, or less or more; and the sides of the enclosure afforded no facilities for descent. It was impossible to form a conjecture as to its depth.

Before the crossbow-man could comply with his leader's requisition, even had his powers of motion and habit of obedience not been paralyzed by superstitious and by natural fear—a darker gloom came over the scene. The sunlight was altogether and suddenly hidden by black clouds —black unequivocally. The wind from the west arose and blew a gale in an instant. The roar from below degenerated into a murmuring growl; and they became sensible of a tremulous motion, as it were, of the ground beneath their feet, accompanied with a giddiness which made them insensibly recoil. The thunder from overhead answered in a protracted peal to the rumbling below; as one bright sheet of blue electric light dazzled their sight almost to blindness, and shivered a proud and sturdy locust; the cleft half of which fell crackling and crushing near them. Still the whirlwind increased to fury, and every vegetating thing was whirled and twisted into agony by its power. The earth trembled now in reality. They might feel the shock of the whole island, as the ocean flung itself against its coasts in sudden madness: "the boldest held their breath

for a time." But, in the hurricane, the earthquake, or the airquake, as some sensible writers call the commotions which occur in those isles, the boldest and the most timid are upon a level, when the destroyer comes unexpectedly upon them; upon the same level that all will be when the whole earth will be opened by the blast of the last trumpet. The rain came down in flying torrents. At one moment total darkness wrapped the scene; and at the next a broad sheet of lightning developed in livid colouring all its horrors; showing the giants of the forest writhing, bending, and crackling, and often breaking, and their branches, with uptorn vines, tossed in wild eddies in the whirlpool of the air; showing too the pallid countenances of the party, as, having retreated to some distance from the well with trembling and uncertain steps, they were cast to the earth, and clung with the tenacity of desperation to whatever fixed object they could grasp. They heard the rush of descending masses of the rock, and the shivered fragments thundered by and around them.

The whirlwind rushed by as suddenly as it made its destroying visitation. It swept the black mantle from the skies, and its roaring died away on the ocean, whose sullen moaning was now only heard. The howling of the dog, and piteous cries of animals that had blended in the dreadful chorus ceased. In a few minutes the bruised soldiers, who had almost miraculously escaped without serious injury, slowly arose, as if doubtful whether they could maintain their footing, and gazed wistfully and fearfully upon each other.

"Holy Maria be praised!" falteringly exclaimed Perez. "I vow to her a shrine of gold in her chapel at San Juan, whenever all I can win will purchase one. Is it possible that we have escaped? Ay, all are here but the priestess of Satanás that beguiled us hither. But our comrades, and our ships—where are they?"

"They may be safe, I hope," said the commander. "The storm passed not in that direction, and its path was a narrow one. But, by heavens! it was terrible, and what havoc it has made!"

They gazed now around upon the scene of desolation, over which the declining sun threw a ruddy hue, painting the face of nature with the tinge of autumn; and the chilliness of the air added to this effect. It seemed as if they had passed at once into a totally different season, by art-magic. The face of the hill before them was changed. Part of its rocky crown had been detached; and in its fall had carried all before it on the face of the precipice, where it had left everlasting scars. Its shattered ruins were strown all around them; and, advancing with difficulty among and over them, no traces of the well were discoverable, or even of the shallow cavern which had projected over it. A confused heap of stone, surmounted by one huge fragment, which the long and painful toil of multitudes could scarcely have broken or removed, was all that presented itself to their eyes. But another spectacle arrested their attention, as, led by the whining of the hound, they found the Charaib woman prostrate on the earth, and bleeding profusely from a wound in her head, where she had evidently been struck by a flying piece of the stony avalanche. Her face was turned towards the setting sun, on which her eyes were fixed. She regarded them not, but was murmuring in her own language. The Indian bent over her, and said she was conversing with the souls of her dead relations. The grisly fissure in her scull, into which the gray hairs had been forced by the blow, was too wide and deep to admit of any hope that assistance, if they had been able to render it, would have protracted her life for many moments.

The sun, "a palpable sphere of flame," translucently and fiercely red as the burning and whirling throne of Arimanes,

lit up the sky and the ocean with crimson fire, as his disk touched the bosom of the sea. The woman's eyes brightened strangely. The interpreter explained her last murmured expressions to be, "I see Bimini." Her lips and eyes then closed, and she was dead.

The "glorious orb," which "was a worship ere the mystery of his making was revealed," had disappeared. Quickly as the fading pageantry of some dream of oriental splendour,—of some such dream as that of Kublah Khan, which resolved itself into music that did not remain "unwritten,"—the red glory which had "come down on the land and sea" paled and departed. The stars came forth swimming and floating in their eternal beauty, in skies where they are most beautiful; and as their shafts of diamond radiance quivered in the now impurpled waves, or pierced the recesses of the ruin-strown forest, they seemed inquiring with brightly pensive glances into the cause of the coming of the strangers, who silently surrounded the mangled body of poor Cuanaboa.

"Let her wish be complied with," said the commander, "and let our promise be fulfilled. Let us cover her remains from the beasts, and then let us depart."

There was no difficulty in preparing a sepulchre, extemporaneously, for it was close at hand. A hollow place, fit for the purposes of a grave, had been formed among the massive rubbish, which it was not probable that aught save another commotion of nature would remove, perhaps, for ages. It was with mingled feelings of regret and superstitious aversion, and an undefined reverence for the remains of the lonely one, which they were about leaving for ever in that lonely place,—that having cast broken branches into the accidental sarcophagus, so as to form a platform for the repose of the corpse, and having swathed it round with its red mantle, the rough crossbow-man and the Indian gently lifted it, even as it lay, and deposited it in the cavity. Over

the top they drew the broadest and flattest pieces of the stone which lay around; and heaping them up into a pile, the mausoleum of the Tequina was completed. They worked in silence and sadness, with the bright stars for their funeral candelabras, while the emerald flashes from the beetle, and dancing yellow gleams from the fire-fly, added their irregular illuminations to the high, mysterious, and dishevelled old wood. The lizards and crickets with their monotonous descant, and the monkeys who mingled their eldritch responsive cries, were the only choristers; and the subdued moan of the ocean was the only requiem at the sepulture of the Recluse of the Lucayan Isles.

Where nothing is left to tell which is not matter of history, or which the dullest may not imagine, it would be impertinent to dwell on the return of the voyagers to their ships, which, being on the protected shore of the island, had not been shaken from their moorings by the brief *Raz de Maree*, if such it might be called. They sailed on the following morning, and the commander returned to San Juan. Every one knows that the lieutenant afterward rejoined him, having indeed found the island, but not the fountain he sought for.

And every one may know, that, some ten years afterward, Balboa, having found the vast Pacific, had been decollated as his reward; and that the fame of Hernando Cortes was then bruited through the world. A soul more imaginative, and possibly less sordid and cruel than tenanted the bosoms of either of those adventurers, then winged its flight for the certain immortality, a misty type and perhaps unholy dream of which it had cherished on earth. As the dim eyes of the aged and disappointed Ponce de Leon gazed their last on the black cross which the servant of the church held before them, while dim tapers burned gloomily around, and the solemn service for the parting soul was

read, may we not hope that he too, like the poor Indian solitary and enthusiast, who had once been his guide, was enabled to think that he saw BIMINI? For among the words that came to his dying ears were these:—

"There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of our God; the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High."

THOUGHTS ON HAND-WRITING.*

When a person has nothing which is actually new or interesting to say on a subject, it is a question which very naturally suggests itself to the reader, why he writes about it at all? I, therefore, suppose this question directed to myself; and reply, with perfect honesty, that, in making such remarks as occur to me on the subject of chirography, I am fulfilling a promise, and also writing a preface to a story which I have to tell.

I have had reasons for meditating much on the mystery of hand-writings, though my reflections have resulted in no new discoveries; and I have neither solved any of the paradoxes, nor come to a definite conclusion on any of the doubtful points with which the subject is pregnant. The first difficulty which was suggested to my mind about it, occurred in early childhood. I could not discover how the rapping me over the knuckles with a long, round, lignum vitæ ruler, until those articulations were discoloured and lame, was to assist me in using my fingers with ease and grace, in copying the pithy scraps of morality which were

* The paper entitled "Thoughts on Hand-writing," with the tale of "Mr. De Viellecour and his Neighbours," to which it serves as an introduction, appeared in the Talisman for the year 1828. The former was written entirely by Mr. Sands, and the latter in conjunction with one of the literary friends by whom the work was undertaken, and whose manner the reader will probably distinguish in the commencement of the story.—Editor.

set before me. My master, however, seemed to think it was good for me. The poor man took a world of pains, and gave me a great many, to very little purpose. He was very fond of quoting to me a passage from Horace, in an English version he had picked up somewhere, of the fidelity of which I have since had my doubts.

> "In wisdom and sound knowledge to excel,
> Is the chief cause and source of writing well.
> The manuscripts of Socrates were writ,
> So fairly, because he had so much wit."

I certainly never became a proficient in calligraphy. I have, however, in the course of my life, been consoled for my own imperfections on this score, by observing scholars, statesmen, and gentlemen at large, who passed very well in the world, and obtained professorships, outfits, and salaries, and the entrée into polite society, whose signs manual were hieroglyphics, which Champollion himself would give up in despair. Their whole manipulation (as the learned would say), with pen, ink, and paper, produced a result so utterly undecipherable, that, instead of its "painting thought, and speaking to the eyes," if their secretaries or correspondents had not known what they wanted to say, or to have said for them, the persons interested in their despatches might as well have been in the innocent situation of John Lump and Looney Mactwolter, when they had "mixed the billy-duckses."

I have known lawyers and doctors, whose autographic outpourings the solicitor and apothecary alone understood, by professional instinct: and yet the bills in chancery of the former, fairly engrossed, produced suits which are not yet decided; and the prescriptions of the latter found their way into the patient's system, and caused a great effect.

There is one thing, however, on which I have made up my mind decidedly; which is, that a person who writes so detestable a hand that he cannot read it himself, acts in an

improper manner; and abuses the gift which Cadmus was good enough to introduce into Europe.

The character of my own writing seems somewhat amended, since time has laid his frosty hand upon my head, and cramped the joints of my fingers. It is less capricious in the variety of directions in which the letters run, and less luxuriant in gratuitous additions to their tops, and bottoms, and natural terminations. They look more like a platoon of regular troops, and less like a militia-training; more like an arrangement produced by the agency of human intellect, and less like the irregular scratches made by the brute creation in the surface of the soil. So that I get along without any material difficulty; and have, indeed, been sometimes complimented on the elegance of my writing.*

One thing which has always been unaccountable to me is, the nice acquaintance some persons acquire with the signatures of particular individuals, so that they can detect a forgery at first sight, however well it may be executed, and can swear to the spuriousness of the sophisticated writing. Neither, for the life of me, can I understand the wisdom of the rule of evidence, which makes the question important, whether a witness has ever *seen* the person write, about whose autography he is interrogated. I am sure it would puzzle the twelve judges of England to explain, why our having seen a man write should enable us to distinguish the character of his hand, any more than we should be enabled to identify his clothes, by having seen him put them on.

That the intellectual and moral character of a person may be ascertained from his hand-writing, is a theory which many are fond of believing in. It seems, certainly, a more

* Our printer was certainly in no very complimentary mood, when he first saw our author's manuscript. He said it was all *pie*; though, to our eyes, it more resembled hasty-pudding. He said it would ruin his boys for ever, to *set it up*; and almost cried for pity, as he looked at his amiable disciples, and thought of the piece of work before them.—Pub.

plausible one than those of chiromancy or phrenology; but beyond a certain extent, I think it can be shown to be as visionary as either. Up to a certain point, however, it may be far more rational.

The sex of the writer may be conjectured with more infallibility than any other attribute.

> "The bridegroom's letters stand in row above,
> Tapering, yet straight, like pine trees in his grove;
> While free and fine the bride's appear below,
> As light and slender as her jasmines grow."

Still you cannot always tell from the appearance of a manuscript whether a lady or a gentleman has held the pen. I had a female relative, who was a strong stout-built woman, to be sure; but she wrote a hand so formidably masculine, that the only suitor who ever made her an offer was terrified out of his negotiation by the first billet-doux he had the honour of receiving from her. He was a slender and delicately made man; and wrote a fine Italian hand.

Next to the sex, the age of a writer may be guessed at with most certainty from the chirograph. If the gods had made me poetical, I would paraphrase the seven ages of Shakspeare (omitting, of course, the infant in his nurse's arms), with reference to this theme. But I must "leave it to some fitter minstrel." There are, however, more exceptions to this than to the former proposition. Some people write a puerile hand all their lives: and the gravest maxims, the profoundest thoughts, the most abstruse reasonings, have sometimes been originally imbodied in signs as fantastical as the scrawl made in sport by a child. On the other hand, men of regular temperament, and methodical habits of business, will acquire a formed and deliberate character in their hand-writing, which is often not impaired until extreme age.

The nation, profession, and other accidental properties

of a person, may also, perhaps, be discovered in a majority of instances, from his chirograph. But it is obvious that there is no mystery in this, which philosophy need be invoked to elucidate. Mr. Owen's doctrine of *circumstances* will explain it very satisfactorily. I am only disposed to deny that the bent of natural inclination, or the predominance or deficiency of any intellectual quality, can be ascertained by this test. I have never met with any one who possessed the art of divination in this way; nor, as the theory cannot be proved by any process of reasoning from first principles, can it be supported by a fair examination of any miscellaneous collection of autographs. Imagination may carry us a great way, and suggest resemblances of its own creation, between the characters of men known in history and fac-similes of their autographs. But, divesting ourselves of its influence, let us look at the signatures to the death-warrant of Charles I., or the declaration of American independence;—which instruments I do not bring into juxtaposition irreverently, but because every one has seen them. I believe it will be impossible, without the aid of fancy, from recorded facts in the lives of those who subscribed these documents, compared with the peculiarities of their signs manual, to found an honest induction in support of this hypothesis.

Some conceited people try to write as badly as they can, because they have heard and believe that it is a proof of genius. While all will admit that this notion is very absurd, it is still generally believed that men of genius do write in a very obscure, infirm, or eccentric character: and we are told of a thousand familiar instances; such as Byron, and Chalmers, and Jeffrey, and Bonaparte, etc. A goodly assortment in the same lot! One thing is very certain, that those who write a great deal for the press will soon write very badly; without its being necessary to ascribe that circumstance to intellectual organization. Bonaparte had no time, when dictating to six clerks at once, or

signing treaties on horseback, to cultivate a clear running hand. Distinguished as he was above other men, in his fame and in his fortunes, I believe we may also concede to him the honour of having written the worst possible hand, decipherable by human ingenuity. And when we find, from the fac-similes of some of his early despatches, how abominably he spelled, as well as wrote, we are led to infer that a defective education, and an eagle-eyed ambition, which soon began to gaze too steadily at the sun to regard the motes in the atmosphere, will sufficiently account for a matter of such small importance to so great a man, without resorting to "metaphysical aid" to account for his bad writing.

The hand-writing of an individual is not as much connected with the machinery of his mind, as is the effect of any other personal habit. Neat people do not always write neatly; and some very slovenly persons, whom I have known, were distinguished for a remarkably elegant formation of their letters. Affectation, on the contrary, being out of nature, will always betray itself in this particular, as in every other.

I am disposed also to treat, as a fond chimera, a notion I have often heard expressed, that there is a natural gentility appertaining to the chirographs of nature's aristocracy; supposing such a phrase to be proper. Every thing else about a gentleman's letter will furnish better hints as to his breeding and quality, than the character of his hand-writing. Set a well-taught boot-black and a gentleman down to copy the same sentence on pieces of paper of like shape and texture, and few of your conjurers in autographs will be able to guess, from the specimens, which is the gentleman and which is the boot-black.

But to leave this drouthy and prosing disquisition, I am minded to illustrate both the evils and the advantages of bad or illegible writing, by incidents which have occurred, or are easily supposable, in real life. My poor old master,

against whose memory I cherish no malice, notwithstanding his frequent fustigation of my youthful knuckles, when he despaired of my profiting either by the unction of his precepts or the sore application of his ruler, endeavoured to frighten me into amendment by examples. He composed for my use a digested chronicle of casualties which had befallen those who perpetrated unseemly scrawls; and, after the manner of Swift, entitled his tract, "God's revenge against Cacography." I have long since lost the precious gift; but I have not forgotten all the legends it contained.

The tale is old of the English gentleman, who had procured for his friend a situation in the service of the East India Company, and was put to unprofitable expense by misreading an epistle, in which the latter endeavoured to express his gratitude. "Having," said the absentee, "been thus placed in a post, where I am sure of a regular salary, and have it in my power, while I enjoy health, to lay up something every year to provide for the future, I am not unmindful of my benefactor, and mean soon to send you an *equivalent*." Such a rascally hand did this grateful Indian write, that the gentleman thought he meant soon to send him an *elephant*. He erected a large outhouse for the unwieldy pet; but never got any thing to put in it, except a little pot of sweetmeats, and an additional bundle of compliments.

Few who read the newspapers have not seen an anecdote of an amateur of queer animals, who sent an order to Africa for *two* monkeys. The word two, as he wrote it, so much resembled the figures 100, that his literal and single-minded agent was somewhat perplexed in executing this commission, which compelled him to make war on the whole nation. And great was the naturalist's surprise and perplexity when he received a letter informing him, in mercantile phraseology, that 80 monkeys had been shipped, as per copy of the bill of lading enclosed, and that his correspondent hoped to be able to execute the rest of the order in time for the next vessel.

Many, too, must have read a story which appeared in the English newspapers, a few months since, of the distressful predicament into which a poor fisherman's wife was thrown, by the receipt of a letter from her husband, who had been absent from home, with several of his brethren, beyond the ordinary time. The honest man stated, in piscatorial phrase, the causes of his detention, and what luck he had met with in his fishing. But the conclusion of his bulletin, as spelled by his loving amphibious helpmate, was as follows:—"I AM NO MORE!" The poor woman gazed awhile on this fatal official intelligence of her husband's demise, and then on her eleven now fatherless infants; and then she burst into a paroxysm of clamorous sorrow, which drew around her the consorts of seventeen other fishermen, who had departed in company with the deceased man. None of them could read; but they caught from the widow's broken lamentations the contents of the supernatural postscript; and taking it for granted that they had all been served in the same manner by the treacherous element, they all lifted up their voices, and the corners of their aprons, and made an ululation worthy of so many forsaken mermaids. In the words of the poet, they made "'igh water in the sea," on whose margin they stood; when one of the overseers of the poor, who came to the spot, alarmed by the rumour that the parish was like to be burthened with eighteen new widows and an hundred and odd parcel orphans, snatched the letter from the weeping Thetis, and silenced the grief of the company, by making out its conclusion correctly, which was, "*I add no more.*"

There is a memorable passage in our annals, which must be familiar to those who have read the old chronicles and records of our early colonial history. I allude to the consternation into which the General Court of the Massachusetts and their associated settlements were thrown, when their clerk read to them a letter from a worthy divine, purporting, that he addressed them, not as magistrates, but as

a set of *Indian devils*. The horror-stricken official paused in his prelection, aghast as was the clerk in England,—for whose proper psalm a wag had substituted "Chevy Chase," when he came to the words "woful hunting." He looked at the manuscript again, and after a thorough examination, exclaimed, "yea! it *is* Indian devils." A burst of indignation from the grave sanhedrim, long, loud, and deep, followed this declaration. They would all have better brooked to have been called by the name of Baptists, papists, or any other pestilent heretics, than to be branded as the very heathen, whom they had themselves never scrupled to compliment by calling them children of Belzebub. If I remember aright, the venerable Cotton Mather notes, in his biographies of the eminent divines of his day, that the innocent offender was, in this instance, roughly handled by the secular arm of justice, for insulting the dignitaries both of church and state, before he had opportunity of convincing his brother dignitaries that the offensive epithet, *Indian devils*, was a pure mistake in their manner of reading his epistle; inasmuch as he had meant to employ the more harmless phrase, *Individuals*. The apology was accepted; though I observe that the latter word is, at present, deemed impolite, if not actionable, in Kentucky; and is as provoking to a citizen of that state, as it was to Dame Quickly to be called a woman, and a thing to thank God on, by Sir John Falstaff.

I knew a gentleman, who would have been very well pleased to have received a lucrative appointment, in a certain state of the Union; because his patrimony was naught, and his professional profits, to speak mathematically, were less. His joy was unbounded, therefore, on reading a letter from a very great man, who wrote a very little and a very bad hand, responsive to his application for the post which he coveted. He deciphered enough of the letter to make out, that many were soliciting the station for which he had applied, and that *his* testimonials had been received. But

the concluding sentence was that from the favourable augury of which the young ambition of the aspirant ran at once, in imagination, to the top of its ladder. "*Though last, not least*"—were the cabalistic words, by virtue of which he founded many Spanish castles; destined, alas! like those of Arabian enchantment, to vanish or fly away at the spell of a more powerful magician, or the loss of the talisman which summoned the genii to erect them. He might have launched into dangerous prodigality on the strength of his anticipated promotion, if a friend had not succeeded in convincing him, that the flourish with which the great man had terminated his honourable scrawl, if it was not a verse from the Koran, in the Arabic character, must have been meant for that very insignificant and unfruitful expression,—"*Yours, in haste.*"

No executive sunshine ever beamed on him. But being of a philosophic turn of mind, he devoted much of his time, for some years after his disappointment, to an analysis of the precise meaning of these three unlucky words, and read all the writers on our language, from the Diversions of Purley to the last wonderful discoveries on the subject made in this country. I suppose that he passed his time pleasantly in these researches, but not, I should think, very profitably: for the only result of all his reading, which I ever heard him utter, was, that "yours, in haste," is a most unphilosophical, ungrammatical, and nonsensical expression, involving a confusion of time, place, and circumstance. He said, it was a sorites of bulls; a metaphysical absurdity; a moral insult to good sense and good feeling; and that he never would continue a correspondence with any person who had used it in addressing him.

It is very easy to conceive what sad consequences may result in affairs of love and matrimony, from careless scribbling, by which ideas may be suggested directly the reverse of those intended to be expressed by the writer. In insinuating the delicate question orally, much ambiguity

may be allowed for, on the score of anxiety and embarrassment: and it has always been understood, that the lady's answer, like a certain character in algebra, which combines the positive and negative signs, must be interpreted by accompanying circumstances; or rather, that it is like the adverb of answer, in some of the dead languages, which is both yea and nay, and requires an inclination of the head, or the expression of the countenance, to make it intelligible. Lawyers say, too, that it is difficult, in many cases, to prove a verbal promise of marriage. But equivocal writing has not the advantage of being illustrated by tone, glance, feature, or attitude, and may lead to very dangerous consequences.

In that department of the post-office, of which Cupid is master, the mails should contain only perfumed and gilt-edge billets, written in fair, soft, legible characters, like the correspondence of Julie and St. Preux, as conducted by their inspired amanuensis. I have written a narrative of the evils which befell one of the best of men, from an accidental obscurity in his manuscript, to which I merely meant these remarks as an introduction. I perceive they have run to a greater extent than I had anticipated. For this reason, but more particularly because I would not encourage fraud or deception in any form or under any pretext, I will not even hint at the possible advantages which may flow from bad or ambiguous hand-writings.

I can conceive no instance in which sound morality will tolerate the commission of such a thing, with malice aforethought, or from sheer carelessness; unless it be where the ingenuity of the writer is taxed for commonplace complimentary flourishes, or at the conclusion of an epistle. It is sometimes a very perplexing thing to make a proper obeisance at the end of a letter, when we are at a little loss about etiquette, or fear to be too formal or too familiar, too cold or too tender. Whether an imitation of the Chinese or the Sanscrit characters may be employed with propriety, in

any such dilemma, is a case of conscience, which I will not undertake to decide. I must refer the reader to an excellent work by Mrs. Opie, with a most unfashionable name; and if such an evasion is not classed by her among the peccadilloes which she has denounced, it may be safely resorted to by the most scrupulous precisian.

MR. DE VIELLECOUR

AND

HIS NEIGHBOURS.

A TALE, MORAL AND CHIROGRAPHICAL.

On his paternal acres near the village of New-Rochelle, and within twenty miles of the city of New-York, at a short distance from Long Island Sound, lived, and still lives, my excellent old friend Adam Adrian Viellecour. He is, as his name and residence at once announce to all who have any skill in our local antiquities, a descendant of those brave and pious Huguenots, the Puritans of France, who emigrated to New-York during the reign of Louis XIV.

The New-Rochelle colonists, like most of the other New-York descendants of the Huguenots, have married and intermarried, first with their Dutch, and afterward with their English neighbours, until their language and most of their national peculiarities have disappeared. Their very names have taken an English sound; some of them have, indeed, actually transmigrated into regular English and Dutch appellations, by one odd orthographical metempsychosis or other. Thus the minstrel name of Querault has been anglified into Carrow; and the matter-of-fact

Dutch-sounding cognomen of Haasbroock preserves the only traces of the chivalric aristocracy of the high-born Asbroques of St. Remy. Still the nice observer may detect the blood of the old French Calvinists in their progeny, by a certain mobility of feature, liveliness of expression, restlessness, vehemence and rapidity of gesticulation,—and often also by their buoyant and mercurial cheerfulness, and the sharp foreign accent which marks their laugh.

Some few, too, of those of gentle blood and higher education, still preserve traditions of the fondness with which their grandsires used to speak of *notre chère patrie;* and affectionately or proudly cling to the names and armorial bearings of their families; preserving a little of the language of their fathers, half-anglicised and half-antiquated as they spoke it; with some of the domestic habits, and much of the ceremonious politeness of the old school of French manners; the whole ennobled by not a few traces of that high spirit of mixed religious and chivalric feeling which graced the old Huguenot character.

Even such a one is the excellent Mr. De Viellecour—kind-hearted, liberal, cheerful,—of the most sensitive honour, and the most exact and punctilious courtesy. Alas! that so kind and so noble a heart should have been almost broken, by a basket of quinces, and a flourish of penmanship at the end of a *k*!

He was born somewhere about the year 1760; and had received his early education, and learned the rudiments of religion and politeness under the good M. Carle, the pastor of the French church in New-York. He had afterward studied his Latin on Long Island, according to the most approved methods of Eton and Westminster, under the learned Dr. Cutting, of Horatian and vapulative memory.

The revolution, in which he was too young to take any active part, broke up all his plans of study, and projects of professional and commercial pursuits. On the death of his father, soon after the peace, he inherited a decent

competence, upon which he lived contentedly in single blessedness.

How this happened to a man so polite, so tender-hearted, and so fond of female society, I do not exactly know. My aunt has indeed given me occasional broken and mysterious hints of his devoted attachment in early youth to a lady, like himself, of French descent, who was then at the celebrated boarding-school of Mademoiselle Blanche Piot, in the city of New-York; how vows were exchanged, and true faith plighted before Heaven. But the lady was a Catholic —sincere, fervent, and devoted. The lover could not be false to the creed for which his ancestors had bled on the walls of Rochelle, and had been hunted like wild beasts through the mountains of the Cevennes by the dragoons of Louvois. I never could make out the rest of the story. But the lady is now abbess of a convent of Sisters of Charity, somewhere in Lower Canada; and the lover is still a bachelor at New-Rochelle. There did he live, when I first knew him, in all the comfort which a bachelor country gentleman can enjoy. Nothing could be more trim or in better order than his little farm, orchard, and garden; and though French in most of his tastes and habits, the precise neatness of his house gave sufficient evidence that his maternal Dutch blood had the complete mastery in regard to all household matters.

His habitual temperance, gayety of disposition, and innocence of life, had been rewarded with a healthy and vigorous old age. His light and slender figure was unbent by years; his step firm and active; and the smooth, boyish ruddiness of his cheek, and the quick sparkle of his black eye, contrasted oddly enough with his gray hairs, sharp features, and wrinkled brow: while the brisk vivacity of his manner formed just as whimsical an incongruity with the elaborate formality of his politeness.

Over the mantel-piece of his common dining-room (his *salle-à-manger*, as he loved to call it), hung the arms of the

Viellecours, from the herald's office at Toulouse, resplendent in all the pomp of red, blue, black, and gold blazonry. Beneath this was habitually suspended an antique sword, of formidable length, and admirable workmanship. It claimed to be a rapier of the age of Francis I., and its curiously worked and embossed basket-hilt, and other ornaments of the sheath, were worthy of the hand of Cellini himself. This sword had been borne on the thigh of many a gallant soldier of the Viellecour family; and there was, moreover, a tradition (for which, however, I cannot vouch), that it was the identical weapon with which the Protestant amazon, Margot de Lacy, defended the ramparts of Montelimart on the breach, killed Count Ludovic with her own hands, and repulsed the besiegers, leaving her right arm on the spot where she had acquired so much glory.

His little library contained several reliques, brought from his *chère patrie* by his great grandfather, le Sieur Santerre de Viellecour. There stood, armed in its massive and embossed boards and brazen clasps, the old family Bible; a book of which even those famous Bible-collectors, Earl Spencer and the Duke of Sussex might envy him the possession. It was a noble, large-paper copy of Stephens's first edition of Calvin's French Bible, containing that beautiful preface, in which the great reformer, throwing off his scholastic dignity with his Latin, pours out his whole soul, and speaks the true language of the heart, in touching and racy old French. Then there was a grand worm-eaten folio of Boileau, with the spirited engravings of Picart. There too stood—the source of all his wo—the "*Art d'Ecrire par M. Villemain, maître écrevain juré;*" a superb system of penmanship, by the writing-master of "Monseigneur le Grand Dauphin." Therein were to be seen samples of the hands of *Romaine*, and *Ronde*, and *Bâtarde*, and *Coulée:* and there too was unfolded the analysis of all letters, into *pleins*, and *délés*, and *liasons:* and there were *cadeaux*, and *traits de plume*, and *paraphes*, which

might have defied even the late Emperor Alexander, that prince of all chirographical flourishers, to have imitated. This book, from his boyhood, had been the subject of the study and admiration of our hero; it was his youth's employment, and his age's charm. He used to maintain that all the English and Yankee systems of penmanship, from Dilworth to Jackson and Hewitt, were stolen from that of his author. On this theme he could discourse by the hour, most fluently and eloquently; and the fruits of his theory he displayed in a stately, elaborate, flourished old French hand, which would have done honour to the great Villemain himself; although to an English eye, his *s*'s, and his *y*'s, and his *k*'s, defied all deciphering.

In that old bookcase, too, stood the stout quartos of Duhamel, and the *Maison Rustique*, those great treasures of antiquated georgics. Their precepts carried with them an authority, and their language had a charm for him, which made him look with utter contempt upon Curtis, and Mawe, and Mac Mahon, and Forsyth, and Cobbett, and the whole tribe of modern English didactic gardeners. Nor did *this* knowledge end in mere speculation. *Its* fruits, also, were visible in the mellow hangings of many an acre of peach orchard, pear orchard, and apple orchard; to say nothing of his well-stocked *basse-cour*, regulated by the precepts of the *Maison Rustique*, or of divers variegated little parterres of flowers and box, on the model of those of old Versailles, as pictured in the same volumes.

But his hobby of hobbies was his quince orchard. From some caprice, or, as my aunt used to hint, from some cherished associations of pure youthful vows, whispered by moonlight under the lowly shade of a spreading quince-tree, in a garden in Wall-street, out of the sight of M'selle Blanche Piot, he had acquired an affection for this crabbed, astringent, and ungainly fruit, which a German metaphysical novelist would have converted into a natural idiosyncrasy. Mr. Viellecour had studied the history of the

quince, and its habits and uses, from its first wild growth on the rocky banks of its native Danube, to its state of golden perfection on the sunny Tagus. He had collected its varieties from all quarters, and had even (a new promotion for this unassuming fruit) grafted it upon every stock with which its relation to the great family of pears could authorize it to claim an alliance.*

His success was equal to his merits. His quinces were the wonder of the whole "East River side" of the country: and their fame had been spread, far and wide, by many an annual offering to his city friends; sometimes presented to good housekeepers, upon whose skill in confectionary he could rely to do justice to his quinces, in their native beauty; while to humbler friends, and brother bachelors, they were sent in marmalades and confitures of divers names and various confection, and in liqueurs of the most delicate flavour and recondite chymistry.

How frail are the hopes of man! From those beloved quinces—from that fair, flourished hand-writing, sprung the sorrows which bowed down thine age, and drove thee to wander forth—but I must not anticipate my story.

There was another family of quinces, of a different kind, which had been transplanted into his vicinity, about a year before the perplexities ensued, which I have undertaken to narrate. In or near this same township of New-Rochelle, about a mile from Mr. Viellecour's dwelling, a family of Yankees was found; as many Yankees there be everywhere, both from Connecticut, Rhode Island, and the Bay-state; with others of low degree, from Martha's Vineyard, Block Island, Sagadahoc, and all along shore. It is a way they have, the universal Yankee nation, of being every-

* Botanists well know how long it was undecided among the lights of the science, whether a quince was an apple or a pear, and whether apples are pears, or pears apples; but, I believe, according to the latest and most approved classification, they are all comprehended under the great genus of Pyrus, or Pears.

where; and, in truth, they may generally be said to be the salt of the earth. But this small detachment proved a great inconvenience and mortification to my worthy friend, as I shall presently have occasion to show.

What induced the Pecks to leave Bridgeport, and "improve" a farm at New-Rochelle, after the death of old Epenetus Peck, I am not Yankee enough to guess. I have heard of a slander-suit, which Zephaniah Cobb talked of bringing against old Mrs. Peck, if she did not "clear out" of the "Borough." But this may be scandal; as the vicinity is famous for its domestic manufacture of that article, of which I believe most attorneys think the encouragement a part of the great "American system."

However this may be, it is certain that the widow Peck, her daughter Miss Peck, a young lady of a most uncertain age, and her nephew, Plutarch Peck, kept house together, and took boarders at the place I have designated. The defunct Epenetus, after many years of ingenious but unsuccessful enterprise, in all arts, trades, and occupations, regular and irregular, towards the end of a life whose experience had made him knowing in all the ways of man, had received, from certain moneyed corporations, some honorary gratuitous pecuniary compliments, for his disinterested services in the purlieus of certain legislative assemblies. This sum he had invested in stock, in the names of his consort and the first pledge of her affection, the fair Abishag; soon after which he died insolvent. Plutarch's father was lost at sea. Plutarch said of himself, that he "had been to college:" and he unquestionably had been at the Norwalk academy. He was studying law, teaching school, and keeping accounts for a Dutch grocer; besides editing one of the county papers, entitled the "Cataract of Freedom," and at leisure intervals superintending the agricultural and pecuniary interests of the family. He was an aspiring young man; and betrayed a pruriency to cut a dash, wherever he thought an opportunity offered. Of him I need say no more at

present. Nor is it my purpose to enter into any details of the character and private history of old Aunt Peck, as Plutarch used to call her. They are uninteresting, and the family is litigious. Of Abishag or Miss Peck, last presented to my mind, and now painted at full length upon the retina of my mental eye, it may be essential to mention a few characteristics. In respect of matrimony, and rumours of matrimony, she strongly resembled the illustrious Betsey of England; and deserved as little as that "imperial vot'ress," the imputation of passing through life,

"In maiden meditation, fancy free."

She had remained, as I have hinted, for an unascertainable time, mistress of herself, unencumbered with a husband. Whether she really thought the poet wrong, who says that "earthlier happier is the rose distilled," etc. may admit of a doubt. She had long had a fondness, nay, it may be termed a rage, for making people believe (and herself, too, among the rest), that she was constantly solicited to become a bride. In sober truth, shrewd, sagacious, and matter-of-fact as she was in all things else, touching this affair of marriage, she was subject to strange hallucinations. Her imagination was (if we may speak poetically), redolent of matrimony. The ideal husbands which filled her mind were indeed not exactly such as haply may sometimes flit across the day-dreams of youthful beauty, brave, and young, and handsome—all glowing with the purple light of love, and breathing truth and fervent constancy. Hers were sober and comfortable visions of snug establishments, sprucely painted two-story houses, with well-papered parlours and nice kitchens—huge stores of household linen—men-servants and maid-servants—one-horse chaises or trim Jersey-built wagons, and, by way of necessary appendage, some respectable helpmate, with a good thriving business, or a round and regularly paid salary. Thus it happened

that from time to time the whole neighbourhood was informed, of what she more than half believed herself, that offers had been made for her hand, now by a medical doctor at Mamaroneck—now by a reverend professor at New-Haven—now by a rich widower apothecary in the Bowery—now by an old Dutch dominie on the North River—and now by young Mr. Rubric, fresh from the Episcopal Seminary at New-York, whose first clerical bands her own fingers had hemmed. The said reverend and medical doctors, the dominie, the apothecary, and young Mr. Rubric, meanwhile, remaining not only innocent of all amorous intention, but utterly ignorant of all rumours thereof.

Of her personal charms it is best not to say much. Could she have been preserved for ever, as she had been for so many years, she would have supplied the desideratum of a standard of long measure, and saved a learned secretary of state, professors of colleges, and revisers of laws, many a long report, as she was perfectly straight, and exactly five feet, eleven inches, and eleven lines high, when unhosed, unbuskined, and unbonneted. Time had not rubbed off nor rounded the acute angularity of her features, or the distinct rigidity of her articulation. There was an irresistibly extortionate air in her countenance, when she wanted to get all the facts out of everybody; and it exhibited an arithmetical precision when she was in a contemplative mood, which showed that she had added up her ideas, and carried nine. Her defunct papa, among his innumerable avocations, had been an agent for selling Pomeroy's Universal Patent Catholicon. From him she inherited a great taste for quackery; or, as her mamma called it, a genius for medicine; and she preferred giving away, not only her recipes, but her nostrums, to letting her hand get out of practice.

Gentle Reader! If these outlines are coarse, they are graphic. If the portrait is vulgar, the original is one of

God's creatures, and none of mine. I know, and I love, nay, where it is unaffected, I adore, the fastidiousness of this exquisite age. But if we are to paint only beautiful forms, I wish the Harrisburgh Convention would contrive some protection against time and the elements, and the perpetuation of those ugly family likenesses, which do so play the mischief with the line of beauty.

It would have been strange if these Pecks had lived for a year within a mile of the residence of my estimable friend, without patching, or, as I may more correctly say, scratching an acquaintance with him. There certainly was no chymical affinity between the parties; but the oil and the vinegar met, if they did not coalesce. The Pecks were related to the family of Lawyer Bull, in whose black-eyed daughter Betsey Mr. Viellecour had always shown an interest from her infancy; either because something about her put him in mind of others whom he had loved, or because it gave him pleasure to watch the development of grace and proportion, even in a bouncing rustic beauty. This, by-the-way, together with a new year's gift to her of a gilt Telemaque and Bliss's Talisman, was enough to lead some wise women to conjecture aloud that he meant to make bouncing Betsey Bull his wife, and to pronounce him an old fool for thinking of so disproportionate a match. It was, also, very convenient for these Pecks to borrow seeds, salads, sprouts, and shoots from Mr. Viellecour; and Plutarch was anxious to prevail on him to teach him French; but this task the old gentleman, with all his good-nature and urbanity, absolutely and unequivocally refused to undertake. In return, the Pecks always stopped to inquire after his health; and Plutarch would save him the trouble of going to the post-office for his newspapers, which he took home first to read himself; and, after having poured forth their contents on the county, in the "Cataract of Freedom," he would then return them to their owner, mangled by his editorial shears, and looking like some inexplicable

pattern for a lady's nocturnal head-gear,—always, however, relating to their owner the remarkable passages which he had cut out.

It chanced that in the autumn of 182–, Mr. Viellecour was attacked by a fit of the rheumatism, from having injudiciously exposed himself to the night air, in his anxiety for the health of a favourite myrtle, which was menaced by the indications of an unexpected black frost. This fact was soon known to the inquisitive and lengthy Abishag, who had a specific for that infliction, equally infallible for man and horse. She had tried it on both; as well as on a certain other animal, which a Kentucky editor of Linnæus would probably classify as a little of both, with a mixture of the Buffalo. I allude to a certain nondescript Canada-Gallicised Irishman, who had been at board with Mrs. Peck for some weeks. And here it becomes necessary to mention such authentic particulars of his life and habits as have hitherto transpired.

He belongs to a genus of which every one knows more or less, who has seen or heard any thing of the phenomena, which, for the edification of monster-hunters and monster-gazers, have arisen, culminated, and set, or more often "shot madly from their spheres," in the horizon of New-York society, for the last twenty years. Of this genus there are several species, though the nature of each kind soon passeth away, and "goeth out" of fashion, and of remembrance. Yet, in their brief career, they have charmed female hearts, and turned wise brokers' heads. Such is the power of foreign tongues and foreign titles, foreign jewels and foreign jokes, foreign fashions and foreign fiddling. There is your heroic humbug, as your Waterloo general; your scientific humbug, such as you may meet at the suppers of the Literary and Philosophical Society, or the soirées of some Mæcenas; your patriotic humbug, who has "left his country for his country's good," and such you may see everywhere. There is your medical and your musical

humbug; your ecclesiastical humbug, your pedagogical humbug, your proselyte humbug, and your new-community humbug; your phrenological humbug, your *cuisinier* humbug, your travelled humbug, and your savage humbug. Last, though not least, there is the real, pure, natural, unlicked, unlettered, unequivocal, unadorned, unadulterated, unsophisticated, unaccommodated humbug; or, as Lear says, "the real thing itself—a poor, bare, forked animal," who, without education, knowledge, or manners—without tongues or travels, jewels or juggles, fashions or falsetto, grace or grammar, will make his way by the mere dint of sheer and monstrous lying—lying which has neither the merit of invention or consistency; and is so essentially grotesque, that it seems easier to believe it at once, than to believe that it has ever *been* believed.

But to return to Terence Mountjoy. He was an individual of the species last described. When he came to old Mrs. Peck to take board, he had on a Canada foraging cap, and a blue military frock, which had once been well befrogged and embroidered, fastened with hooks and eyes, with a well-worn and greasy standing collar, in front of which was displayed a dirty ruffle, with a diamond breast-pin glittering among its soiled implications. His neck was disguised in a black Wellington stock. His nether man was invested in a pair of buckskin breeches; to which integuments he was so partial, that he never changed them during his residence at the widow's. This might have arisen from his fondness for displaying the sturdy outline of his limbs; or, as he said himself, from the military habits he had acquired in the Swiss cavalry. But Miss Peck, whose curiosity, as well as her duty as a *blanchisseuse*, led her occasionally to overhaul his wardrobe, could never discover that there was any other garment provided for the protection of his inferior person. She also remarked some peculiarities about the marks of his linen, which resembled erasures and various readings. This he satisfactorily explained to Abishag, by

stating that he had been obliged to rip out the crests and armorial bearings of his family, in order to preserve his *incognito*. She also observed nothing in the shape of a waistcoat among his finery; a deficiency which, if it existed, was supplied, or concealed, by his tight-bodied frock. I have said enough about Terence's apparel, but may add, that he occasionally exchanged his fur-cap for a chapeau-bras, which looked as if it had seen hard duty in the service of some Hessian general.

This prepossessing wight informed Mrs. Peck and Co. on his arrival, that he was a nobleman incog., which he begged them not to mention, as it was a secret. He said he was a grand cross of the holy iron Roman canon of Austria; in proof of which he exhibited a dirty orange tawny coloured riband with a whitish border, to which was attached a watch key in the shape of a harp. He was, he said, a Frenchman, though born in Ireland; and was no less a person than the Duke of Marseilles; had been possessed of immense estates in Normandy, where he owned a château of white marble, as long as the State Prison. But, on the return of the Bourbons, his estates were confiscated, and he fled to Ireland, to the protection of his uncle, the Archbishop of Munster, in whose palace he was concealed for some time, until his residence was betrayed to the new French ministry by the Elector of Denmark; and an officer of the Inquisition was sent to demand his person from the English government. In this extremity he was obliged to accept the hospitable invitation of his old military friend, the governor of Botany Bay. Under his auspices, he sojourned for a time in tranquillity; but he soon became weary of the monotony of that pastoral district—felt the want of literary and "illigant" society, and grew tired of eating nothing but kangaroos. Avoiding the sorrows of parting, and the ceremonious politeness of his excellency and suite, he took private passage for Canada, where he had friends in high places. An office of great importance was

about to be conferred upon him there, when an unfortunate affair of honour, with an aid-de-camp of the lord-lieutenant, compelled him to make a precipitate flight from the vice-regal court. He was daily expecting remittances from his French estates, which were to arrive at New York in a seventy-four; and meanwhile he wished to remain in rural and unostentatious retirement.

Such was the account given of himself by Terence, at divers times, and with divers variations. If any one should wonder that Mrs. Peck and her daughter, who were no fools, gave it credit, let them remember that equally gross stuff has been swallowed by people who pass for intelligent, when enforced by imperturbable impudence, and illustrated by a rag, a riband, or five dollars worth of paste jewels. When weeks passed on, and neither the seventy-four nor the remittances were heard of, and when the grand cross fell sick with the rheumatism, the Reverend Doctor Peck, a brother-in-law of the old lady, and who had just arrived on a visit at her house, strongly advised her to make him raise the wind by hypothecating his diamonds, or else avoid the premises. But he found an advocate not only in Abishag, who wanted to make a thorough experiment on his system with her specific, but in Plutarch, to whom he was teaching French; a language which Duke Terence had picked up enough of at Montreal and Quebec to speak with unhesitating fluency, in a nondescript patois pronunciation, and a genteel negligence of grammar; and, moreover, could write upon occasion, in an orthography which, if it was not that of Voltaire, or of the Academy, had the superior merit of perfect originality. Under his instructions, the ambitious juvenal soon felt himself sufficiently accomplished in the Parisian dialect to venture to say to Mr. Villecour, when he carried him his aunt's nostrum,—"*Je ways appronder parle francy by ang too.*" The last of this gibberish sounded so much like—*and be hanged to you*, that my respectable

friend thought it an expression of anger, for his having refused to initiate Plutarch into the language of love, diplomacy, tactics, and fashion. But, with his usual politeness, he wished him success in his studies, and accepted the prescription.

I have now, perhaps somewhat tediously, furnished the intelligent reader with a key to the ensuing correspondence, which I can assure him is genuine. I have taken no liberties with either the style or orthography of any of the letters, except in supplying the necessary words when a torn seal, or worn-out fold, has occasioned a *lacune* in the MSS.

Whether the disease was slight, or the remedy efficient, or the cure had been really achieved by patience and flannel, Mr. Viellecour found himself so much better in a few weeks, that his politeness led him to express his thanks to his benefactress, and to accompany his letter with a present of quinces; both of which were despatched by a servant. The former ran thus:—

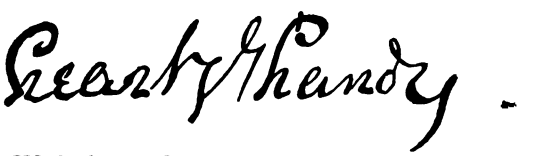
"Belcour Grove, December 26, 182—.

"FAIR LADY!

"I pray your forgiveness for not having before thrown myself at your feet. I had flattered myself that I should have had the felicity of kissing your fair hands on Christmas eve. But I was engaged with my builder, Mr. Plumline, who waited on me with plans and contracts for the new kitchen, and the two additional bedrooms to my mansion.

"I have sent you by the bearer a basket of yellow Portugal pear-quinces, true *court-pendus*. He will also inform you of the happy and blessed effects of the medicine, which you so amiably and kindly sent me; which happy result I ascribe, under Providence, as much to the charm of the long and taper fingers which compounded and prepared it, and to the benevolent spirit which presided over its administration, as to its intrinsic virtues. Be pleased to receive,

with your wonted condescension, this golden fruit; and I earnestly pray you therewith to accept my



"With the tenderest regard,

"I have the honour to be,

"Madam,

"Your most devoted friend and servant,

"ADAM ADRIAN DE VIELLECOUR."

"P.S. This fruit, I hope, is of good quality, as it is of choice stock. Autumn has mellowed its juices, but not, I trust, lessened its flavour. Yet I hope that next year's fruit will surpass this by far, if Vertumnus and Pomona will smile on their poor devoted worshipper."

Having discharged his conscience of this debt of gratitude, the old gentleman felt himself comfortable and satisfied, except that he waited with a little restless anxiety for the arrival of some articles which he had written for to town, and which he intended to bestow as holyday presents, on Betsey Bull, his god-daughter Emily, and some other youthful favourites. Plutarch Peck had set off some days before on an electioneering expedition. One of the candidates returned to the lower branch of the Legislature at the general election for the county having died, a special election was ordered by the governor's proclamation to supply the vacancy. This was a relief to Mr. Viellecour, who rarely had known a day pass, for a long time, without having his meditations interrupted by the smirking, priggish physiognomy, and nasal twang, of this Caleb Quotem of the neighbourhood. He was therefore at his ease: and his

soul, like that of the rich man in the parable, might be said to be merry within him; when on the second morning after writing his epistle, his old black servant entered with an air of astonishment, and a package of letters, which seemed the contents of a whole mail; announcing, in faltering accents, that Mr. Peck's boy John was in the hall, and would wait for an answer. I shall not pay the reader so poor a compliment as not to leave to his imagination the effect which a perusal of these documents, awkward in shape and voluminous in contents, produced on him they were written at, as he deciphered and pondered on them, for two long hours, in dreamy surprise and confusion, while John was "waiting for an answer." Nor after what has been above detailed concerning Mr. V.'s penmanship, and the matrimonial delusions of the amiable and angular Abishag, will any explanation be wanted of the manner in which the old gentleman's cordial return of "hearty thanks" became transformed in the eyes of the fond fair and her kindred into a fervent tender of "heart and hand."

The first he opened was from the fair Miss Peck herself.

"New-Rochelle, December 28th.

"DEAR SIR,

"Yours of the 24th came duly to hand. The quinces were in good order. Though rather late for this year's sweetmeats, I hope to turn them to account. I am glad to hear that the medicine had, under Heaven, so agreeable an effect. You may discontinue taking it more than five times a day, after a week. Touching your proposals for my heart and hand, I have agreed, on consideration, and advising with our people, to accept thereof. I fervently trust we may enjoy long and prosperous years, in all that makes the marriage state happy; my best endeavours whereunto shall not be wanting. My revered uncle the Reverend Epaphroditus Peck, D. D., with whose entire approbation I have taken this awful step, being, as you know, on a visit

to my mama, and being obliged to attend the opening of the Monongahela College, where he is professor [of the ancient and modern languages, geography, history, mineralogy, composition, political œconomy, and elocution].* On the 15th of next month, it will be most pleasing to the family to have the ceremony performed by him during his stay. Ma has no objections; and can have every thing ready against that time. Aunt Biddy, Uncle Cyrenus, and their people, will be here from Stonington, in season for certain. My dear nephew the Honourable Plutarch Peck, who, I think, would be a suitable man for one of your attendants, must be at the assembly there, up to Albany, the very first day of session; which also is another powerful reason for not suffering any delay in this business of ours.

"Your sincere friend and well-wisher,

"Abishag P. Peck."

"P. S. Do not go to any unnecessary expense about the wedding-suit. The olive-coloured coat you wore when we heard uncle Epaphroditus preach that powerful sermon from Jeremiah's Lamentations, two Sabbaths ago, will do very well, with a new velvet collar. Perhaps you might get the old metal buttons covered, if they are any ways rusty, which I did not observe.

"2. Ma has sent by cousin Jehosaphat, as he goes through Danbury, to invite the judge, and the general, and the doctor.

"3. Uncle Josiah, and the judge, and the general, and the doctor, and their folks, can tarry at your house on the night of the solemn occasion. If you are short of beds, Colonel Guion will lend you some.

* The words in brackets are interlined in the Rev. Mr. Peck's own handwriting; who seems also to have occasionally corrected the spelling of some long words.

"4. Ma don't like dancing, as it would not do while my revered uncle E. Peck [D. D. etc.] is abiding under her roof. We can, however, have a supper. I know that oysters will be quite a treat to the judge, and the general, and the doctor, as they live such a ways back from shore. Perhaps if you watch the wagons, you can get some good ones cheap, over to Colonel Guion's.

"5. I like your notion about the two new bedrooms; but wings on both sides would answer better. One will do, however, at present. An extension of the family may render another necessary. But this business can be delayed until after the solemn ceremony. In the meantime I don't want you to meddle with the new kitchen. We can fix it better when I come.

"6. Of course you will have to go to York, to make some arrangements. When you go to buy the ring, (the string within is my measure), call on cousin Diodatus, who deals more reasonable than the Broadway jewellers, No. 417½ Chatham-street. We must stick by our kin. If you can conveniently give him a lift up in your wagon, it would be rather genteel to ask him to be present on the solemn occasion."

The next epistolary discharge was much shorter. It was from the matron, the venerable old Mrs. Jerusha Peck.

"Dear Son-in-law,

"I don't know as I have any objections in particular to letting you marry our Abishag. As far I know, having always bore a good character, and being a suitable match in age and disposition, as I am glad to hear your rheumatism is better; therefore, being moreover blessed in your worldly affairs, and a likely man, as brother Epaphroditus is here, and going away soon, I give my consent, willing that

your wedding should take place to-morrow week, to our house.

"I remain your loving friend,

"JERUSHA PECK."

The reverend doctor made up by his verbosity for his sister's brevity. Here follows his epistle.

"DEAR SIR,

"Notwithstanding that you approximate to a septuagenarian antiquity, and are, therefore, by divers olympiads, my senior in longevity, the fiducial relation of my position to the Pecks, Browns, and Smiths, as also to our collateral and maternal connexions, the Devotions, the Curtises, the Handys, the Peabodys, the Stones, the Bulls, and the Blossoms, in conjunction with the profound interest I feel in the destiny of my consobrinal niece, Abishag Peabody Peck, justify me in approaching you in a tone, first of expostulation, and secondly of congratulation.

"I. I propose, therefore, first, to advise with you plainly on the portentous and awful nature of the matrimonial contract; on which subject, though you have arrived so near to that epocha, which the Scriptures indicate as the extreme goal of mortal existence, you can have little practical experience; as I am told you have, up to this date, declined taking unto yourself a helpmate, and procrastinated a tender of your person to the other sex, until the female race might have exclaimed with the divine Tully—*Quousque tandem, Catilina, patientiâ abutere nostrâ?* which may be facetiously rendered, "How long, O thou Catiline of an Adam, wilt thou abuse our patience?"

"As that great man, the late President Styles, my particular friend, said to me on my first marriage, "Brother Epaphroditus, though thou hast seemed a mysogynist, we find that thou art not a mysognamist;" meaning, that though during my probationary tutorship, I had assiduously

avoided the distractions of worldly amusements, I had, nevertheless, borne in mind to fulfil the duties of a good Christian, and a good citizen: so, nephew Adam, as I may jocularly call thee, anticipatorily, I may rest my argument on the single authority of the great apostle to the gentiles, who says, "he that marrieth doeth well," and say unto thee, "in marrying thou hast done well; but in taking this tender lamb of my fold, thou hast done better. Yea, many have done well, but thou hast exceeded them all." Great is her experience in domestic œconomy. For eight lustres, or forty years, commencing with the ninth anniversary of her nativity, that is to say, from her ninth year, has she been diurnally occupied, first with the concerns of her paternal, and afterward of her maternal household. I have, during that period, known of her household practices. In housekeeping, cooking, and all things, she has conducted with great acceptance. Her temper is not at all ugly. I have never known her cross more than a week at a time. She will be a fortune to any man. Like Jael, she hath brought forth butter in a lordly dish, and made a prey of divers colours of needle-work, on both sides. Like the wise woman of old, she maketh fine linen, and selleth it to the merchant, she girdeth her loins with strength; therefore her husband will be known in the gate, and will sit among the elders of the land. Unto her may not be applied that witty saying of the heathen ethnic—*varium et mutabile semper fœmina;* whereof, Dr. Styles used to say, that it was bad grammar; and that, moreover, the sentiment was erroneous. It is a providential coincidence, that as Abishag descends from the veritable puritan flock, who established the true faith on the iron-bound coast of New-England, so you are an offshoot from the godly stock of the Protestant upholders of the faith in France; though of which of the three parts of French Gaul I know not; since Julius Cæsar, that great writer and distinguished general, says—*Omnis Gallia in tres partes est divisia.* I presume that you are

not unapprized, that your claims have superseded all consideration of the *arma virumque* of a certain Hibernian Popish Ishmaelite. My niece Abishag has also been seriously thought of by our President, on my recommendation. He is only your senior by a few years; and is not only a D. D. from the Burlington University, but an LL.D. from Dartmouth.

"II. I therefore proceed to my second head; but as the portion of paper, usually allotted to such exercises is nearly exhausted, we are necessitated, dear Adam, to limit ourselves to a felicitation and congratulation, on the joyful prospects opening themselves before you. As you look down the vista of futurity, you have a rod and a staff for your declining years; and instead of descending into the tomb a solitary pilgrim, your monument will be bedewed with the tears of all those respectable families, the Pecks, Smiths, Browns, Curtises, Stones, Devotions, Peabodys, Handys, Bulls, and Blossoms: to all of whom, I doubt not, while your existence is mercifully prolonged, your house will literally prove a house of refuge; the nakedness of whose poor connexions you will doubtless clothe, and to all whose orphans you will be a father. *Vale, carissime Adame.*

"Your friend and uncle,

"EPAPHRODITUS X. PECK."

"*Postscriptum.*—Abishag having thoughtfully shown me her letter, I must request you to note what she touches on about my nephew Diodatus. Many of her other suggestions are precious, as indicating her œconomical and prudent views of things. I shall remain, according to her request, to officiate at the solemnity.

"E. X. P."

The flourishing hand of Plutarch next caught our hero's eye, and with trembling fingers he opened his despatch.

"Sawpitts, December 27th.

"MY DEAR OLD ADD,

"I am glad to hear that aunt Abishag has brought her hogs to so good a market. I suppose you know that the canvassers rejected six hundred votes; and I have got the certificate. So I shall take my seat as one of the members from this county; and you may depend upon me, my old fellow, for any odd jobs at Albany. Though you have never turned out at our trainings, I guess I can get you brevetted a major. At your time of life I think it would be only respectable for poor old Aunt Abishag's husband to have some title; and that will answer as well as any. I have no objections to accept your invitation to stay to the wedding; though I shall lose three whole days of the session; and there, you see, is nine dollars gone. By-the-by, I happen to want some loose change. I would thank you to let me have a trifle, say $475. If you have not got it about you, please scribble your name on the back of the enclosed paper, and I can get it done. I shall be home to-morrow.

"Yours, in haste,

"PLUTARCH PECK."

"P.S. By-the-way, you may as well back the paper, and send what loose cash you may have, besides. Cousin John will give you a receipt. You can't be alarmed about the security, as my life is insured in the Life and Fire; and though this is the first time I have got into the Assembly, I warrant you I'll be in Congress, and get made a judge, too, before you are seventy; and that's not long, you know."

The last letter in John's budget was most portentous in outward size and shape, and appeared to have been sealed with shoemaker's wax, bearing the impress of that brazen-faced Goddess of Liberty, whose effigy is delineated on the copper coin of this empire. The character of the hand-

writing is utterly indescribable. It was addressed thus, and such were its contents.

"To Mr. Esquire A. A. Vealcour,

"*Shay looi, upon his tares in New Rochel.*

"Sir,

"To come to the pint, without making any daytoor, and, as we military men say, to make a riglar dayployay at once, soor leahom, youre no better than a neegur, and therefore I ask you for the satisfaction of a gintleman. Tho' born an exile from my native land, and expatryated from the French pierage, of which I am a hereditterry member, though born at Cork, where my honored father and mother were accidentally ingaged in bizness, in Monmouth Ally. Having by my valcur received the order of *le grand cannon de fare*, from his Imparial and Royal Majesty, the Emperor of Whortemburg; and having, during my timporary incognito in America, while teaching the French and the other polite languages of Europe, met with ginral approbation, and got certificates from the most distangay and sientifique pursonages, as well as from my frind, Father O'Larkin of Muntryall; also from the principle of the Manhattan Academy.

"Regarding you, Mr. Vealcour, as a man com e foh, and also a begu garsoon, wich, if we were both married to Mamzelle Peck, neither of us could be, without her being the widder of one or both of us, you will do me sensible plaisir to meet me, *soor-le shom d'onoor*. Make the time, place, and weepons agreeable to yourself. If I had known of the raisons for writeing this billydoo, before I had found out the cause of them, I should not insist upon this round-counter taking place, airly to morrow, back of the old church that has been pulled down. Having lost my pistles, when my trunk, with all the family plates and jooels in it, was drownded in Hell gate last summer, as also the tightil deeds

of my French estates, by raison of wich I am keeped out of my patrymoney, and hindered from appairing like a gintleman of the beaumont. Accordingly, it will be very agreeable, and it will be a favor meriting my eturnel grattytude, if you will be polite enuff to bring pistles, frinds, and doctors for 2.

"As I despise all insinuyations about my pursenal attachment to old Miss Peck, being bottummed on her paltry three thousand 7 hunddred in the Aigle Bank, to show my generosity and soopareyority to all such marcynerry motives, I volunterryly offer to sacrifise to you my own free will and tender inclinations, and 27 hunddred dollars, gratus. This will be affected, by our not fighting at all. Only you pay me a thousand dollars, and you may marry the old lady, and every thing will be deranged a la marble. As I am obleeged to be off from this place an hour before I will receive your ansir, and am gone to morrow to my estates, I expect your *response, toody sweet*, by the garson to reach me here. In the mane time, I have the honor to remain, my dear friend,

"With the hiest consideration,

"Your most obedient sarvent,

"TERANCE MOUNTJOY,

"Grand + of the big Iron cannon of

"Whurtemburg."

"P.S. When we have deranged *no pateet zaffares*, which will have been to the satisfacshun of us all two, as I know you are too much of a gintleman to fob me off with the dirty paper that's going here, and will doutless pay me off in York notes, for wich I can git the shiners, you may command my sarvices, to assist at your bridal rights. If the poor old neegur, Jack Davenport, is too sick with his roomytiz to fiddle upon the joyful occasion, I shall have no objection to make some music myself. It shall prevent any suspicion of either of us being shot, when I will be seen

there. And thus we will both draw ourselves out of this affare, very illigantly."

While, in perplexed amazement, Mr. Viellecour was deciphering the scrawl of his singular rival, a package and other articles were laid on his table, which had arrived by the stage; as was also a letter, directed in a lack-a-daisical hand, and sealed with yellow wax, with a dying Cupid for a device. The parcels and bandboxes contained the bonbons, knick-knacks, and dresses, about the arrival of which he had been inquiring every ten minutes, but a few hours before, with rather fidgetty impatience. But, alas! in his present frame of mind, the milk of his nature had lost its sweetness; and, with unusual testiness he swept from before him, at one buffet, the whole assortment of confectionary, literary, and millinery ware. Casting his eyes, however, on the superscription of the letter, a gleam of placid benevolence stole on his troubled features. "Poor Adelle!" he exclaimed, instinctively putting his hand in his pocket, "what does she want now?"

But, before opening Adelle's letter, it becomes imperiously necessary to tell who and what she was. Adelle Eloise Huggins had been "left an orphan at an early age," in the vicinity of New-Rochelle. Her parents were of French extraction: but, by what process of etymological corruption her family name had become Huggins, or what it may originally have been, it is now impossible to conjecture. Twenty odd years before, Mr. Viellecour, and a few other benevolent spirits, had sent her to school when she was twelve years old, to learn every thing, even the elementary principles of reading, writing, arithmetic, and plain-sewing. With more kindness than wisdom, they placed her under the care of a lady who had set up a new boarding-school, at a few miles distance, where she learned to embroider, to make artificial flowers, and to read Charlotte Smith's novels, and Mrs. Radcliffe's romances. After edifying by this course of instruction for three years, it was

distressing to Mr. Viellecour to find that she could neither spell correctly, nor cipher to any purpose. Her specimens of penmanship were truly horrible to the eye of any lover of regularity and neatness; but to those of her patron, whose notions on the subject of calligraphy we have mentioned, the sight of them was absolutely an all-unutterable torture; and when, with a view of ascertaining her progress in geography, he asked her where Paris was, she announced, without hesitation, that it was the capital of Rhode Island,—she was instantly taken from school, and consigned to the tutelage of a lady who presided over a millinery shop in William-street, then the fashionable promenade of the New-York fair. Not without many tears did Miss Huggins enter upon this unromantic course of instruction. But time, who dries up rivers, dried up her tears; and she found soon that she really had a liking for the business. Still, however, her early novel reading had impregnated her imagination with a thorough habit of castle-building and revery; Caritat continued to feed her appetite for ideal tit-bits and forbidden fruit. Like Miss Peck, though with far more romantic imaginings, the idea of matrimony was ever prominent in her waking dreams. By the force of this hallucination, she transformed every straggling male customer, who wanted to cheapen a pair of white gloves, or a watch-rib-and, into a Romeo or an Altamont. Time passed on; and *her* time with Mrs. Vandyke expired. Mr. Viellecour then enabled her to set up a little establishment for herself; and though she managed her business in rather a crazy manner, and had no high reputation for taking care of her apprentices, or for punctuality in performing her promises to her customers, she had contrived, with the aid of her patrons, to live, and to live single, in the upper part of Pearl-street, near its intersection with Chatham, to the time when the occurrences I am recording took place.

The visions of her youthful fancy, pretty and pastoral, had vanished and were forgotten. Those of her earlier womanhood, of a more ambitious character, had faded

gradually; though ever and anon they came thronging upon her in more extraordinary combinations, and with greater intensity. It was at half-past eleven o'clock, on a Saturday night, after her shop was shut up and her pupils dismissed, that she sat pensively reading, for the thirteenth time, a poetical contribution of her own to the Weekly Museum, signed Ella, and entitled "Moonlight on the Battery," which had that day seen the light in print. Perhaps it had lost its interest on the last repetition; or perhaps her mind was bewildered with thick-coming overflowings of the heart and imagination; or perhaps she was a little heavy with incipient somnolency. But she slowly laid down the precious periodical, and filled a small tea-cup from a flask which stood near. I have no doubt the liquid was palatable; as it was quince liqueur, made under Mr. Vieillecour's own directions, from the produce of his own orchard. When he gave it to her, he recommended it as an occasional cordial; adding, that it was quite strong. But at this moment, from the sublimed state of her intellectual system, she was led, by some mysterious impulse, again and again to replenish and exhaust her little chalice. And, though the fluid was such as might have been poured by Hebe into the celestial cups, and quaffed by the Olympian senate, it began to send up a misty vapour into the cloudy tabernacle of the wits of Miss Huggins. There, while the ghosts of former phantasies flocked around her sensorium, and the pride of authorship, and the associations of moonshine and water, and the additional super-effervescences of fancy, and the tendency to somnium, and the fumes of the liqueur, were blending, overturning, confounding, and whirling about these apparitions, she fell into a crisis, such as the magnetic initiates call a *coma*. Such I think, at least, may be the best philosophical solution of her case; but, at any rate,

"A change came o'er the spirit of her dreams."

It suddenly occurred to her with the irresistible force of

truth, when breaking on the mind as a sun-burst into a dungeon, that, like Lady Arabella, in "The Victim of Duty, or the Delicate Distress," she must sacrifice her mature charms, her splendid visions, her exquisite sensibility, her taste, her accomplishments, her health, nay, even life itself, upon the altar of GRATITUDE! It flashed upon her, in this paroxysm of inspiration, that all the tenderness shown to her by her early patron, his liberality in advancing her in life, his occasional visits to inquire so earnestly about her health, his recommending her to the custom of all his friends, his sending her a ticket to the Bachelor's ball,—were all tokens, strong as proofs from holy writ, that he cherished for her, even from her infancy, a deep-seated, fervent, delicate, silent, corroding, and consuming passion, which was slowly drying up the fountains of his existence. The retiring modesty of his character, and his refined perception of the indelicacy of suffering her to suppose that he founded any claims to her personal affections on the past obligations he had laid her under, sufficiently accounted for his never having ventured to lisp the tender secret of his heart. The associations suggested by the liqueur no doubt strengthened this conviction.

With a brief, though painful struggle, she bade adieu to her visions of youthful heroes, of demi-gods, and of kings; nay, even of a middle-aged admiral, or ambassador, or president of a bank; and generously resolved to screw her inclinations to one sticking point, and bend her stubborn wishes to the stern mandates of duty.

Such had been the state of her mind for more than a week, when a strange rumour reached her ear, the consequence of which was the following letter.

"New-York, February 27th, 182—

"FALSE AND PERFIDUOUS YET STILL
TOO FASSENATING MAN!

"What beckoning ghost along the moonlight shade invites my steps and points to yonder glade? Can it, O my aggonizing bosom, can it be true, what I hear, about you

and old Miss Peck? Alas! my palpitating heart informs me that it is! Besides, Squire Purdy told me of it, yesterday, when he stopped in Marrynack stage, to get his daughter's new pink satin hat, trimmed with Marrybows and edged with blond. But what have I to do with Marrybows now? What means this tumult in a whestle's veins, where very amusing melancholly rains? What did you mean, the last time you scorted me to Castle Garden, by saying you should like to walk so every night? and asking me if I wouldn't like to go see the Honey-moon of Shakespear? Mrs. Todd, and all her young ladies, said it was a fixed thing; and when you sent that last barl of apples and quince licquor, which is sour enough for vinegar, all our end of Pearl-street was sniggering to see me get it out of the stage; while I was overwelmed with delicate embarrassment, and my face sufused with roseate blushes. Oh! ever beauteus, ever friendly, tel, is it in heaven a crime to love so very well? But I know what I will do. I will commit spoicide! I will jump into Peck-slip, off the furthest end of the dock! No friend's complaints, no kind domestick tear, shall please my ghost nor grace my watery beer. By maremaids hands my dying eyes were closed; by maremaids hands my decent limbs composed! Yes. I will throw myself into the east river, drest genteely in the last Parris fashion, so that my friends may not be ashamed of me; in my Gro de Napp, O de Neel dress; corsage made high and easy, with a little fulness in back and front, set in the band round the waste with a oval rose coloured pufs, gradually decreasing to a pint, forming a tasteful stummacher a la Russ; sleeves on gee-goes, confined at the wrist with black velvet bracelets; the skurt ornamented with a deep flounce, with small skollups at the edge pinked, and a rule O above, and a drapery beneath, spread out at top and bottom, like a fan, drawn tögether in the center, and confined by a rowlet; and I'll have pantaletts a la Turk,

trimmed with bobbinet round the ankles, caught under the foot with a silver corded band. Yes. And I'll put on a beautiful Vandyked muslin collaret, tyed round my throat, and falling gracefully over my left shoulder, with a lavender-colored gauze ribbon on one side, and rose color on the other. And my hair shall be tastefully arranged *a la naigh*, in cannon curls, surmounted by a beautiful Tokay, of white gauze, with silver ends falling gracefully over the right shoulder to corryspond. I shall therefore ware no vail, but I'll have horseskin gloves, and shoes of white satting, pure as my sole, and tender as my heart, and act a Roman's or some tragick part. How on earth will you feel, when you hear of my being a fair penitent, and coming to sich a watery end? Yes, and besides this quarter's rent, you'll have to pay the next one too. For all I'm dead, that won't be no discharge to your security for the rent. My lawyer says so, and he knows. The landlord knows his rites too, I can tell you; and that will be good for you. It will be all in vain for you, after I am drownded, and sat upon by the coroner's jury, to put on half morning, and in sable weeds appear; grieve for an hour may be, and morn for half a year; and bare about the mockery of woe, to moonlight dances and the cattle show. I know you will be going about to the Museum and Specktaclum, and all about in fashinable society. But don't lay that flatring eyentment to your sole. My disembodied shade shall flitter round, in the mirky hours of night among the trembling moonbeams, and like Alonzer the brave and the fair Imogeene, when the worms they crauled out and the worms they crauled in, my dripping spectur will come to your wedding and set by your side, will tacks you with perfiddy, falsehood and pride, and bare you away to the GRAVE!!! Oh you, you abominable man! Squire Purcy says your Byshy squints both ways. I know she's lame, for I seen her wauking to catch up the stage. And O! mon Jew! how she's freckled! And

besides all this, I'll sew you for britch of promise right away, unless you let this job alone. Youre a wicked man. But a broken harted maiden preys that Highman may not shute his shaft, nor Cupid hold a candle at your nuptual celebration. Perhaps you may shed a hypercritical tear when you read the verses which Rolla will make, in the elegiack stanzas on my precocious death, in the next Museum.

"Your fair and fond friend,

"ADELLE ELOISE HUGGINS."

"My tears have made my effusion ineligible. Can it be true what I hear, that your bride, the mean creature, is so shabby as to be fixing up her nasty old things for the wedding herself, instead of employing a genteel milliner and doing the thing handsomely. If she's so stingy already, what will she come too when she is married? Some one else wouldn't serve you so. Doubt that the stars are fire, doubt truth to be a lyre, but don't doubt that I love."

The system of education has been much improved since Miss Huggins acquired the rudiments of her style and orthography. It is obvious to every intelligent reader, that her habits of mind and her daily avocations did not tend to her improvement in either of those particulars. And, without pausing to philosophize on the subject, I mention it as a fact, in the history of the human mind, that the mere habit of reading produces no change in their spelling, punctuation, or grammatical arrangement of words, upon those who have acquired a vicious system of their own in these matters. They write, as compositors set up their types, by the ear. Their eye catches a whole word, but not its constituent elementary signs of sound. I could make a profound and ingenious speculation on this subject; but I must return to Mr. Viellecour, whom I left reading Miss Huggins's letter.

He had not deciphered the postscript when old Sampson brought into the room another cartel; but observing the

agitated air of his master, he paused in distress and uncertainty. The old gentleman, however, with a lack-lustre eye, held forth his hand to receive the despatch, which proved to be from Barnabas Bull, Esq., or Lawyer Bull, as he was more familiarly called by his neighbours. Thus it ran:

"SIR,

"The course you have thought proper to take, in breaking off your engagements with my daughter Elizabeth Ann Bull, which were so well understood in the family, and by all the neighbours, and of which I have ample proof, renders it necessary for me to adopt measures of an unpleasant nature. I have no doubt a New-York jury, before whom I mean to carry the issue for trial, on the ground of prejudice existing here, will give $5,000 damages, as a small atonement for the feelings of an insulted father, and a much injured girl—to wit, the aforesaid Elizabeth Ann Bull.

"By way, however, of giving you a *locus penitentiæ*, by which I mean a chance of compromising the suit, I have told the constable who has the writ, not to serve it until half an hour after your receipt of this letter, during which time you may consider what course you will take to do me justice.

"Your obedient servant,

"B. BULL."

"P.S. Should you incline to break off with Miss Peck, I will defend your action for you. No jury in the world will give that foolish old woman more than sixpence."

After reading this last courteous epistle, the poor old gentleman sat for some minutes with a fixed and vacant gaze, such as had never before clouded the vivacity of his countenance. In his trance the images of Abishag, Terence, Mrs. Peck, Epaphroditus, Plutarch, Miss Huggins, Miss

Betsey, and Lawyer Bull, whirled round his brain in dizzy succession. The awkward web of embarrassment in which he had become innocently entangled,—his acute sensibility, which shrunk from even the shadow of ridicule,—his horror of notoriety under such strange circumstances,—were all overwhelming him, and plunging his judgment into a chaos of inextricable confusion; in which all pecuniary or personal considerations—the appeal of Terence to the pistol, and of Lawyer Bull to the jury, were alike forgotten. This warfare of his thoughts was interrupted by a sound, shrill and startling as was

> "The blast of that dread horn,
> On Fontarabian echoes borne;"

but not like that portentous clarion did it announce the death of heroes,

> "How Rowland brave, and Olivier,
> And every paladin and peer,
> At Roncesvalles died—"

but it proclaimed that the Boston mail stage was approaching, and that a change of horses must be ready at the inn. By a very natural association, the image of his great grandfather Jean Pierre Gaspard Adrian Santerre de Viellecour, flying with his wife and children, his big Bible and curiously mounted silver-hilted sword, from the persecution of the bloody Louis le Grand, the scarlet woman, and the beast, was presented to the imagination of our hero. He arose with precipitation; took down the time-honoured rapier from its customary place beneath the Viellecour arms, then pointing to a trunk in which he had a few days before packed up an assortment of clothes, when he was meditating a New-Year's visit to some old friends in Philadelphia, he very solemnly and laconically ordered Sampson to carry it after him to the inn, and take care of the house till his return. He then invested his person in his blue roquelaire,

lined with red velvet, and fastened with silver clasps, the gift of no less a person than the diplomatic ex-bishop of Autun; who, during his temporary exile in this country, had kindly condescended to make Mr. Viellecour's house his country-seat, and to accept some trifling loans of a few hundreds, in requital of which he left him this parting legacy. Beneath this garment, so precious from its associations, its proprietor adjusted his spiritual and temporal weapons; after which he walked with a determined gait, not unworthy of his ancestry, into the hall: the venerable Sampson followed him in silence, with corresponding dignity and gravity of demeanour. But their march was soon obstructed by John Peck, whose patience was waxing rather impatient while waiting for his "answer," although his cousin Plutarch had assured him he would receive at least half a dollar from the old gentleman for his mission. As John had received nothing from Plutarch, in the way of *outfit*, he clung pertinaciously to the idea of *salary;* and confronting Mr. Viellecour, in a dogged and loutish, but fixed attitude, and with drawling but impudent accents, he interrupted the procession. "Old Squire," said John, "I guess you're been a nation long time a writing that 'are answer for Aunt Bisbag. And you 'ant forgot that 'are four shilling, that cousin Plutarch said you was to have gin me, you know, have you?" The old gentleman brushed by the varlet, rather roughly, muttering something about drowning puppies in a horsepond; which the literal and faithful Sampson, as it will appear, interpreted into a command.

The master and man proceeded to the stage-office, where the former, without saying a word, placed himself in the coach which was standing before the door. The vehicle had arrived without any passengers. He had therefore ample room wherein to adjust himself and his properties, on the back-seat. With his formidable sword on one side, and his gigantic Bible on the other, and the trunk beneath his

feet, he might have sat to Dunlap for the personification of Christian resignation. He nodded a melancholy farewell to Sampson; the driver threw away his heel-tap in the most approved style, mounted the box, gathered his reins, cracked his whip, and off went the mail stage.

A dozen bystanders began at the same time to interrogate Sampson, who stood like an Egyptian statue of attention (if any such there be, of which I have strong doubts), following with his eye the fast disappearing conveyance—as to where his master was going, what made him in such a hurry, what he was going to do, when he was coming back, and when he was to be married to old Miss Peck, etc. etc. etc. Sampson, after due deliberation, replied that Mr. Viellecour was gone in the stage to York, about his own business. And having uttered this oracular response, he returned with more speed than he usually thought it decorous to exhibit, to his master's house. There, on the threshold, still stood John Peck, who was determined not to lose his promised perquisite, and had now become angry and unceremonious. "See here, nigger," he cried out, as Sampson was mounting the steps, "I want that 'are answer, right away; and that 'are half dollar. Goy blame it all, I guess they'm chiefly done dinner to humm, and what's the use of my waiting here so?"

The latter part of this appeal seemed to touch Sampson's feelings; for he very deliberately ook hold of the urchin, and slinging him over his shoulder, marched off with him as coolly and seriously as he had done with the trunk, though John was a much more obstreperous article in the way of baggage. But John fared like many forlorn newspaper poets of the present day, who are always dying of consumption, or complaining of malice and persecution, in very distressful metre, which nobody reads, and which nobody ought to read. For before his expostulations had attracted the attention of the public, Sampson had transported him to the margin of a small lake, the perfume of which was not

quite that of Araby the Blest, at no great distance, into the centre of which (the thin coat of ice that had covered it, having been thawed by the rays of a bright and warm day) he projected his person with as great ceremony as was consistent with despatch. The only articulate sounds which he uttered, by way of funeral service or illustration, were "Dere now, mister," accompanied with an equivocal grunt.

It was not until the early spring had again put forth its germs of promise, that any tidings were heard of Mr. Viellecour. Meantime, his newspapers and letters were regularly called for at the post-office by Sampson. The former were heaped on each other, until the pile almost touched the ceiling. The latter, ranged along the mantel, were rapidly assuming that brown, melancholy air of antiquity which belongs to a long unopened letter. The windows of the house were shut, except for about half an hour at noon-day, when they were opened and again closed, with regular and mysterious precision. A thin column of smoke stole up from the chimney of Sampson's comfortable quarters in the kitchen. A host of inquiries were made after their absent neighbour, for a few weeks, by impertinent and curious people; not a few, too, by old friends. Sampson turned on his heels from the former, with a growl. To the latter, he answered with a sigh, that his master was absent, and he could not tell when he would return.

It was a bright clear day, in January, when the sun was slightly thawing the snow on Haerlem bridge, and burnishing with its rays the smooth and level white expanse of Haerlem plain and Morisania, that a party of honest Westchester farmers, returning from town, had stopped at the toll-house, on the Westchester side of that great thoroughfare, and were there talking of what they called politics. They discoursed about Mr. Adams, Mr. Crawford, General Jackson, Governor Clinton, Mr. Clay, and Plutarch Peck. Not that they thought of the latter as a

candidate for the presidency; but they marvelled much how he would get along at Albany. Some surmised that he would soon break down. One old gentleman, who had won a bet on his election, insisted that he was a smart fellow, and would take care of himself.

The Danbury stage, returning from New-York, drove up at this juncture. All the passengers got out to warm themselves, save one, who seemed anxious not to invite observation. This, however, was impossible. "Why, halloa! Plutarch! is that you! Where are you going? What has brought you from Albany?" were the inquiries levelled at the traveller from half a dozen quarters.

Plutarch, being thus *necessyated*, as he would have called it, to disembogue from the stage, gave a long, involved, complaining, digressive, and unintelligible account of himself; the amount of which we can state in a few words. He had been returned to the Assembly, by the rejection of four or five hundred votes for another candidate, on the ground that the name of the latter had been spelled on the ballots with two *r*'s instead of one. This gentleman, however, resolutely claimed his seat. The Committee of Elections instantly and unanimously decided in his favour; and the vote of the House forthwith dislodged the unfortunate Plutarch, without giving him a single opportunity to immortalize himself. It happened, however, that on the first day of the session, he was enabled to utter the beginning of a sentence, which would probably have had no end, if it had not been cut short as it was by the Speaker. On the presentation of some petitions, which Plutarch thought had a bearing on his favourite subject, the election by the people of public notaries, inspectors of beef and pork, sole-leather, and staves and heading, he got on his legs. "When," said he, "Mr. Speaker, we consider the march of intellect in these United, and, as I may say, confederated States, and how the genius of liberty soars in the vast expanse, stretching her eagle plumes from the Pacific Ocean to Long Island

Sound, gazing with eyes of fire upon the ruins of empires—" just at which point of aerial elevation the Speaker brought down the metaphorical flight of the genius, and that of the aspiring orator together, by informing the latter that he should be happy to hear him when in order, but that there was now no question before the House.

While Plutarch was entangling himself and his hearers, in the perplexed labyrinth of his explanation, a pung drove up to the toll-gate, from which alighted no less a person than that vigilant and distinguished officer (as he is justly styled by the reporters of the proceedings of the New-York Sessions), Mr. Jacob Hays, accompanied by his trusty Achates. They were escorting, with their usual marks of attention and courtesy, a gentleman in a Canada fur cap, black stock, blue frock, with frogs and embroidery, buck-skin-breeches, and a dirty frill, in which the diamond breast-pin was now no longer conspicuous. This respectable person no sooner recognised Plutarch, than he appealed to him to testify that he was a nobleman incog.; and a disguised gentleman; and that he could talk French. This he did with great volubility, and at the top of his lungs; but it produced no other effect on the high constable, than to make him regard the sheepish looking ex-member with a peculiarly acute and comprehensive side-glance; by which he seemed to imprint at once, on the iron tablets of his memory, every characteristic feature of the chopfallen ci-devant Assemblyman.

Plutarch, who saw how Terence's affairs stood, was glad of an opportunity to escape, by throwing himself into the back seat of the stage, which was now going off. His quondam French master, however, did not let him go, without asking him to treat him at least to a drop of the cretur; and on his paying no attention to this request, told him he was no gentleman at all, "but only *jist a neegur*; and that he might go home to his beggarly family, and he would find they had *cleared out*; for the Aigle Bank was

bursted, and the Cataract of Freedom was stopped; and the ould women were crazy."

Before I dismiss Terence—whose taste for large castles was soon gratified, by his being sent to exercise his architectural genius in assisting to erect the Sing Sing state prison—a word or two more about him may be necessary. The intelligent reader may have gleaned, from his own account of himself, the probable facts in his history. To France he had never been, but Botany Bay he had certainly visited. I know not how he left Australasia, or whither he wended from thence; but shortly before the time of this narrative, he had been in the service of a gallant officer, from the green isle of chivalry, and love, and song, whose regiment was stationed in Canada. I love the Irish character, and the Irish melodies; and I love the Irish whiskey, when well compounded with lemons, sugar, and hot water, on a winter's night. Let not the good and the brave and the beautiful, to whom the harp and the shamrock are dear, look on me with unfriendly eyes, if my story has compelled me to advert to the failings of one of their countrymen. Terence was afflicted with a fondness for irregular appropriation. Such furtive propensities are said to be natural weaknesses in some individuals, and even to run in families; operating irresistibly upon their subject, and compelling them to abstract clandestinely the personal property of others. In the days of superstition, demoniac possession would have been assigned as the cause of this tendency. In our days, the phrenologist ascribes it to a preternatural development of the organ of *acquisitiveness* as he most certainly does any *mal-addresse* (such as poor Terence's), in its direction and application, to an equally imperfect development of the organ of *secretiveness*. But I shall not trouble the reader with the philosophy of the case; and must content myself with stating the fact, that Terence was given to stealing. While at Quebec, in the service of a high-minded colonel, whose hard-earned laurels and pri-

vate virtues, might well, in an estimation of national character, counterbalance the infirmities of a hundred such specimens as his valet, our nobleman incog. picked up by the ear a quantity of miscellaneous French, together with some crude notions of rank, title, high life, and foreign manners; and one day, when his constitutional malady came strongly upon him, he picked up his master's valise, and his diamond breast-pin, which was lying on the toilet. With these goods in his custody, he travelled into the "States," where he spent some time, in the course of which he took occasion to commit some new depredations in the city of New-York; as appeared when he was brought to the police-office, to be examined on the charge of stealing the breast-pin, the value of which had induced his master to pursue him. He had thus the honour of being claimed by two governments, as a special subject of judicial and executive attention; and to present, in his own beautiful person, one of the most debated and debatable questions of international law. But the colonel being contented with the restitution of his jewels, the state of New-York was left to deal with Terence; and in what wise he was dealt with, I have already suggested. Peace be to his labours in the hammering of Westchester marble, for the construction of his own cell; wherein *requiescat in pace!*

And now I hurry to a close. When Plutarch got home, he found that Terence's intelligence was not much exaggerated. The Eagle Bank *had* stopped payment. The "Cataract of Freedom" was no longer issued; and the printer had run away, leaving Plutarch alone to face certain angry creditors. Mrs. Peck and her daughter had resolved to migrate, under the auspices of the reverend professor, to the west; whereupon the disbanded Assemblyman, knowing that his creditors would soon be reinforced by his New-York hatter, boot-maker, and especially his tailor, who, on the credit of his legislative dignity, had fitted him out for Albany, with stylish cloak, and surtout, and frock,

and a full suit of customary black, and a large assortment of white, red, and blue waistcoats and under waistcoats, of his own choice; not forgetting, moreover, his too confiding cousin Diodatus's claims upon him for a gold breast-pin, and a new Geneva gold watch—saw no other course before him, than to prevail upon the family to take him along.

Thither, then, they marched with bag and baggage, scrip and scrippage. I know not what has become of Plutarch since. But I do know that Miss Peck contrived to marry the president of the college; and I sincerely hope, as I know him to be a worthy gentleman, that he is satisfied with the arrangement.

It was on a fine spring morning, when the sun, bright and cheerful, seemed to shed a smile over the face of the responsively laughing earth, from which the snows had vanished, while the herbage in many spots was assuming its verdant hue, that the windows of Mr. Viellecour's house were observed, by the admiring neighbours, to be open, as was the hall door, in which Sampson stood, in his Sunday suit, showing his teeth with an air of joyous satisfaction. Moreover, the well-known favourite myrtle, and the orange trees, and the tall, double oleander, and the fragrant geraniums, had been brought forth from their winter quarters, and were now displayed in their usual vernal station upon the south piazza, inhaling the fresh breeze, and rejoicing in the open sunshine. The mystery was not long unsolved. Their master had returned the night before, and resumed possession of his much-loved mansion, with all its cherished appurtenances. His eye was as bright, his cheek as ruddy, his demeanour as affable as ever. Where he had been, he never saw fit to disclose; and as the topic seemed an unpleasant one, I never took the liberty of asking him. There have been rumours that he was seen that winter in the gallery of the House of Representatives, at Washington—at the new theatre in Cincinnati, Ohio—and at an ordination

in Bennington, Vermont; but I verily believe they were all apocryphal.

On the day after his return, while he was still engaged in examining all his ancient and loved repositories, and mentally preparing for an horticultural campaign, the door of his parlour slowly opened, and a young gentleman entered, with rather a timid air, leading by the hand a female companion, whose features were hidden by a modest white veil. Mr. Viellecour knew the lad at once, as his godson, Eugene R——, for whom he had always felt a great regard, for his father's sake and for his own; and who had lately left West Point, having received a lieutenant's commission. Who the lady was he did not know; until she withdrew the drapery from her blushing face, and discovered to his view the "dancing hair and laughing eyes" of Betsey Bull.

My tale has grown too long to admit of my describing scenes. I must content myself with facts. Eugene and Betsey, it appeared by their story, had had a good understanding together as to the state of their several affections, from the time the former paid Mr. Viellecour a visit, more than a year before. Lawyer Bull, they thought, and thought wisely, would not consent to their union under existing circumstances. So they ran away to Connecticut, and got married in Greenfield (doubtless attracted to that spot by the fame of one of the most eloquent clergymen of the age), and now they wished to avail themselves of their kind-hearted friend's good offices, to be reconciled to Betsey's papa. Their supplication was not ineffectual; for Mr. Viellecour undertook the business, and so dealt with old Bull, that he gave his daughter and son-in-law his blessing; and when he dies, as he must do some day or other, I suppose he will give them his property, as he has no other children.

This match, to the best of my knowledge, has proved a very good one; though, as a general principle, filial diso-

bedience entails on the transgressor many calamities; and stolen marriages are rarely happy. Betsey's two babies are as pretty children as I ever saw in my life; and the eldest has been named Adrian Viellecour. He will, I have no doubt, profit by his baptismal appellation.

As I have made very free use of the names of certain individuals in this story, let me, with my parting bow, beg their pardon if they are offended, and do them all the services in my power.

I would most earnestly and respectfully recommend to the ladies, that truly excellent milliner, Miss Huggins, who has given up romancing, and in consequence of so doing, now occupies a large and splendid establishment, on the very Rialto of fashion, where the fair, the gay, and the young most do congregate.

I would also point out to the attention of the gentlemen, the honest and liberal Diodatus Peck, as a superior watchmaker and jeweller, in every respect worthy their patronage.

To all parents, who wish to give their children a cheap, liberal education, I would suggest that the college, the president of which married Miss Peck, and in which the Reverend E. X. Peck is professor, offers a great many inducements to the guardians of youth. The air is salubrious. The mutton is there cheap and abundant. On this, and on fine fresh milk, the students are principally fed. It appears, by the printed advertisement of the institution, that all sciences are taught; the whole circle being accurately divided among nine professorships, the chairs of two of which are at present ably filled by the venerable president; and those of the other seven as ably, by the learned and reverend Dr. Peck. The terms are low, and the neighbourhood is quiet and moral.

I am, moreover, strongly tempted to recommend to the

same public, a personage, not the least heroic or important, though the least conspicuous, of those of my tale. I mean the accomplished and unfortunate tailor, who had equipped Plutarch Peck for his legislative campaign. Whoever had seen Plutarch before and after the said equipment, would have been practically convinced that the old proverb of *manners makes the man*, was all wrong, and that not *manners*, but the tailor makes the man. What an air of gentility and ease, and what grace did this admirable artist shed over the ungainly presence, and awkward presentation of our friend Plutarch! But I must refrain. I fear even to hint at his name, lest the mention of it might inflict upon him a swarm of customers like unto Plutarch himself —statesmen and men of genius all; and thus intercept a great man in his progress towards that fame and fortune which, I trust, await his high deserts. He is, indeed, an artist and a gentleman—but, alas! he is also

> A liberal youth, whose speculative skill,
> Is hasty credit, and a distant bill;
> Artist and wit, who scorns all vulgar trade,
> Exults to trust, and blushes to be paid.

SCENES AT WASHINGTON.*

No. I.

"Black spirits and white,
Blue spirits and gray,
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
Ye that mingle may."—*Macbeth.*

The company, the politics, and the fashions at Washington, were just as miscellaneous and queer in the winter of 18—, as they were last winter, or the winter preceding, and as they will be next winter. As usual, a certain portion of the most select boarding-houses were occupied with *messes* of members of congress, and by genteel families, or those that wished to be thought so; while others, of a less privileged order, were more liberally open for the accommodation of whoever might apply; including those who had been unable to make an arrangement of a more aristocratic character. Over the administration of one of the latter description presided Mrs. Charity Cricket, a notable lady from the eastward, whose deportment was marked by a dignity, discretion, and delicacy, appropriate to her high functions. At the time my narrative commences, in the month of

* The first part of the "Scenes in Washington" appeared in the Talisman for the year 1829, and the second part the year following. It was written with the assistance of the same literary friend who furnished a part of the story of Mr. De Vielleœur.

December, her folks, as she called them, were few. There was the Honourable Mr. Spratt, from one of the Middle States, a sober and prudent middle-aged gentleman and a bachelor. Having been elected to Congress for no political reason, but on some local question, he was "on the fence;" where, like a wise man, he determined to sit, until he had made up his mind on which side it would be most pleasant and profitable for him to get off. He avoided, on this account, a daily juxtaposition with any partisan mess; and had a dread of the ceremonious attentions and little politenesses which he feared would be exacted in some houses of style; as well as of the formidable hospitalities and heavy bills equally necessary at others. He therefore selected the modest mansion of Mrs. Cricket, where he enjoyed certain personal comforts, for which he had a particular regard, at no other expense than that of occasionally franking letters for the family. He had a large triangular room, such as no other city in the world but Washington can boast of; having three windows, one east and two west, where he placed his hyacinth roots, wrapped in cotton, and planted in green bottles, and enjoyed the benefit of the prospect; looking out, on one side, upon a noble street without any houses, and on the other, upon a showy bank without any money. Mr. Spratt had but a narrow revenue, which he yet contrived to make large enough for his expenses, not by stretching his income, but by straitening his disbursements. He hated noise, and was fond of quiet and regularity. I may add, that he had taught Virgil and Blair's Lectures in his youth; and by reading reviews and pamphlets, had kept up a current acquaintance with the second-hand literature of the day. Besides all this, he was an honest, kind-hearted man, who was generally allowed to improve upon acquaintance. I hope my readers will be of the same opinion.

There was also lodging at Mrs. Cricket's, a Mr. Belah Briggs, who came to Washington to have Patterson made a

port of entry, its river cleared out, the falls taken away, and piers erected at the mouth. He was a red-haired, bustling man, who always had, or seemed to have, business on hand. And there was an old gentleman named Timothy Jenks, who was advocating a claim on Congress for the Mohegan Canal Company, which he insisted was a good one; and none could gainsay it, as he had asserted the same thing for twenty years, and was likely to do so for the rest of his life. I must not forget Monsieur Angelo Falconet, a French stone-cutter, who had been or wished to be employed in embellishing the Capitol with more freestone Pilgrims, Penns, and Pocahontases. Last, and most picturesque, though the most taciturn of the family, was Warren Hancock Half-moon, a young gentleman of pale complexion, thin frizzly sandy hair, and staid and sad demeanour, who seemed to have no special business of any kind, but was waiting, as he said, for letters from his friends. His silence and unobtrusiveness pleased Mr. Spratt, who, as he gave him no trouble, and never interrupted his conversation, thought him rather a well informed and well behaved young man.

Mr. Spratt had spent a few weeks very comfortably, just according to his tastes and habits, at this lodging-house, when, on returning from the Capitol one day in December, he was met in the passage of her house by Mrs. Cricket, who wore an air of special importance and evident satisfaction. Her ruffles bristled up in a peculiar manner, and her countenance glowed with tidings she yet seemed to have a little hesitation in unfolding.

"Mr. Spratt," she said, "you will not be obliged to stay in your room so much in the evenings any more. We shall have music and society, sir. I shall introduce you presently to two new comers, a lady and her niece, from England, —Miss Violet Lily and Miss Phœbe Black; and I advise you to take care of your heart, Mr. Spratt. I knew you would be gallant enough to give up your room at once, bu have no idea of discommoding you. I have given them

mine, in the third story, for the present. They really are most elegant and interesting people. I have been obliged to take the sofa, and arm-chair, and the looking-glass, and carpet, and a few other things out of your room, which I knew you would not miss. I have put all your clothes neatly into the big trunk."

"Humph!" said Mr. Spratt.

"Why yes," said the lady, "I knew you'd have no objection; and if you really had as lief go up in the third story, I guess you would find it as comfortable. But don't let your politeness induce you to make any sacrifice, Mr. Spratt."

Mr. Spratt made no reply, but walked up to his dismantled chamber with rather a dogged air. His revery there was not of the most amiable character. "This Miss Violet Lily," thought he, "is some pale-faced, languishing, sentimental, forte-piano thrumming, fantastical, fashionable chit, who will faint at the smell of roast meat, and spoil one's dinner with her airs. And she'll have the house run down with old beaux and young dandies, talking all manner of stuff, and making a racket all night, and stumbling up stairs from parties, waking the whole house. But I suppose I must make myself spruce, and make the best of it to-day. Where the devil is my looking-glass! Women don't shave; what do they want with looking-glasses?"

Meditating, probably, in some such strain, he descended grumbling to the sitting parlour. On entering it, he found a lady reclining, with all the grace she could, upon a sofa; with a little French gilt volume in one hand, and a pencil in the other, with which she seemed to be marking such passages as struck her attention. She rolled a pair of large gray eyes askance at Spratt; who seeing a strapping, able-bodied woman, with a well fed person, and red cheeks, and weighing some two hundred, or "by'r lady," as Falstaff says, some two hundred and fifty weight, took it for granted it was Miss Phœbe Black, and making a slight reverence,

sat down and took up a newspaper. Certain casual glances did not lead him to regard the lady with increased admiration. She wore a turban, with a very complicated fold, and set somewhat awry, with a huge artificial rose stuck in front of it. Her nose was beaked, large, and prominent; her mouth spacious; and her chin double. Her hair, which was her own in some sense or other, was displayed in large flaxen curls before, and was a crop behind. Mr. Spratt thought that the upper part of her portly bust was a little too ostentatiously exposed; and that her masculine red arms did not appear to much advantage through their gauze integuments, which were confined at the wrists with monstrous bracelets, set with imitation cornelian cameos of a fat Brutus and a lean Cassius. Her girdle was fastened in front with a massive shining clasp of Berlin ware, on which was the ill-favoured effigy of Oliver Cromwell. All over her bust hung a variety of chains, attached to watches, quizzing glasses, and other paraphernalia. Her full person was invested in white, so as to lose none of the effect produced on the beholder by its ample dimensions.

While Mr. Spratt was going through the detail of this examination of herself and her accoutrements, this goodly lady suddenly rose from her recumbent attitude, and exclaimed, in no small voice, and in a manner highly impassioned—"Divine Voltaire! how powerful is thy verse to excite the kindred passions!

> 'Quand on vit dans Paris la faim pale et cruelle,
> Montrant déja la mort, qui marchait après elle,
> Alors on endentit des hurlements affreux!'"

Here, breaking off her recitation, and turning suddenly to Spratt, she exclaimed—"Pray, sir, can you tell me what is the dinner hour here?"

"Four o'clock, ma'am;" said Spratt, who was hungry himself, besides being astonished and vexed; "but at this rate, I suppose we sha'nt get it till night."

"Not till night!" cried the lady.

> "Gallop apace, ye fiery-footed steeds
> Towards Phœbus' mansion; such a wagoner
> As Phaëton, would whip ye to the west,
> And bring in cloudy night immediately."

"Pray, sir," added she, with an air of deep interest and emotion, "are your famous Potomac canvass-back ducks now in season?"

"Why, canvass-backs a'nt over plenty in this house, ma'am."

The fair creature sighed, or rather groaned, and rolling up her eyes sentimentally, said, "I shall not then find here what this divine Voltaire calls

> 'Les vins les plus parfaits, les mets les plus vantés.'

But what of that? I am now in the chosen abode of liberty, freedom, and the rights of man."

At this moment Mrs. Cricket entered, accompanying a neat and modest-looking young woman, not remarkable either for beauty or plainness, and said, "Ah, Mr. Spratt, let me introduce you to Miss Violet Lily." Spratt rose and made a bow at the companion of the hostess, but the big lady on the sofa, exclaiming "Spratt! Spratt!" rushed forward fairly into his arms, and throwing her own round his neck, said, "Oh enlightened man! whose speech on repealing the laws relating to marriages, and facilitating divorces, in this District of Columbia, I read in the Intelligencer this morning. Accept the homage of a grateful maiden's thanks!"

Spratt, blushing, confounded, and having lost his scratch in this warm salutation, withdrew from the encounter as well as he was able. The younger lady, who seemed shocked and scandalized, exclaimed, "Oh, Aunt Violet! how can you do so!" on which the other turning abruptly from Spratt, said, in angry tone, "Miss Black, how often

have I told you not to call me aunt? You know I am only your mother's younger sister. Have I not frequently directed you to call me *ma belle Wiolette*, or *ma chére*, or *ma cara Wiolettina*. And what do you know about the ecstatic proprieties of the first salutation between people of expanded views and liberal genius? Did I not see Lady Morgan embrace Benjamin Constant, at their first interview in the *café des milles colonnes*. I *seen* it myself. And did'nt Aspasia do so to Cicero, after his speech in the trial of Catiline? And did'nt Madame de Stael throw her arms round Sir Isaac Newton's ve1 erable neck, and kiss him: it was Sir Isaac or else Sir Joseph Banks, I forget which. Excuse the prejudices of a contracted education, O enlightened and eloquent Spratt!"

Spratt by this time had adjusted his wig, cravat, and ruffles, and was meditating his escape from this "crazy fat fool of a woman," as he internally called her. But he was defeated in his manœuvres. Miss Violet, hearing it announced that dinner was actually ready, seized him by the arm and dragged him with her, insisting on his sitting next to her at table. The company present had too much serious business to attend to, to enter into much conversation. They were, besides, under constraint, from the arrival of the two ladies, one of whom was so portentously dazzling in her personal appearance. Miss Violet, however, had the faculty of losing no time at dinner, and of conversing, or rather soliloquizing all the while. Having given the board a rapid and scrutinizing survey, with that decisive *coup d'œil* which marks genius alike on the field and at table, she made an ample and solid selection of provisions, pulled up Brutus and Cassius a little way, and eased Oliver Cromwell well out, to facilitate her proceedings; and then worked her knife and fork with the regularity, celerity, and power of one of Stevens's steam-engines; talking all the time at poor Spratt about parliamentary eloquence, the rights of man and the wrongs of women, Catholic eman-

cipation, the Missouri question, Symmes's theory, and Greece. At length a cover was placed before Spratt, which was welcomed by the joyous exclamation from Mr. Belah Briggs, of "Ah, here come the canvass-backs!" No sooner had Miss Violet heard this interjectional remark, than her eyes glistened, and turning to her victim, she directed him to carve one of those birds for her. Poor Spratt had conveyed but little nutriment into his own system, from the everlasting appeals made to him on different subjects and for different dishes with such rapidity, that so far from being able to eat, he had not been able even to hear or think. He set himself, however, mechanically to work; and by the time he had dissected one of the ducks, the lady had despatched the contents of her first plate, and was ready to be helped. She was so much pleased with one part of this glory of the American table, that she wished to try another, and then another; and so it went on—

> "Another and another still succeeded,
> And the last plate was welcome as the first."

At length she took breath, laid down her implements, and exclaimed, "Oh Mr. Spratt, is not this the bird, about which one of your sweet American poets has written some ecstatic lines? I think I remember one sublime passage:

> 'Farewell! thou'rt swallowed in the gulf immense,
> No more thy wings shall glitter in the morn,
> No more shall evening hues thy plumes adorn,
> Nor noon-day splendour greet thy rising thence.'

By the way, I am glad to see you don't keep up the absurd practice of drinking healths, but leave every individual to follow the unshackled and unsophisticated impulses of taste, nature, and necessity." It is proper to mention that she had, from the beginning, helped herself to wine from Spratt's decanter, without ceremony and without stint.

Halfmoon, who had scarcely opened his lips before, now

took occasion, modestly lifting up his eyes, to edge in an observation. "Yes, madam," said he, "as the Swan of Avon says—

> —'It is a custom
> More honoured in the breach than in the observance,
> To drain our draughts of Rhenish down,
> And bray the triumph of our pledge.'"

Miss Violet, upon this, gazed earnestly at the speaker, whose eyes were again cast down under her scrutiny. "Ah!" she said, "have I found a congenial spirit? (Some of the mince-pie, Mr. Spratt, if you please.) He who can quote so readily the Swan of Avon, must himself be a Swan of the Potomac. (A little cheese with it.) That pallid cheek, that interesting languor, and the veiled lightnings of those eyes, told me before that you were a nursling of the Nine. Pray may I venture to inquire your name?"

"Warren Hancock Halfmoon," stammered the blushing minstrel.

"And what favoured spot of fair and free Columbia's land claims the honour of your birth?"

"Jericho, ma'am, upon Long Island."

Here the lady drew out from the drapery which invested her exuberant chest, from among a collection of miscellanies, a small red covered note-book, in which she made a memorandum. Having done this with great expedition, and returned her tablets to their depository, she proceeded, "Dear Halfmoon, you must favour me with some of your poetry. You must indeed. Haven't you got some about you?"

The poet hemmed and hawed, in seeming confusion; but after a few "Why ma'ams," and "Oh ma'ams," he drew from his pocket a parcel of folded sheets of letter paper, which he fumbled with and overlooked. Mr. Spratt seized the favourable moment, and took French leave. The rest of the company, except the polite Monsieur Falconet, fol-

lowed his example. Miss Black retired with Mrs. Cricket, who seemed to deem her services no longer necessary. Miss Violet, retaining possession of Spratt's decanter, said, "Dear Halfmoon, we lend you all our ears. Proceed."

The minstrel, after stating in an agitated manner, that he had two or three pieces, and that none of them were finished, and he did not know whether he could read them himself, finally recited the following rhapsody.

Oh! when shall come the mind's apocalypse!
What tenebrous investitures control
The shackled ethnic soul,
Bound like Prometheus to the rock of life
While high above, in airy strife,
The screamy vultures lick their horny lips!
But ah! I spy one ray
Of Pythian day,
Scattering away
The horrent clouds fuliginously hurl'd
Upon a prostrate world!
And in the great thermometer of mind,
Where long the liquid argentine has climbed,
Behold on bigotry's myoptic eyes,
The glittering metaphysic column rise,
While each dark soul shall chrysalize!
Yes! they shall mount and fly,
Like a transparent-pinioned butterfly,
Swift as a thunderbolt,
Or youthful Arab colt,
Child of the desert, lord of the plain,
Without saddle or bridle, or crupper or rein!
But 'tis only a vision! the ethnical soul
Still, magnet-like, turns to delusion's north pole;
Bound with shackles of steel, and of adamant ice,
To priestcraft, and error, and stern prejudice!

Miss Violet commended this production in very extravagant terms, and frequently interrupted the reading by exclamations. She objected however to the mode of pronouncing "prej*udice*," by making it rhyme to vice. The poet said, that that was the way in which it was pronounced

in the Monongahela College, and used by the most distinguished orators at the eastward. M. Falconet was profuse in his compliments. "Ah!" said he, "this is so like our Casimir Delavigne! Monsieur is one vare great poète. That simile of the leetle horse wizout no bridle, is superbe. He is so like a man wizout no préjugés. He is like that grand bull in our Racine:

> 'Indomptable taureau! Dragon impétueux!
> Sa croupe se recourbe en replis torteueux;
> Ses longs mugissements font trembler le rivage.'"

But as I am not writing a fashionable novel, I can report the particulars of this conversation no further. Miss Violet turned her attention to M. Falconet, and astonished him with some French quotations, which he (as well as everybody else) had never heard before. She shook the poet so tenderly and strenuously by the hand, after making him escort her to the door of her chamber, that the poor young man was fairly in the highest heaven of his invention; and the elements of the society at Mrs. Cricket's had been decidedly agitated by her introduction, to a degree as extensive as the effect was unexpected.

In the evening of that day, for the first time since he had been a boarder at the house, Mr. Spratt did not make his appearance. Mr. Briggs and Mr. Jenks, together with a mail-contractor and the poet, were present. The latter sat pensive and silent, while Miss Violet discoursed to the other gentlemen about western lands and city lots, and Mexican mining operations; doubted the solvency of the Bank of England and of the Barings; asked the price of the stock of the United States Bank, and of the three per cents., and New-York Canal stock, and Dismal Swamp shares; expressed her regret that the state of society compelled each individual to look after his own property; and inquired how Mr. Owen's settlement had succeeded. The gentlemen answered to the best of their knowledge; and, when supper

was announced, Miss Violet took the poet by the arm, and led him with her to the most sociable of domestic feasts, where his blue devils were speedily dispersed by the charms of her conversation, and whence she sent him to his slumbers and his dreams to meditate on unimaginable things.

The inferences drawn by Mr. Briggs, Mr. Jenks, and the mail-contractor, as to the wherewithals of the lady, soon became reports—very soon; because, the next day, the principal topic of conversation in all Washington was the arrival of the extraordinary, accomplished, and splendid-looking English lady, with an exorbitant fortune, who had come to the United States to make it her home. It was broadly whispered that she was Mrs. Coutts; and a fellow who came from Manchester, as he said, reconnoitred the house of Mrs. Cricket, and offered, in the bar-room of a principal hotel, to make his affidavit that it was that destined duchess *incog.*, like the Empress Rustyfusty in the farce, disguised as a cheesemonger's widow.

This rumour fell upon the ear of a gentleman, a member of Congress, who boarded at the Indian Queen, and who was speculative as to such matters. His name and additions were, the Honourable Colonel Phocion Milton Mansfield; and he was a lawyer from the western county of a western state, who had been elected to represent his district, for one session, in consequence of the death of the eloquent and much lamented Peter Davis, who died, after introducing a Catawba Bill, highly interesting to the voters of his district, and which Colonel Phocion had pledged himself to carry through. This was not the only pledge the colonel had made at this period. Among others, was one to Mr. Angelo Falconet, to get him employment from Congress, in erecting equestrian statues of all the heroes of the war of the revolution, and pedestrian ones of all those of the last war, as well as remuneration for his services during the time he had been waiting to get into service. Through M. Falconet, the colonel was introduced to the

splendid English lady; and how far, and how fast, he pushed his acquaintance with her, may be best ascertained from a sketch of some passages in a scene which took place but a few evenings afterward.

It was at the soirée or evening party of one of the secretaries, foreign ministers, auditors, clerks, or doorkeepers—or else of some one that wanted to be a secretary, foreign minister, auditor, clerk or doorkeeper,—or of somebody else among the white population that gave soirées, that Miss Violet Lily was seen leaning substantially on the arm of the Honourable Colonel Phocion Milton Mansfield. She was dressed (for she must be dressed, and I have already intimated that I have a genius that way, and flatter myself that my readers know it)—she was dressed in white satin, with a puffing of violet ribands, caught up (to speak technically), at the sides, by large bunches of purple violets of extraordinary dimensions, which ornamented the skirts of her exterior drapery. A broad sky-blue riband (and a long one too), encircled her waist, the ends of which severally were fastened to the flowers before mentioned. Her capacious bust was overloaded with blonde lace; while round her neck hung a gilded rope or cable chain, from which depended a monstrous copper medallion, struck during the reign of Robespierre. Her stately head was surmounted by a red velvet Berri, over which two birds of paradise presided, forming with their bodies a central tiara, while their tails hung down on either side of the subject they were intended to illustrate, in a graceful or a grotesque manner, according to the taste of the observer. Some people like to see very fat and stout ladies dressed off in this style; most fat and stout ladies do like it. I confess I do not. I should have added that her earring supported medallions of Cupid and Psyche. She was armed and equipped for conquest. But Miss Huggins had never been applied to, for her exclusively correct advice, on the arrangement of

this lady's toilet, as all her customers will at once perceive.

Behind the colonel and Miss Lily, as they entered the room, was the pensive poet; who carried the lady's pocket handkerchief, album, note book, and bottle of Cologne water in one hand, and her reticule in the other. In the brief promenade the party made, while saluting the lady of the house, and finding a place to sit down in, it was observed that the poet tickled Miss Violet's uncovered elbow once or twice, and made some remark; thereby meaning or intending (as the attorneys say in a declaration in a slander suit), to convey the idea, that though a member of Congress had the lady immediately in charge, the lien of the said member upon her, or rather her lean upon him, was only for the nonce; and that he (the poet) had a word or two to say in the matter.

"How pleasing," said Miss Violet to Colonel Phocion, after they had been seated for some time,—"how pleasing is the simplicity of your republican institutions! No papal or feudal prescription or formality shackles the natural and naïve licentiousness of your social intercourse! And yet, alas! having always had the free exercise of unrestricted action and volition, growing out of the primitive habits of your glorious aborigines—

'When wild in woods the noble savage ran,'

you have not yet exercised your philanthropic energies so as to produce any vehement impression on the moral surface of mankind. Ah Phocion! what tyrant's blood has yet stained the dagger of an American matron? (My handkerchief if you please, dear Halfmoon.) Where are your white-robed maidens, walking in long and solemn processions, to hang their aureat wreaths upon the altar of almighty Nature?—And then your pharisaic Sabbath, and

all the imitations of feudal customs, such as discharging the ladies from the dinner-table, just at the moment when the esprit of sociality effervesces and the wine-cup circles in more genial rounds; and then your asking for taxes at ferries and toll gates in a free country,—these are evidences that all is not yet right, my Phocion!"

"Madam," said Phocion, flourishing a yard and a half square of American white cambric, "there is a deal of truth, and, as I may say, much astuteness, mingled with what, under correction, I may venture to call asperity in your sentiments. But allow me to call you to order; or rather, permit me to explain. There was an American matron once who *did* kill a tyrant, or rather, I mean to be meant as being understood to say, who meant to kill one.—When my lamented mother, and her eleven fatherless children, were detained captives and prisoners at Sing Sing by Lord Cornwallis, and immured in a loathsome dungeon, without any victuals to eat or drink, she took one day advantage of the sentinel's being drunk, rushed into the commodore's marquee, with her scissors, and dyed that humble instrument of domestic industry in the cruel tyrant's gore."

"Well, but dear Phocion," said Miss Lily, "I have *seen* Lord Cornwallis myself, in England. She didn't kill him, did she?"

"Not dead, ma'am," said Mr. Mansfield, "as I before intimated. But she wounded him badly in a dangerous place—in the knee, and was dragged to prison by his myrmidons; and was only released from certain death by the capture of General Burgoyne. But her heart was broken, and she died immediately afterward!"

"Well, but my dear Milton," said Miss Violet, "was you born, when your mother died in 1776? for then it was, I believe, America was fighting against Britannic tyranny and the tyrant Pitt?"

"It was—it was my grandmother, madam, begging pardon, of whom I wished to be understood as speaking," said

Phocion; "I was so much in the habit of seeing my revered mother and grandmother together, that I perpetually confound them in my reminiscences. It was my grandmother who slew—I mean, who meant to have slain the tyrant."

"Oh, my Mansfield!" said Miss Lily, squeezing the white glove of her escort, "I would cheerfully give my ten thousand five hundred and twenty-nine pounds sterling in the Mexican Refining Company, to have but seen that there heroic woman, your glorious grandmamma. Was she tall, and of a noble figure?"

What answer the member would have given I cannot tell, because the vivacity of the lady's declamation had gradually drawn around them a number of people, who, either from the privileges of a soirée, or on republican principles, seemed to think themselves entitled to the benefit of Miss Violet's inspirations. Casting her eyes upon them, unabashed (though the poet withdrew from behind her chair, and the member scratched his head which he hung down, as if solving a mathematical proposition), she thus addressed them: "Oh! my republican friends! is there any nobler character in all history than the heroic woman who has slain a tyrant?"

The parties addressed, excepting Spratt and M. Falconet, who happened to be among them (the former having Miss Phœbe Black under his arm), were rather startled at this unexpected appeal. It embarrasses the thread of my story to tell who all these parties were; yet it suits me to describe some of them. There was a Virginian by birth, who had lived most of his days abroad, had half forgotten his own language, and half learned half a dozen foreign ones,—was full of foreign affectations, and was yet a true Virginian after all. On his arm hung a little Washington belle, an afficée to all the high-life people of Washington for the last ten years; during which she had danced with chargés and attachés, and flirted and talked bad French with bearers of despatches, bookmaking travellers of all

nations, painters, sculptors, chevaliers d'industrie, and honest English blacklegs; and yet, notwithstanding the quantity of work she must have had to do, with all these kinds of people, she was still as sprightly and interesting as ever, and the Virginian appeared pointedly attentive to her. There was also a member of Congress from Tennessee, a genuine child of Esau, who had taken his sleep, when he could afford time for it, in tents and log-houses, and under cypress boughs; whose farm was his hunting-ground, and whose hunting-ground was the district he represented in Congress:—a raw-boned, manly, bold, blunt, sagacious, and withal superb-looking specimen of the hunter state of civilization. He had his arms akimbo, with no lady hanging on either. There was a Carolina gentleman of the old school, elaborately elegant, and a little too formally polite for the present day; with whom was a Carolinian of later years, who, like the former, was well taught and well bred, though not quite as well as he of the elder school. He had, however, the same constitutional gayety and irascibility, rebuked and excited alternately by the lazy and languid temperament of southern skies. And on the arm of this latter young gentleman hung another Washington belle, who had for fifteen years danced and talked bad French, with chargés, attachés, and other official characters, and occasionally with lions; to whom the Carolinian seemed to behave with ordinary politeness. All by herself, and without any arm to hang upon, stood another belle, who had been for twenty years talking, and flirting, and dancing, with all the attachés, affichés, employés, chargés, and stray male birds of passage at the capital. She was flirting her fan desperately, and talking to a gentleman who seemed shy of listening about the great ball given by General Tureau, the French minister at Washington, on Bonaparte's being made emperor. The individual talked to was a New-Hampshire manufacturer, who had seen too much of the world to undergo the infliction of the faded lady's re-

miniscences, if he could decently avoid it. And there was a Yorkshire clown, fresh from the cloth-market counter at Leeds, with a famous pair of calves in shining white silk stockings, attempting to show off the airs and graces of Almack's. Perhaps the most striking character present was a gentleman with monstrous black whiskers and mustaches, who represented himself as a Spaniard, commissioned by the Dictator of Paraguay as his minister to the United States, with a salary of twenty-five thousand dollars a year, which he said was thought a very economical allowance in his land of mines and millions. This statesman, however, at the moment, laboured under the double misfortune of not being recognised by the government, for want of proper credentials, and his bills upon Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, and elsewhere, being refused acceptance, for want of funds and credit.

The name and style of his card was—"Don Joachim Maria Pedro Ignacio Washington de Sidonia, Ministre Plenipotentiare et Ambassadeur Extraordinaire de sa Sérénité le Dictateur de Paraguai, pres des Etats Unis."

These persons, with sundry diplomats, marine officers, New-York and Philadelphia belles, and members of congress, crowded round Miss Violet, and were alike startled with the vivacity and vehemence of the manner in which she apostrophized them. The force of it was felt most emphatically by a little French member of the *corps diplomatique*, who was near the fair querist; for, accompanying her eloquence with Demosthenian gesticulation, Miss Violet not only brushed his profile in a manner which made the sparks come *out of his eyes*, but knocked the snuff-box out of his hand, and scattered its contents on the carpet. Picking it up, he bowed, with an air a little ruffled, as he said, "Mais oui—Madame Judith etait une femme superbe, sans doute, et puis Charlotte Corday,—elles ont bien leur mérite; —mais, diable! ou sont donc les tyrans aujourd'hui?"

The elder Carolinian, with a smile, half polite and half

sarcastic, observed, "Undoubtedly, madam; many ladies have shown honourable intrepidity. Margaret Nicholson must have been a most interesting woman."

"Si, señora," said Don Pedro, "to kill the teeranos is one noble action. Our immortal dictator kill some most every week."

"Gracious heavens," said Miss Violet, "of what dictator do you speak?"

"Of my augoost maestro, señora, the Doctor Francia, of which I hold the honour for to be his mineester, with full powers, near these United Estates."

"Shades of Timoleon, Brutus, and Cromwell!" exclaimed the lady, who, starting up with an effect which electrified the circle, and made it expand like one in the water, "which seeketh to enlarge itself," flung her arms round the Señor Don Joachim Maria, &c. and gave him a hug which would have killed six exquisites. The don, however, nowise disconcerted, seemed to relish the exercise, and gave her a cordial reciprocal hug, no less to the scandal of the ladies than the amusement of the gentlemen. Colonel Phocion arose in apparent vexation, and the poet tried to cram not only the Cologne bottle, fan, and pocket handkerchief, but the album also into the reticule. But, at length, letting the don loose, Miss Violet retired a few paces, and supporting her form (alas! not too delicate) on the edge of a reading table, clasped her hands on the top of her head, in the manner of Talma in the Œdipe, and stood for a moment as if rapt, and preparing to improvise some splendid flight of imagination and passion. It was but for a moment, for she was heavy, and the table was slight: and the result was, according to the laws of gravitation, that both she and it went down plump together; and down with them went a quantity of glasses of half-eaten ice-creams and half-swallowed lemonades, the splash of which spread wide, not only over the lady, but over all in her neighhourhood. No small confusion, and great and indifferently disguised mer-

riment succeeded. The noise of the violins, and the cry of "Gentlemen, take your partners for a cotillion," prevented a continuance of the scene; the suffering individuals hastily removing the spattered refreshments from their garments as well as they were able. Colonel Phocion and M. Falconet both assiduously struggled to raise Miss Violet, and both claimed the honour of her hand, in virtue of a previous engagement. She said that she had promised Mr. Mansfield first, but feared that after so much excitement, she would be unable to bear the fatigue of a quadrille. As the colonel was leading her out, Miss Black, who sat in a corner, glowing with shame and confusion, said to her attendant Mr. Spratt, "Do assist me to get my aunt of one side, to put her a little in order. What a figure she is!" Mr. Spratt replied, rather ungallantly I must confess, "Oh, never mind; she'll get into some other scrape directly. Halfmoon has got her things; let him do it."

Miss Violet had her own theory about the poetry of motion. She considered it, as she informed Colonel Phocion, "a salubrious as well as a sentimental branch of gymnastics." She thought that all the muscles should be brought into play, and the different passions expressed likewise in the attitudinization, according to the character of the music. The colonel, who was certainly no Vestris, nor even a dancing faun, had therefore a great deal to undergo in playing second to her fantasies, flings, and gyrations. As the music commenced, and she was bowing low as her girdle, she threw up her arms in such an ecstacy, that, as he was regaining his upright position, one of her elbows came into his left eye with an emphasis which occasioned a copious secretion of tears. But he had the consolation which misery loves, in perceiving that with the other elbow she had knocked a coffee-cup out of a young lady's hand, into the lap of an old one in a white satin gown. The music being lively, she was dashing and active. She took hold of Phocion's hands honestly, and whirled him round with a

velocity which made him giddy. In chasséing out of all lawful bounds, she kicked the shins of a gouty navy commissioner; and, in an indescribable whirl, overset two little attachés before they could get out of her eccentric orbit. "What a *splurge*" (said a Kentucky representative, in one of the favourite and most expressive words of Western invention), "what a splurge she makes." Well might he say so, for the whole house shook to its foundation; crockery and panes of glass rattled; and the host went out, in great uneasiness of mind, to examine a suspicious crack in the wall, and ascertain if its dimensions were beginning to amplify. But, as the measure changed to a more Lydian and less Bacchanalian strain, her whole expression of countenance and attitude altered to that of languishing and interesting repose. She threw up her head with an appealing melancholy, like Niobe; then assumed an air of voluptuous majesty, and glided along with the queenly grace of Semiramis; then darting forward with "the arrowy rush" of Ronzi Vestris, she came plump against a tall black waiter, who was bringing refreshments through the door—refreshments, alas! destined never to be tasted. The earth, or rather the floor, drank their contents; and the tall blackamoor, in his fall down stairs, knocked over a fat German count, who fell upon a lean Ohio lawyer, who overset a French fiddler; and they all came down, at the bottom of the stairs, upon the venerable household dog, who set up a yell of pain and consternation.

It cannot be doubted that Colonel Mansfield was much relieved when he was discharged from further duty in this cotillion, and at liberty to sit down by the side of his interesting partner. When they had both taken a little breath, Miss Lily declared that she was perfectly exhausted by her exertions. Her gallant attendant asked what refreshment he should have the honour of presenting to her. "Shall I offer you," said he, "some of the golden products of exuberant tropical vegetation, where Phœbus—"

"I don't like sour oranges," said Miss Lilly. "Can't you get me some slices of Virginia ham, with plenty of mustard? That's perfect ambrosia."

"Why," said her beau, "do you really prefer the flesh of that Moses-forbidden animal, to the golden products of tropical vegetation—where the solar beams—"

"Oh! Moses was a gentleman of considerable ingenuity, and an author of great—I will not say unmerited—reputation," said Miss Lily; "I will give you my opinion of his works, and of the philosophy of his jurisprudence, dear Phocion, in full, hereafter. But you may bring me some of the ham, at present, if you please, with some pickled and stewed oysters. And don't," she added, with a deep and solemn earnestness, "don't forget the mustard. And bring some porter too. I really require some renovation of the flagging powers, that are now collapsing from physical exhaustion."

When the member returned, after an inquest of some minutes, loaded with the delicacies thus demanded, he found some difficulty in making his way through a close circle around the lady, to whom she was reading passages from an historical tragedy in blank verse, from one of the manuscript volumes carried by the poet, entitled "THE DEATH OF HOLOFERNES." She was reading with a loud voice a most enthusiastic passage, when she perceived her swain struggling to approach her with the supplies; upon which, laying Holofernes in her lap, she promised to resume when she should be sufficiently reinvigorated, and proceeded to "take the goods the gods provided."

In short, for I must be short, Miss Violet ate and drank, and recited and flirted, after her fashion, with the poet, making him tie her shoes, and fasten her bracelets, and put up her curls; and asked the price of lands in the western country of Mr. Mansfield, and whether the soil was favourable to the culture of dates and olives, and how a colony of Greeks would do there, and whether the Mahometan

religion was tolerated, and if he could recommend the Ohio canal loan as a safe investment, and whether there was a theatre at Louisville, and whether a Sunday opera, with good dancing, would not prove a profitable speculation at Columbus, &c. &c. until everybody went away, and this interesting couple among the rest; Phocion being decidedly over head and ears in love with his magnificent companion, or her presumed pecuniary appurtenances, or both. Mr. Spratt having ceremoniously handed Miss Black into her aunt's carriage, declined accompanying them, and marched home on foot in a meditative mood.

Days passed on, in which no incident occurred which I have room to describe. Don Pedro de Sidonia became a constant visiter of Miss Lily, and apparently an acceptable one. Colonel Phocion also paid great attention to him, and predicted that he would soon be recognised as the greatest diplomatist of the age. Halfmoon having nothing else to do, of course had many opportunities of paying his attentions to the lady, and made a fair copy of Holofernes for her, having permission to make such alterations as his taste might suggest. Having a taste for the horrible, he proposed to amend the catastrophe, by cutting the tyrant's head off upon the stage, which led to a slight difference of opinion; as the fair authoress admired the French school, and shrunk from the open display of such horrors as sound well in full-mouthed recitation.

How, when, or where a definite understanding took place between the Honourable Colonel Mansfield and Miss Violet Lily, I cannot positively say, as such matters are generally arranged in a tête-à-tête. But the date may probably be referred to a day, the events of which I shall partially record. Each of the parties thought the match an advantageous one, from the representations of the other. Miss Lily inferred, from some remarks let drop by her admirer, that he had farms on the Ohio, was an influential personage, politically speaking, and owned a principality of a million of

acres in the Mexican province of Texas. Mr. Mansfield drew conclusions from his adorable's discourse, that she had a great fortune invested in the different stocks in Europe, Asia, and America, and had also a wallet full of bills of exchange, to a comfortable amount, for her travelling expenses.

One morning, escorted by him, the poet, his excellency from Paraguay, and M. Falconet, she proceeded to the capitol, and seated herself in the gallery, to hear a debate on graduating and paving Tennessee Avenue, on which Mr. Mansfield was determined to take the floor. He had prepared himself elaborately for the subject by reading half a volume of the Congressional Register, overhauling three of the shelves of the library, and obtaining several memoranda from the clerk's office. He had resolved to make a six hours' speech; and actually did harangue nearly that quantity of time. When the first opportunity offered, he startled the house by the abruptness with which he rose; and, having thrown himself into what he considered a dignified attitude, he launched at once into a full tide of tremendous declamation. He meant, he said, to consider the subject in a constitutional light, and according to the sound principles of constitutional construction. He gave a history of the origin and adoption of the constitution, and of its amendments, with obituary notices of all its framers and signers, and complimentary eulogies on the survivors. He then stated some of its provisions; that the president and vice-president were elected for four years, with the reason thereof; that the senators were elected for six years, with the probable reason thereof; and that members of the House of Representatives were elected for only two years, with the possible reason thereof. The right of Congress to pave the Tennessee Avenue in the city of Washington, in which, he said, it being a western state, and he being a western man, his constituents were particularly interested, resulted not from any power vested in Congress over the

district of Columbia, as he should demonstrate in full; nor yet from Washington being the seat of government. These points he handled in an elaborate argument of an hour and a half; by which time no members remained in their seats, except a few who were writing letters, a few who had dined early and were taking a nap; and four new and conscientious representatives, recently arrived, who had pledged themselves to attend punctually to business, and felt obliged to seem to listen.

The orator then went on to prove, that the right of Congress to pave Tennessee Avenue did not arise from that of establishing post-offices and post-roads. On this head he spoke for an hour, when one of the four conscientious members, who was terribly hungry and thirsty, with such of the letter-writing and newspaper-reading members as had finished their business, and such of the early diners as had waked up, had severally withdrawn.

Mr. Mansfield then proceeded to argue, that the right of Congress to pave Tennessee Avenue did not arise from the constitutional power vested in them to regulate commerce between the several states; though this was a road between Maryland and Virginia. He then apostrophized the genius of liberty, who, he said, had been nursed at the breast of commerce. And then he apostrophized the angel of commerce, who, he said, was the mother of navigation, the daughter of trade, the grand-daughter of industry, the niece of manufactures, the cousin of science, and the grandmother of the revenue of the United States. As he was entering upon a history of the national debt, and a detail of the sources of revenue, with a bird's eye view of the tariff question, two others of the conscientious members, with a majority of the writers, readers, and sleepers decamped.

He made his peroration in a blaze of eloquence, statistics, and poetry; quoted Pope's Homer, Seybert's Statistics, the Pleasures of Hope, Morse's Geography, Hail Columbia, and M'Culloch on Interest; and wound up with a grand

simile, of the American Eagle "roosting on Chimborazo, with one wing shading the naked negro of St. Domingo, and with the other shielding from the boreal blast the shivering savage of Michigan and the Northwest Territory."

He paused, and looked around him. The lamps were burning with a dim and melancholy light. There was a beggarly account of empty chairs. A few members had dropped in after dinner, to see what was to be done next. The chairman was rubbing his eyes, hearing no longer the music of the orator's cadences, which at several times had lulled his senses into forgetfulness. The gallery was empty, except that two figures still remained, in a devout attitude of attention. One was Miss Lily, the other the poor poet, who, more constant than her other attendants, had never quitted her side, though he was half-starved and half-asleep, and half-crazy with love and jealousy. The lady had with her a well-stuffed wicker reticule, to which she had occasionally resorted. It undoubtedly contained a bottle of Cologne, and might have contained some other kind of refreshment, though I venture no opinion as to what it was.

As the accomplished performer of the six hours' speech was crossing the rotunda, with an air of abstraction, gravity, and somewhat repulsive importance, Miss Lily suddenly sprang before him, and clasped him in her arms. It was with no small difficulty that he supported her momentum. She sobbed in a violent paroxysm, which seemed to be the consequence of high-wrought and long-suppressed feeling. Mr. Mansfield staggered, as her spasms increased, while the echoes of the rotunda repeated and re-repeated her singults and sighs, and the sonorous salutes which she bestowed on the countenance of the defender of sound constitutional principles. Halfmoon, seeing that he was *de trop*, and that there was no further occasion for his services, went home, in the hope of getting something to eat, and left the high-contracting parties to their own reflections. But, as he

retired, he cast such a look at the couple as old Satan did at Adam and Eve, when the former pressed the "matron lip" of the latter "with kisses pure."

They returned to Miss Violet's lodgings in a hack, and entered Mrs. Cricket's mansion with an air which indicated that some interesting negotiation had been brought to a successful conclusion. I pass over what I could easily describe (for I have been in similar situations myself),—the probable particulars of the conference which had taken place. As they entered the parlour, with great rapidity (as Miss Lily complained that she was terribly hungry), their progress was arrested by an unexpected apparition. Miss Phœbe Black was seen reclining her head on Mr. Spratt's shoulder, and sobbing bitterly; while Spratt, as he sustained her comfortable looking person, had a sentimental expression, which was quite out of his usual line.

Miss Violet put herself into an attitude of astonishment, which was not affected; and, after a pause, during which Phœbe had time enough to wipe her eyes, and regain some composure, exclaimed, "Miss Black, what's the meaning of this here? What's the matter with you?"—Hereupon Mr. Spratt, Phœbe being silent, took her by the hand, and led her to the opposite door, saying "Ma'am, she has good enough reason for crying, as you ought to know." And, having thus discharged Miss Black, he blew his nose, took a resolute pinch of snuff, adjusted his wig, and marched sternly past Miss Lily and Mr. Mansfield.

A late dinner was now announced, and the enamoured pair, together with Halfmoon, made such a meal as might have been expected, after so long a period of abstinence. The poet sat mumchance, looking as black as Erebus, and seemed trying to force down his vexation, by swallowing exorbitant mouthfuls of provision. Miss Lily and Mr. Mansfield cast sheep's-eyes at each other, and ate up a whole leg of mutton between them. When the poet retired, they were left to enjoy a delicious interview, upon which

I shall not intrude; but I believe they talked about business matters, as well as those of sentiment.

The next morning at breakfast, the table being full, after Miss Lily had swallowed her fifth cup of coffee, with a few pounds of fried liver, half a dozen boiled eggs, and a plate of toast, Mr. Mansfield entered abruptly, and withal rather sheepishly; and went up to Miss Violet, who extended her left hand to him (wiping her mouth with the right), which he seized and kissed, with a priggish and self-satisfied air. He then got a little stool, which was standing innocently by the side of the fireplace, and sat himself behind the lady, looking lack-a-daisical and sentimental, and with an expression of conscious triumph. He was dressed in a blue coat, and a pair of white kerseymere breeches, with flesh-coloured silk stockings and a white waistcoat; and held in his hand a bouquet of green-house flowers, consisting of a piece of an orange tree, with a big green orange tied fast to it, a myrtle, an artificial rose, and a bit of geranium. Having composed his person, or rather discomposed it, into an awkward attitude, he gave her this combination of the works of nature and art, saying, "Thus, sweet Violet, I present to you, in humble prostration, the emblems of victory and love."

"Ah!" exclaimed M. Falconet, "voila Mirabeau aux pieds de Madame de Stael! It is Socrate at the feets of Madame Aspasie. It is so like what I use see in Paris, where the sçavans srow themselves to the feets of the ugly women of genius. Voila le triumphe de l'amour! Vive l'esprit! I go srow myself on the tozzer side of behind her, diable!" Whereupon, with a coffee cup in the left hand, and a plate containing a salad of potatoes and a round of hot toast stuck on a fork in the right, he went round the table and accommodated himself with another stool by Miss Lily's side, singing, with his mouth tolerably full,

"O dieu d'amour,
Je t'implore," &c.

Mr. Jenks exclaimed, between the suffocation of two morsels of sausage, "what a queer nosegay!"

The poet, who looked gloomily, and what is vernacularly called grum, said snappishly, "The laurel is the emblem of victory, the myrtle belongs to Venus, and Bucchus's is the vine. The olive has been decided to be the best thing to make Grecian wreaths of victory out of, by the Greek ladies who gave a premium. But I never heard of such things as them belonging to none of the gods and goddesses. If I was to make up a bunch to express my passion, I would make it such as I have described, in an occasional poem;

Deeper than is the moonlit ocean's flood,
Sacred as freedom dyed in tyrant's blood,
Sharper than is the ravening tiger's tooth,
Constant as is the eternal flash of truth,
And fitful as the fervid pulse of youth."

On which M. Falconet, getting up suddenly, asked, "Mais, diable! what bouquet did you make him, after all?" And seizing Miss Violet's disengaged hand (Colonel Phocion having the other), he exclaimed, in an impassioned manner, "What sort of bouquet shall *I* make for to exprime *my* passion?"

Mr. Spratt looked on the whole of this ceremonial with an air of profound and hearty contempt, and having finished his beef-steak, observed, in a peremptory manner, "All such nonsense has been exploded long ago. Can't people eat their breakfasts without being plagued with such actor-folks? For shame, Mr. Mansfield!"

Miss Violet rolled up her eyes to heaven, and releasing her hands from the grasp of her admirers, folded them on her breast, as Mrs. Siddons, or some other great actress, is represented in some picture, that has or has not been

painted. She was meditating a speech, and made it, as follows:

"Circumstances have placed me in a condition beyond my own control. Destiny, and the necessary concatenation of cause and effect, pre-existing to my own volitions and sensations, have put me in a position, imperiously demanding an explication of the moral attitude in which I am *posée*. True it is, that the sentimentalities and gallantries of youthful passion are but the playful ebullitions of constitutional fervour, which the maturer considerations of sound philosophy control. This nosegay, however, I accept from a hand which destiny has decided shall be eternally united to mine. But when I say eternally, I beg not to be understood in the vulgar acceptation of the term, nor as allowing the existence of any eternity, past, present, or future; nor still less as assenting to the superstition of the indissoluble perpetuity of the matrimonial league or connubial covenant. But a similarity of pursuits and taste and genius, I confess with a maiden's blush, which I would not make if I could help it" (and which nobody saw), "has united me with this illustrious representative of the people."

Here, having risen in the warmth of her declamation, she laid her hand on Spratt's shoulder, who started up as if something had bitten him, saying, "No!—how?—what?—not me? I beg your pardon, ma'am; here is some mistake."

While Miss Violet paused in her oratory, a terrier dog took occasion to sit in her chair, and peruse her countenance, She continued, with one of her curls hanging over her left eye, as follows:

"No, citizen Spratt! It is this illustrious man, from the banks of Muckrinkskunksky, who has triumphed over my virgin heart, and won my plighted faith. I yield my hand to one of nature's nobles, a plain but sublime republican. This contract made before high heaven—stand up, Phocion—I consider as binding as if ratified by pope or cardinal,

patriarch, or rabbi, or hireling Protestant priest. And here I declare before the totality of existence, and the rest of creation, that I take this man to be my lawful husband —that is to say, during the continuance of the contract."

Phocion had risen, and was obviously startled by the rapidity and energy of the lady's proceedings. He muttered something about the necessity of complying with the customs of society, and the lady's doing him too much honour: she holding his hand, however, all the while, and he playing with a great gilt watch chain, and a flat mahogany coloured seal as big as a platter.

The Frenchman, with a shrug, sat down to finish his breakfast. Spratt said nothing, and the others were lost in astonishment. But the poet, after tumbling over a tea-kettle, throwing down a high-backed chair with a child in it, and treading on the cat's tail, came round to where Phocion was standing, in his way to the door, and said, "Sir, you shall hear from me." Thus having spoken, he departed; Spratt remarking, "If he does, he'll have to pay the postage."

Not to be too prolix, it appears, that after breakfast, Miss Black, by Mr. Spratt's invitation, took a walk to see a collection of pictures, or of wild beasts, I declare I do not know which. I suppose they were gone about two hours; but when they returned, Miss Phœbe found that her aunt had gone off with her baggage, under the protection of the Honourable Mr. Mansfield, and departed for New-York. Of this fact she was apprized by Mrs. Cricket, and by the following letter.

"Dear Niece,

"I am gone to the North, having married Mr. Mansfield, who goes along with me. As it would not be convenient to take you along, and I have inculcated upon you the natural independence of woman, you must take care of yourself. I have paid the bills, and leave you ten dollars

enclosed, with which you will defray your expenses until you hear from me. Be prudent in your disbursements, and in case you meet with any embarrassment, read my work 'on the Principles of mental and moral Identity,' in connexion with my didactic Epicurean romance, which you have with you. In case you want to write to me soon, direct to New-York, to the care of Mr. Grant Thorburn, agriculturist; who, though not personally known to me, is, I understand, a personal friend of the whole human race. Adieu, dear Phœbe. Tender ties for a time distract me from you, but when we are settled on the banks of the Muckrinkskunksky, it will give us pleasure to see you occasionally at our social board.

"VIOLET LILY MANSFIELD."

The next morning, the following paragraph appeared in the National Intelligencer.

"MARRIED, yesterday, at the hotel of his Excellency the Minister Plenipotentiary of Paraguay, by the Rev. ———, the Hon. Phocion Milton Mansfield, of the House of Representatives, to Miss Violet Lily, the lovely author of 'The Castle of Epicurus,' 'Hicks's Hall,' and various other popular romantic and metaphysical works."

No one in Washington knew where the hotel of his excellency was: but, with the usual courtesy shown by the people of that city to all titular dignitaries, they were as willing to believe that the room occupied by Señor Pedro de Sidonia, over the barber's in X. street, was the quarters of a plenipotentiary, as Don Quixote was to take the fat landlord's inn for a castle.

Here then we drop the curtain over the first act of this drama, and imagine that the next commences in the great commercial metropolis.

In an elegantly furnished private apartment in the City

Hotel, was assembled one morning a party, consisting of a lady and three gentlemen. The lady was Mrs. Mansfield, late the lovely Miss Violet Lily, author of many popular works, &c. One of the gentlemen, sitting by her side on the sofa, was her simple and sublime republican husband. The other two were his Excellency from Paraguay, and M. Angelo Falconet. The former gentleman had travelled with the delighted and delightful pair from Washington, wishing to see the country, and to give them the benefit of his diplomatic countenance and agreeable society. Mr. Mansfield had been induced to make what he considered a good investment of his own pay, and some of his wife's loose change, by purchasing of his excellency for $600, a bill for $1000, drawn, or purporting to be drawn, by Doctor Francia, on a meritorious banking institution, chartered by the State of New-Jersey, and planted on the banks of the Hudson, to supply the demand of New-York for neat, new, and prettily engraved paper-money. The same hotel was of course the head-quarters of the Paraguay mission. M. Falconet had arrived on business but an hour or two before, and called immediately to offer his congratulations.

"Ah!" said he, "mais quel bonheur de vous trouver ici belle Violette. You look superbe—femme vraiment superbe! Quel embonpoint! Vivent l'amour et la philosophie! Be pleased to agréer my congratulations on your weddings. I most go make you some leetel, what you call presents. I most what you call chucks some homage to your feets. Let me see. I make you one leetel colossal statue, with Philosophie, who take lesson from Cupidon. Ha! ha! c'est une belle conception."

"Will you?" said Mrs. Mansfield; "that will be sublime. But it will take you some years."

"No! no! belle Violette; I make him in some plaster, in six days, maybe!"

Here a waiter looked in, and told Phocion that some gentlemen wanted to see him, down stairs.

"Such compliments from the hand of genius," said the lady, "are grateful to the heart of sensibility. I must show you a magnificent *cadeau* which I have received from this our distinguished republican friend, the illustrious ambassador from Paraguay. I selected these, at his request, from ever such a sight fetched here by the jeweller's man, yesterday."

It may seem strange, that Mrs. Mansfield, who talked so sublimely on many occasions, should interlard her conversation with common-place vulgarisms. But it is plain, from every day's observation, that no scrambling for miscellaneous knowledge and hard words in subsequent life, will extirpate the habits of speech contracted in childhood and youth.

She exhibited to the polite sculptor a box, containing some diamond earrings, a ruby breastpin, and some pearl ornaments for the hair, which he admired with a thousand exclamations, and praised the liberality of the munificent and splendid diplomatist to the skies.

"Ah," said he, "they shall not say, no more, at Washingtons, that his excellence did not pay his leetel bills to his tailleur and cordonnier, nor his rentes to the barbier, my God!"

"Madre de Dios!" said his excellency, "todos los embusteros seram ahorcados."

"Yes," said the lady, "it has ever been the case that greatness is attended by calumny.

'Still envy follows merit as its shade.'

The Swan of Avon truly and sweetly says,

'How sharper than a wiper's tooth it is
To have a good for nothing pack about us!'

I fear that even my exalted Phocion will not escape the shafts of malice, and the persecutions of the ungrateful."

Here they heard the noise of many people, coming up stairs in loud and angry conversation, and above all, the voice of the exalted Phocion, exclaiming, "That cock won't fight. I'm a limb of the law myself, and you can't come over me with that old case in your twenty-first Johnson. Do it at your peril. I'll have you all taken up by the marshal of the district. Do you think I don't know what privilege is? Do you think I'm a member of Congress for nothing?"

Here the door opened, and Mr. Mansfield entered, red with wrath, followed by two strangers; behind whom slowly came the discarded Halfmoon, looking queerer than usual.

"Now," said the member, "do what you dare."

"Oh! as to daring, mister," said one of the strangers, a rusty-looking, lean young man, terribly pockmarked, and with a hare-lip; "I don't want to show no disrespect, you know; but I know what the law is, and this here thing must be settled, you see, or the sheriff must take good bail at his own risk, you see."

"He'll run the risk of being carried neck and heels to Washington, to ask pardon of Congress on his bare knees, if he does it," said Phocion.

The other stranger, who was a gentlemanly, good-looking man, said, "Really, this is wasting time to no purpose. I have a great deal of other business to attend to. This is an awkward affair, madam, which I hope can be easily arranged; but this gentleman, your husband, has got into a violent passion, for which I am sorry. I am instructed to serve a writ upon you, and want bail, which I suppose you can easily get, for three thousand dollars."

Here Phocion again broke in, saying, "I tell you it a'nt law nowheres."

"I guess I know what's lor, as well as you do, mister," said the hare-lipped attorney. "I've heerd the recorder decide it so, fifty times over. I don't want to be teached

lor, by a lawyer out of the wild woods neither, where they don't know a soopæny from a si nul."

"What *is* the meaning of all this?" said the lady. "And are there writs, and all the detestable chicanery of English law in this free Roman country! And how can I, a matron female, be held to bail? Oh Cobbett and codification! Why there's no such law even in feudal England."

"Nor here neither," said Phocion. "I'll call the servants to send for the police, to take you all up. Get out of the room, you shabby lot of rascals, ragamuffins, and impostors!"

"Rascals and impostors is actionable;" said the attorney. "Jist try and call the servants, mister. Maybe you want the posse comitatus. Do you know what that is in the woods?"

"Madam," said the officer, "I will explain it to you, if you will be calm. That gentleman" (pointing to the poet) "has brought an action against you for a breach of promise of marriage; and there is an order to hold you to bail for three thousand dollars. I can only do my duty, and serve the writ. If any thing is wrong, you must advise with your counsel as to the remed ."

Halfmoon had gradually advanced to within a few yards of where Mrs. Mansfield sat. Suddenly starting up, she seized him by the collar, and shaking him in no gentle manner, exclaimed, "What! you contemptible, jingling, poor, beggarly, rhyming, rigmaroling, ragged, blear-eyed puppy! marry you? what put that into your crazy brains?" And here she gave him four or five hearty cuffs on both sides of his head, which rang through the house. Then suddenly she "changed her hand, and checked her pride;" and letting go the buffeted bard, said, in more gentle accents, "So, sir, all your protestations of love have come to this! This is your generosity as a republican man, and your sympathy as a votary of literature! Begone, and never, never let me see your face again!" and she collapsed on the sofa.

"If that there an't a good assault and battery, I don't know;" said the attorney. "I wish I had a sealed common-plea writ in my pocket. My brother, missus, will be gone when he gets his damages, or bail; or we'll take you off to jail, in plaguy short metre, now I tell you."

"Dearest Phocion," said Mrs. Mansfield, "where is my Cologne!" M. Falconet flew to the mantel-piece, and brought a bottle from thence, some of which the lady emptied into a tumbler, and helping herself to some water, gulped it down.

The deputy sheriff, in the meantime, who had more sense, and, as I said before, more good breeding than any other party present, had drawn the excited and wrathful Mr. Mansfield into a corner, and held communion with him, which lasted for some minutes. The latter was overheard talking about the privileges of a member of Congress, and of those residing in an ambassador's hotel; but at length he seemed to cede the point in discussion, and turned doggedly towards the company. The officer requested the two brothers to be seated. The attorney leaned his chair back, at the usual angle of negligence, hoisted one foot on the front bar, and stretched the other leg over it, until *that* foot was parallel with his face. The poet sat leaning on a table, forming an illustration of the gap between anger and despair, in Collins's Ode to the Passions.

"Perhaps, gentlemen," said the officer, "there may be a compromise of this ugly matter, which will save the feelings of both parties."

"Well," said the attorney, "Mr. Mansfield can plank five thousand dollars, half what I laid my damages at, and pay the costs."

"Five thousand sea serpents!" said Phocion. "You never saw as much as a quarter of it, in all your life."

"A quarter," said the poet, musing, and puzzling his brains with dividing five thousand by four, "that's thir-

teen hundred and seventy-five dollars; I'll be generous, and take it."

"With costs and counsel fee," said the attorney. "There's a fair offer, and the last you'll get now, I tell you."

"Mais, diable!" said M. Falconet, "c'est trop, c'est enorme."

"Oh! that's all stuff," said Mr. Mansfield; "to get rid of you, I'll give you twenty dollars, and you may go to the devil."

"Eternal powers!" exclaimed the poet—"twenty dollars! as the price of blighted hope and crushed affection—a youth of misery, and a death of despair! I scorn the base compromise with feeling. I will take three hundred and fifty, and not a cent less."

A deal of curious haggling ensued, which it would be unpleasant and unprofitable to repeat in detail. The upshot was, that Warren Hancock Halfmoon agreed to accept eighty-three dollars and seventy-nine cents, from Mr. and Mrs. Mansfield, in full satisfaction for damages, costs, and certain expenses for hack-hire, to which, he said, the lady had put him in Washington. The attorney counted the money, some of which he abstracted, and the poet put the rest of the bills in his trowsers' pocket, carefully depositing the change in that of his waistcoat. The attorney and the officer then withdrew; but the poet tarried on the threshold, as if loath to depart, and cast one longing, lingering look behind. Suddenly turning round, he advanced to Mrs. Mansfield, and said, "After all that has passed between us, I cannot bear to part in resentment."

"No," said Phocion, who was writing, "you must not go until you have signed this receipt in full."

"I will," said Halfmoon; "and I give too a receipt in full for all the torments this bleeding heart sustains. O Violet! fair and cruel! that we had never met, or never parted thus! But while I present my fortunate rival with a receipt

in full, when I might have recovered ten thousand dollars in damages, allow me to accompany it with a small poetical effusion of the heart." So saying, and having signed the receipt, he presented to the lady two soiled pieces of rumpled paper; in doing which he ventured to take her hand, which he bowed to kiss, but did not; because she gave him a decided whack with the other, which sent him reeling to the door, saying, "Get out, you crazy fool—you've got your eighty dollars, and may be off!"

Halfmoon did go off, after a few wry faces, and left the gentlefolks to enjoy their elegant conversation without being molested. The receipt and poetry were read, the first of which ran thus:

"New-York, Feb. 19th, 18—.

"Received from the Honourable Colonel Phocion Milton Mansfield, eighty-three dollars and seventy-nine cents, lawful money of the United States of America; the same being in full satisfaction, acquittal, and discharge of the said Hon. Colonel Phocion Milton Mansfield, and of Violet his wife, of and from all and all manner of claims and demands, actions, and causes of action whatsoever, which I, or my heirs, executors, administrators or assigns, now have or may have at the date hereof, against the said Honourable Colonel Mansfield and Violet his said wife, or any or either of them, for or by reason of any act, deed, promise, contract, tort, damage, slander, assault and battery, trespass, covenant, replevin, or breach of the peace, heretofore done, accruing, or accrued."

Such was the composition to which the poet affixed his signature. As a *pendant*, I add the following effervescence of his own brains.

TO VIOLET.

North Carolina's vaunted gold,
  Nor all the gems of Samarcand
Can love requite, unbought, unsold,
  Too pure, too deep, to understand.
And when that love, the Fates' decree,
  (If Fates there are who rule our lives),
Has crossed, as it has you and me,
  Despair, despair, alone survives.

And, as an eagle on the height
  Of Chimborazo, by the levin
Is scorched, and wheels his faltering flight
  Down to the ocean's depths, from heaven;
So I, from high prognostic bliss,
  In fall precipitate am hurled;
And for the vision-quaf-fed kiss,
  See but the dreary ethnic world.

My heart is proud, and will not break,
  Though Titan's vultures gnaw my liver;
Yet shall that heart for ever ache,
  And thine with sympathy shall shiver.
Then say not I can be consoled,
  An exile on life's moral strand,
By all North Carolina's gold,
  Or jewelry of Samarcand!

To save my own character on the score of legal information, I must say that I was at a loss to know how Half-moon the attorney obtained an order to hold Mrs. Mansfield to bail, until I learned some time since that he was in the habit of scratching out and interlining old orders, a practice which led to the necessity of his disappearing one day to seek his fortune elsewhere.

That evening the whole party went to the play, and having secured places, sat in one of the most conspicuous front seats of the side boxes. I believe the performance was Tom and Jerry, with Catharine and Petruchio for the afterpiece, but have not room enough for detail. A re-

spectable looking man, in an adjoining box, cast many scrutinizing glances at Mr. Mansfield, and whispered to a person who sat next him, who fixed his gaze in the same direction. Mrs. Lily, who was on the look-out for admiration, and was both dressed and undressed to an anomalous degree, could not help observing that her husband, and not she, was the subject of observation. The constant and peremptory stare of an unwashed loon in the pit, she ascribed to her own attractions. Indeed, there were opera-glasses enough pointed at her to gratify the most insatiate vanity; and during the interval between the entertainments, two lion-hunters,—a great naturalist, and a great man in the abstract,—came into the box and introduced themselves to the minister of Doctor Francia, tendering him their services in the city, and he introduced them to his party. From one of these gentlemen they received an invitation to a lecture next day, to be delivered at the opening of a National Institute, established that year and since defunct. On the whole, they returned highly pleased with the manner in which they had passed the evening. Alas! as Pilpay, the eastern sage, has most truly remarked, "What is human bliss? It is like an apple cart with two wheels, extremely liable to be upset."

The next morning, after a late breakfast, at which Señor Pedro de Sidonia did not make his appearance, sending word that he had a severe head-ache, Mr. Mansfield went to the United States Bank, with credentials from his wife, to transfer some stock standing there in her name as guardian of Miss Phœbe Black to his own. As he entered the banking room, he was struck with the appearance of a figure standing by the counter, resembling strongly that of one familiar to his sight. As the person turned round he was no longer in doubt, though somewhat in amazement.

"Why, Mr. Spratt," he said, "what brought you here?"

"Oh! just to transfer eighty shares of stock, belonging to my wife," said Spratt, rather dryly.

"Your wife! why, are you married?"

"Yes. I see by the papers you are too."

"Who did you marry?"

"Oh! a young woman in Washington," said Spratt, wiping his spectacles, and putting them in his pocket. "Good morning, sir." And so saying, he walked out of the bank without further ceremony.

Phocion addressed himself to the clerk, with whom the other member had just been transacting business, and stated what he wanted to do, and what vouchers he had to authorize him to do it. The clerk informed him that the gentleman who had just gone out had already done precisely the same thing, having produced abundant testimonials that he was the husband of Miss Phœbe Black, who was of full age, with all the papers and certificates necessary.

Mr. Mansfield returned to his lodgings, out of humour with the world in general, and with Mr. Spratt, himself, and his wife in particular. He found that a precious cantle was thus cut out of the round whole of his anticipated wealth. He knew that he should soon want ready money, and though he had promised not to present Dr. Francia's draft for acceptance in two weeks to come, began to think of doing so immediately, in order to turn it into cash. He also resolved to make his wife give him the warrants of her Guatamala stock, and see what he could do with some of them in the market. He did not find her in the parlour on his return, and sitting down in a crusty mood, took up a newspaper. Glancing his eyes in a wandering way over the columns, they were attracted by the following extract from an English journal:

"Among the other bubbles which burst in the city yesterday, was that most transparent one of all, the Royal and Imperial Guatamala Refining Company. Mr. Twiss has hopped the twig, and it is supposed has gone to see Brother

Jonathan, and dispense his political economy to the 'tarnation Yankees. The stockholders in this concern are personally liable to the creditors."

Mr. Mansfield turned pale, and felt sick at heart. He rang the bell violently, when his wife entered, in agitation, saying, "Dearest Phocion, there has been a robbery—I have lost my jewels which his excellency—" Here a servant showed in a gentlemanly and well-shaped looking man, who bowed first to the lady and then to the gentleman. Colonel Phocion, who was muttering between his teeth, something which I am afraid sounded portentously like an execration about the jewels, was obliged to bow in return, and inquire if the stranger wished to see him. On his again bowing assent, he requested him to be seated, biting his handkerchief to prevent himself from grinding his teeth, or to take off the edge of his vexation. The gentlemanly and well-shaped looking stranger, whom Mrs. M. recognised as the individual she had seen in the next box the night before, accordingly accommodated himself with a seat, but not till the lady had done so first, and, after a pause, said—

"I took the liberty of calling upon you, sir, in relation to a little account between us, for clothes furnished by me, of some years standing. This is a copy of the bill then rendered, which you will probably remember, from the circumstance that you were then going to the Legislature. I ought to have charged interest, but it is not my practice with gentlemen. This bill, you will observe, is made out in the name of my last assignee, of whom I am only the agent, having been unfortunate in business two or three times, since I had the honour of seeing you."

"This—" said Colonel Phocion, with a strange and most apocryphal expression—"This is for somebody else, sir; I know no more about it than the dead. I have never been to the Assembly here in this State. When you find

the right man, I advise you to charge him compound interest by all means."

"I hope you will pardon me, sir," said the visiter; "but the extraordinary resemblance must have deceived me entirely, as it has others. Pray did you ever hear of a gentleman named—"

Here the door again opened, and a man entered, whose appearance was in no ways prepossessing, who did not take off his hat, and had not taken off the mud from his sprawling and patched imitations of half boots. He marched straight up to Mr. Mansfield, and fumbled under a bilious looking, weather-beaten, tavern-stained plaid cloak, and the breast of a body coat of no colour at all, until he had hauled out a vast greasy pocket-book, whose original and existing hues were equally unimaginable and unascertainable. From this he produced an oblong piece of paper, and said, "I've got a warrant agin you, squire."

"A warrant against me!—what *does* all this mean?" said Colonel Mansfield. "I owe nobody here a cent—I never was here before in my life; and I wish to—but no matter. You are under a mistake, my friend, and may go about your business."

"Well, now, that's a good one," said the constable. "Howsumdever, my business is to serve this here warrant. But darn my old shoes, if it do'nt make me laugh, for all. You never was here before, hay?"

"None of your impertinence, if you please," said Phocion. "Show me your warrant. I know nothing about these people. My name is Mansfield."

"Oh! I know that very well," said the ungenteel looking man. "That's the name you go by now, but you didn't used to. That'll do for the flats. Didn't I know you up to Sawpitts, at that old election where Tompkins run agin Clinton? I am glad to see you are so well off in the world. I suppose this wopping fat lady is your wife, what you got all the money by. I'm glad to see you so well, too, ma'am.

I always likes to be a kinder civil to ladies; but I jist had a little business with your man."

"I was aware, sir," said the polite tailor, "that you were known as Mr. Mansfield; but had formed a supposition that in consequence of receiving a legacy, or marrying under particular circumstances, you had changed your name."

"It is altogether a mistake, sir," said Phocion. "I never had another name since my baptism. I have heard recently of many strange cases of personal resemblance, and mistakes of identity occurring in consequence; but this exceeds them all. But to cut this matter short, I am a member of Congress, and will not have my privacy intruded upon by such ragamuffins as this fellow. I cannot be arrested, mistake or no mistake, by reason of my privilege."

"Well, now," said the constable, "darn my old shoes, if that an't another good one. You a member of Congress! My eyes! There's no telling what we may all come to be. But you must settle all that with Justice Swanton. Only you don't mean to say, do you, that you an't Plutarch Peck, that used to live up to New-Rochelle, to old Aunt Peck's?"

"I do, you scoundrel!" said Phocion, rising in a phrensy, and ringing the bell. "I'll let you know—" here the door again opened, and two other persons came in; the one a plain-looking citizen, the other in a cartman's frock. They advanced with a doubtful air. At length the former said, "Cousin Plutarch, I suppose you don't choose to know your old relations!"

"Not if you are one of them," said Phocion; "for I never saw you before since I was created."

"Oh, cousin Plutarch!" said the cartman. "You used to pull a long bow; but how can you stand there, and say you don't know cousin Diodatus here, what trusted you for a watch; and me, John Peck, that did all your arrants? I

just called to see how you and your wife did, and ask for a trifle you owe me, including that 'ere half dollar, for carrying a letter to old Mr. Viellecour. Why I know'd you as soon as ever I seen you in the pit, last night."

The plain citizen thus designated as Diodatus, said hereupon, perceiving that the member was striding rapidly across the floor, apparently working himself into a still sublimer passion—"Plutarch, I have not come to dun you for the watch and seals, though you ought to have paid for them or returned them. There is no use of denying that you are yourself, for I will swear that I sold you that same chain, three years ago and more. But what I came after is of more importance to me. A rascally fellow that is travelling about with you; a sort of Portygee-Spanishman, that says he is ambassador to somebody, has bought jewelry of me—"

Here Doctor Francia's lieutenant entered.

"Well, sir," said Phocion, "here is the fellow you speak of—his Excellency Don Pedro de Sidonia, minister plenipotentiary and envoy extraordinary from his Serenity the Dictator of Paraguay. I must appeal to your excellency whether you choose to have your hotel a thoroughfare for all the scum of the earth, who choose to mistake me for Pluto somebody, and to call your excellency a fellow and a rascal."

"Valgan me todos los dioses!" said the minister. "What for come all this populacho in my hotel? You borrachos, ladrones, and very vulgar persons, go yourselves away luego, and instantaneamently, or I will send you all to my augoost master Doctor Francia, who shall shoot you at the back door before his almuetzo."

Here the well-known Jacob Hays, the high-constable, introduced himself, took hold of his excellency by the arm, and said, "Well, Peter Siddons, we've got you again, have we? You're wanted to serve out the rest of your time at Sing-Sing. How much counterfeit money have you passed

since you broke out? Let me look at your ears." Whereupon this uncivil personage took hold of the ambassador's wig, and, by a curious slight, removed an exuberance of coal-black hair, and left a pate covered with a meagre and close-shaved red or golden crop. Nor did Mr. Hays's familiarity stop here. In a brief space of time he had searched all his excellency's pockets, ordinary and extraordinary, and, from among a strange medley of arti les, produced a paper-covered box, upon which he observed to Diodatus, "I guess these are your things, Mr. Peck. You can come to the police-office and get them."

Like Iago, Peter Siddons made no speech on retiring. He grinned at Phocion and the lady, and withdrew under charge of his escort. The watchmaker followed, as did the cartman; the latter observing, "I am sorry that you seem to be in a bad way, cousin Plutarch, and I won't bother you about old debts; only I ought to have had that 'are half dollar."

Mrs. Mansfield had fainted away. Her husband called his two remaining guests out of the room, and handing the constable some bills, said, he did it to be rid of him, but would have restitution, and requested the civil tailor to call again next morning, when he would convince him he was in error.

Mrs. Mansfield came to herself when she heard no longer the sound of voices. She waited impatiently for the return of her husband, who had inhumanly left her in a state of insensibility. But he did not come back. He had been to his chamber, made up a slight parcel from his wardrobe, and "parted like Ajut, never to return," and his bills at the City Hotel remain unpaid until this day.

Those who have read the preceding part of these my lucubrations will recognise an old acquaintance. Those who have not had the taste or opportunity so to do, will readily conjecture that he had previously, under a different name, exploded in the State of New-York.

Mrs. Mansfield, Mrs. Peck, or Miss Violet Lily, as she again called herself after being deserted, offered Holofernes to the manager of one of the theatres. Though he would not take the tragedy, he was willing to take the author upon trial; and "the part of Juliet, by a young lady, being her first appearance on any stage," was advertised in large letters and italics. Such a failure was never made before, and I trust I shall never be present at such another again.

A philanthropist, who happened to know something about her connexions abroad, wrote to Mr. Spratt, to inquire what he intended to do for her; and received a reply, in which that gentleman stated that he meant to have nothing at all to do with her, unless a commission of lunacy could be hopefully taken out; and that she need not be in any want, as she was entitled to receive annually a sum sufficient for her support, under the will of his wife's grandfather. He added, that the crazy woman and her husband had intended to cheat his wife out of all her money.

When I last heard of Miss Violet Lily, she resided at New Harmony, where her lectures were very popular.

Mr. and Mrs. Spratt seem to have been destined for each other; and though they married in haste, and have had leisure to repent for some time (during which two new citizens have appeared in their family), there is every reason to suppose that their domestic comfort has been uninterrupted.

Such is my tale. The characters are all drawn from life; and if they are truly drawn, the story is a good one, and has in it instruction as well as amusement. If, however, any reader should wish to know what special moral I intend to inculcate, I must reply, that my trifles in this way are not written according to the Edgeworth pattern, regularly cut out to the measure of some given morality; but are simply sketches of such views of life and manners,

a little out of the common, as happen to have fallen under my own observation. The instruction to be derived from them is, of course, of the same sort with that which may be drawn from the observation of life itself, somewhat miscellaneous, and more or less valuable according to the temper, spirit, and intelligence of the reader or observer. The characters of this story are a little fantastic, and I must also own, a little coarse; but it was precisely because they were out of the beaten track of society, that they struck me as worthy of commemoration. If the painter of life and character were to draw none but faultless Sir Charles Grandison heroes, Grecian-nosed, well-behaved beauties, or wholesale tragedy villains, his talent would be as worthless as that of an old acquaintance of mine, an English artist of some note, who had been so long drawing after plaster Venuses and Apollos, that when he was forced to copy nature, he used to say, in fretful despair, "Hang nature—nature always puts me out."

Moreover, what, in that case, becomes of the moral uses of this way of writing? A great man of a past age said, that "History was Philosophy, teaching by example;" and all true descriptive narratives of man and woman, their passions, and fantasies, and actions, come within the same definition. Whether man be portrayed in the grand historical gallery of Walter Scott, the exquisite cabinet of miniatures of Le Sage, or the little rough album sketches of Francis Herbert, provided we paint likenesses, we are all, in our several ways, "Philosophers teaching by example."

The lesson taught in the present narrative, my readers must moralize out for themselves. That which I drew from the real characters and events myself was twofold. First, it confirmed the dislike and suspicion I have always entertained for those who parade their sensibilities and eccentricities before the public eye, or claim exemption from the approved forms of society and the rules of prudence, on the score of genius and originality. Another

moral naturally followed this, teaching me an increased reverence for plain good sense, straight forward conduct, quiet modesty, every-da economy and prudence, and those other unpretending humble virtues, in man or woman—but most in woman—which make life's daily burdens light, and its ways pleasant and easy ;—which spread themselves like pure oil, far and wide over the troubled waves, and make all around safe, and smooth, and bright, and calm.

SCENES AT WASHINGTON.

No. II.

It was on a fine, mild, sunshiny morning in December, while the Congress of 18— was in session, when the Hon. Mr. Moreton was taking his breakfast at his quarters in a fashionable boarding-house, and reading in the Intelligencer a speech made by himself two days before, on his favourite subject, "Internal Improvement," that my story begins. Mr. Moreton was a gentleman, distinguished alike for his graceful and flowing eloquence in public, and his courteous bearing towards his constituents and fellow-citizens in the private intercourse of life. I dare add no more, than that he was a little stately, without pomposity; a little precise and oratorical in conversation, without being pedantic or fantastic. He is dead—and the picture would be too easily recognised were I to go further. I will not profane his memory in a sketch in which I must necessarily bring him into contact with somewhat grotesque though real characters. I have, in the course of accidental intercourse with him, abroad and at home, witnessed in his company much of what was naturally and morally striking—

> "Have climbed with him the Alpine snow,
> Have heard the cannon as they rolled
> Along the silver Po;"

and rarely have I seen his dignified equanimity of mind, or the somewhat formal tenor of his discourse, ruffled or inter-

rupted by the circumstances of the moment. I leave it to his interesting nephew, who is, as I understand, preparing his biography, to do that justice to his memory which the well-known talents of the writer authorize the friends of Mr. Moreton to expect. But I am constrained to introduce this gentleman, in relating some anecdotes perhaps worth preserving, homely, but too true to make a joke of.

I choose to tell all my stories, for what they are worth, in my own way; and should not have embarrassed this sketch with an apology, if personal feeling had not dictated one.

Mr. Moreton was at breakfast, as I have stated, when a black servant announced that a gentleman in the parlour below was waiting to see him. Occupied with the happy folio of four pages, wherein Messrs. Gales and Seaton had done full justice to Mr. Moreton in a reported speech occupying three out of the four aforesaid crowded pages, and not having yet tasted his coffee, the call seemed unseasonable. But supposing it was made by one of his constituents, to all whose suggestions he conscientiously gave ear, or by some person of scientific ability, who had new ideas on his favourite subject, rail-roads, he left the breakfast table to attend upon his visiter.

As he entered the parlour below, he encountered a gentleman in black clothes, somewhat rusty, with white cotton stockings, yellow shoes, and a blue cravat; who came rapidly up to him, with a letter in his hand, talking as rapidly, in a pert and sharp tone. He was in stature rather under the ordinary size, small across the shoulders, and feeble looking in body, though his complexion was fair and sanguineous. It was no hectic flush; and yet a recruiting sergeant would have hardly reported him as an able-bodied man.

"Permit me, sir," he said, "to present to you this letter" —a queer looking document, devoid of rectangular proportions, and travel-stained from long wearing in the pocket—

"which makes known to each other, mutually and reciprocally, the Reverend Hercules Firkins, of Little Babylon, and the Honourable and eloquent Mr. Moreton, of the House of Representatives—

'Arcades ambo,
Et cantare pares, et respondere parati—'

which Dryden, as you know, somewhat tamely renders,

'Arcadians both, and both alike inspired,
To sing and answer, as the song requires.'

Of this passage, by-the-by, neither the great Heynè, nor the American editor of Virgil, the Reverend Job Cooper, seem to me to have understood the naked and eutonic, I might add the diatonic and catatonic force. But, 'non cuivis adigit adire Corinthum;' a proverb which, though usually quoted in Latin, belongs in fact to a Greek author, whom I rate as high for classic sense as I do Lord Coke for legal acumen:—for, though now an ecclesiastic, I was once a member of the bar myself, as you will see—but I beg pardon—by the letter which I interrupt you in reading. A very clever man indeed is Mr. Jinks, the writer of it. I raised him, as they say in Kentucky. I brought it for form's sake. He is one of my deacons."

The Honourable Mr. Moreton gravely requested his voluble guest to be seated; and read, not without a little perturbation, after the volley of words he had received, the letter presented to him; which ran as follows:—

"Little Babylon, Nov. 30th, 18—.

"Excellent Sir,

"Knowing from the newspapers that you are a great friend of internal improvements and canals in general, and being myself president of a company formed to get our legislature to connect Ten-mile-pond with Little-eel-creek, I make bold to introduce to your better acquaintance my learned friend and pastor, also the principal of our academy,

and whose works on law, trigonometry, divinity, and statistics, you must have read often, the Reverend Hercules Firkins, D.D., principal as aforesaid, and President of the Athenian Lycæum of this town, as also of the societies for the suppression of intemperance and political economy. I entirely approve myself of your political course, as does our friend Dr. Firkins; whom you will find a very agreeable acquaintance.

"Your sincere friend,

"HIRAM JINKS."

"Jinks, Jinks—Firkins, Perkins," here uttered Mr. Moreton in soliloquy—"patent ploughs—tractors"—

"Yes, yes, sir, Firkins, the same Reverend Dr. Firkins, the *veritable Amphytrion*, as Moliere says. 'Quæ regio in terris non nostri conscia laboris?' I had no doubt you had heard of me. You must have read in the Reports my great argument in the case of the Rhode Island butter-churns, Peabody and Huskins *versus* Peck: though the reporter did me injustice; for he summed up the whole in a page, when I took five hours and forty minutes to deliver it, made twenty-seven points, and cited all the authorities, dicta, and elementary treatises on the law of patents, from the Year Books and Yelverton, down to this fiddling and foolish reporter himself. It was a case, sir, which had a great bearing on morals and divinity, and which, in fact, first led me to change my profession. Yes, sir, it was the inferences, antagonistically eveloped by my mind, in arguing that case, together with the study of the works of the great Œcolampadius, with which you are doubtless familiar, that induced me to make my forensic arms yield to the ecclesiastical toga. But pardon me, sir, you can hardly have breakfasted?"

"No, sir. But allow me to ask what special business has suspended your pastoral, legal, and scientific labours; and in what way I can be of service to you?"

"That is the point, sir, to which I am to come. But I must persist in your first finishing your breakfast, in which I will join you. I am 'appetins jentaculi' myself; and am not one of those, who, as the immortal Burke says, 'dream of canonizing mind by divorcing it from matter.'"

"The sentiment is just, though I really do not recollect the passage."

"But you must recollect, sir, the powerfully analytic, and irrefragably argumentative article on Education, in the last Quarterly Review, by my friend Bob Southey, in which the subject is handled."

"Well, Dr. Perkins, if you will be kind enough to take a seat at my breakfast-table, you will find in our small mess Judge Dash and Colonel Asterisks, with other intelligent gentlemen, whom you doubtless know by reputation. We can then discuss, more at leisure, such suggestions as you may desire to offer."

So Mr. Moreton gravely and gracefully ushered the Reverend Dr. Firkins up to the breakfast parlour; where several gentlemen, worthy of special notice, which I have no time to bestow, were paying more or less attention to the accumulated luxuries of an American public table. There were tea, coffee, beef-steaks, oysters, eggs, ham and eggs, sausages, devilled turkeys—bread, wheaten, Indian and rye, and mixed of all, dyspeptic and anti-dyspeptic—pan-cakes and buckwheat cakes, rivalling those far-famed ones of Pennsylvanian Chester—hoe-cakes and Johnny-cakes, with the interminable variety of Indian cakes known to the Virginia kitchen—together with the appropriate condiments of sugars, domestic and foreign, molasses, honey, pepper-vinegar, and moûtard de Maille. One of the honourable members present was reading the copious notes of a speech he intended to make the next day; while another was read-ing a communication written by himself, in praise of his own speeches, and published in a paper from his own dis-trict; while two others, to the speeches of both of whom

the public paid more attention than they did themselves, were engaged in a deep discussion on the question, whether the oyster grew to fit the shell, or the shell to fit the oyster.

Mr. Moreton had no particular faculty of remembering new names. He introduced his guest as the Reverend Mr. Jinkins.

"Dr. Firkins, if you please, sir," said the new importation, plumping himself down between the two disputants, "Principal of Clio Hall, Little Babylon, and President of the Athenian Lycæum of the same place, and of the societies for suppressing intemperance, political economy, et cætera. Coffee, madam, if you please—Ha! '*aut Erasmus aut Diabolus!*' I'll thank you, Mr. Moreton, for a bit of that devil—the devil in shape of a broiled turkey." Being accommodated with these and other items, he looked round him, and exclaimed—"Doctor Johnson was in error, 'pace tanti viri,' when he observed of his breakfast in Scotland, 'where the tea and coffee were accompanied not only with bread and butter, but with honey, conserves, and marmalades,' that 'if an epicure could remove by a wish, wherever he had supped, he would breakfast in Scotland.' The real gastronome can only expatiate at discretion at the matunine meal in America."

The two oyster disputants smiled and sipped their tea; when Dr. Firkins suddenly interrupted them, by rising, with an impetus which jarred the whole table, and rapidly transferring his leg of turkey from the right hand to the left, he clapped the former on the polished and half-bald forehead of Mr. Moreton, exclaiming, "What a bowl of intellect!" Having thus anointed the sinciput of the representative, he sat down with like rapidity, and for some time proceeded in silence with his provisions.

"Well, Mr. Moreton," said he, after a brief interval, "I perceive you are impatient to hear my communications." I have no time to let the doctor deliver himself in his own way, and have already given a sufficient sample of his

priggish pedantry. In a fluent discourse of great length, much involved and interlarded with odds and ends of quotations in various languages, he arrived at the proposition, "that in consequence of the rapid march of mind, there was now an effectual demand for a grand national encyclopœdic institute or university; in which, under the immediate patronage of the federal government, the native talent of the country might be eveloped according to his system. Of talent, he said, there was an average quantity in all ages; every thing depended on the manner of its evelopement. The analytic and synthetic methods of education had both proved abortive. A little more might be said in favour of the dialectic. He was himself, decidedly, and beyond peradventure, for the gladiatorial and not the monitorial system. The spontaneous evolution of talent, during the period of mental juvenescence, could only be effected by its antagonistical exercise; or, as Johnson had felicitously expressed it, 'its intellectual digladiation.' It was this which made the *nous* effervesce, and become *esprit*. The public lands should be assigned for the support of a university, which should have twenty-four professors, one from each state, to be severally appointed by the executive of each; the president to be appointed by a committee on literature, of which the President of the United States should be ex-officio a member.

"This happy union of state and national patronage, he claimed as a bright invention of his own, which would instantly put at rest those state jealousies which had hitherto prevented the erection of a National University, and thus give him peculiar claim to be employed in the institution himself. Of course, in the mean time, till the university got hopefully under way, Doctor Firkins was willing to officiate as president; but as it would be a sinecure until some students were procured for indoctrination, he was willing collaterally to occupy his time with several small jobs. He would give instruction in ancient and modern

tongues to the Secretary of State, and private lectures on marine architecture to the Commissioners of the Navy Board. As a matter of course also, he would be chaplain to both Houses of Congress, which would be all in his way. He hoped, he said, to preach in the House on the next Sunday, when he would deliver his great sermon on the balance of power; in which all the topics to which he had adverted would naturally be introduced."

Here a waiter brought a card to Mr. Moreton, on reading which he observed to Doctor Firkins that he was compelled to wait on a gentleman below, whose introductory letter claimed his immediate attention; that he should be happy to serve Doctor F. as far as was in his power, but that his time was very much occupied.

"Oh! don't make a stranger or *novus hospes* of me, sir," said the doctor; "I'll meet you again at Philippi, that is, in the House. I can entertain myself very well in the society of these gentlemen."

"Good morning then, sir," said Mr. M., with a cold feeling of apprehension at the threatened revisitation. One of the remaining members, the Honourable Mr. Latimer, a gentleman who, as Falstaff described himself (I dare say more justly than the painters or actors represent him to us), was "a portly man and a corpulent, of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a noble carriage," and moreover, like the knight, was a wag. He, I believe, had undergone all the doctor's prolixity, for the sake of having some jokes with and through him. He complimented him highly on his new and philosophical views of education; and recommended him strenuously, as the best man to further his projects, to go to Mr. Spratt, a staid, blunt member of Congress, whom my former readers doubtless remember. He also told him that Mr. Moreton was particularly pleased with having his 'bowl of intellect' admired and handled.

On again entering the parlour below, Mr. Moreton saw a young man of a delicate complexion, and an air which

seemed to be affectedly half-rakish, looking as if he had bought his clothes at a slop-shop. He wore a blue cloth cloak, faced with green velvet, and lined with blue satin, with long black silk cords, and gold tassels depending at the ends of them. It hung backward from off his right shoulder. He held before his eyes, without their coming in contact with his face, a pair of gold spectacles, and a white cambric pocket handkerchief. With his right hand he also contrived to hold a fur cap, with a gold binding, and to support his exterior robe.

He advanced with a finical pace, and contrived, without losing any of his furniture, to present a letter. It was from Mr. Moreton's aunt, Mrs. Beverly Grayson, was neatly written on gilt-edged paper, sealed with the family arms fully emblazoned, and ran as follows:—

"Sweet Springs, Dec. —, 18—.

"My dear Nephew,

"The amiable and interesting young gentleman who will deliver this letter into your hands, is Mr. Hyppolite de Grey, whom I wish to commend to your particular attentions. He is the grandson of the younger brother of Chief Justice de Grey, who took so much notice of your grandfather, when he was making the tour of Europe in 1774. His grandfather emigrated to Nova Scotia in 1750, where this young gentleman's father has several large plantations. There can be no doubt that he is nearly allied to our family; because all the Greys are collaterals of the Graysons. I have found him intelligent and well bred, according to the modern school. He has been particularly attentive to your cousin Arabella and myself, during our sojourn here. I remain, remembering you always,

"With the greatest affection and esteem,

"Rebecca Beverly Grayson."

"I hope this will turn out better than the last introduc-

tion of my kind aunt, though it looks unpromising"—thought Mr. Moreton, as gravely and gracefully rising, he presented his hand to his new protegé, who daintily presented a couple of fingers, saying, "Enchanté de vous faire connaissance—but I beg pardon—you probably don't understand French. How does the world wag with you?"

"I thank you sir, I am in good health," said Mr. Moreton, slowly and seriously. "If you speak French with more freedom than English, I believe I can understand you sufficiently well for the ordinary purposes of conversation."

"Oh! *n'importe*, sir, I talk English *pas mal*, well enough. This is a shabby little town, this Washington of yours. I wonder how you survive in it. I suppose, however, you have some belles. I understand there is a party to-night at the Patagonian minister's. I'll go there along with you, if you are going."

"You are pleased to be facetious. I apprehend, sir, that we have no diplomatic functionary so distinguished for personal procerity, as to be entitled to the appellation of Patagonian."

"Proce—who, sir? Oh yes, there is such a queer place down at the south. Ah! he's no functionary then; but he has a party. Will you take some lundyfoot?"

"I use no tobacco, sir; nor is it known to me that any Patagonian gentleman entertains company to-night?"

"But you go to some party to-night?"

"I presume I shall visit the Minister of the Netherlands."

"Well, I'll come ready dressed, to dine with you, and accompany you to the Austrian's. I suppose you can't keep a carriage in this hole of a place, can you? I wonder how any one can exist without his own *fiacre*. But you don't exist here. You have no opera, have you?"

"None, sir, that I ever heard of. You must really be good enough to excuse me for the present, as I must pay a visit before going to the House, which it is my imperious duty not to neglect."

"Oh! just as you please about that. I'll see you again at dinner, you know. Perhaps I may lounge into the *chambre des débats*, and you may introduce me to the Speaker, if you like. I'm at Gadsby's, I think they call the man's name—a vulgar sort of a place, but as good as any they have got here. *Au revoir*, as they say in Paris."

So saying, this accomplished young man withdrew, with his cloak, cap, cane, spectacles, pocket-handkerchief, and all.

The Honourable Mr. Moreton now found himself disagreeably embarrassed by two singular protegés, thrust upon him in a brief space of time. Dr. Firkins he hoped to be enabled to discharge by cold politeness; but his respect for Mrs. Grayson forbade this summary dismissal of Master de Grey. He could not help thinking, to be sure, that any of the systems of education enumerated by the doctor, analytic, synthetic, dialectic, or antagonistic, might have improved the young man's condition as to manners: but he took it for granted that he was some spoiled youth, who had been badly brought up. Then he began to turn some fine sentences in his mind, about "the deleterious influences of unadvised indulgence and of contagious associations on the ductile minds of youth," &c.

He proceeded, therefore, to arrange his papers, which he always carried under his arm, neatly tied with red tape, to fulfil his engagement, and to repair at his usual punctual hour to the capitol.

As he was walking sedately through the rotunda of the capitol, some one said to him, "Good morning, Mr. Moreton." He was courteously returning this salutation, when a female voice exclaimed, "Moreton!" and an able-bodied woman came up to the representative.

She had a decided, though not unfeminine cast of physiognomy, over which the hair she wore was accurately adjusted in regular rolls. Her manner was not unladylike, though bold; and the courtesy she dropped, though not amiss in a ceremonious drawing-room, was rather too long,

profound, and, as it were, professional, for such an extemporaneous interview.

"I perceive," said this lady, "that I have the honour of addressing the Honourable Mr. Moreton. My name, sir, is Montagu. I have a letter of introduction to you, from your intimate friend the Reverend Professor McCrabbin. I have, however, taken the liberty of introducing myself, in order to embrace the earliest opportunity of conferring with you on some subjects of much interest, as I believe, to the nation, and which I understand you have much at heart."

"I certainly am happy, madam," said Mr. M., "to be so much honoured. Scraggs? Crabbed? How can it have escaped my memory, where and when I enjoyed the friendship of the professor!"

"The letter, sir, will doubtless recall the circumstance of your early associations with him. The object of my visit to Washington is to establish, under the patronage of government, with a liberal appropriation in money and a handsome donation in land, an institute for the education of young ladies, similar to that founded by Napoleon at St. Denys, destined exclusively to the instruction of the daughters of naval and military officers, secretaries of the departments, and members of Congress. Permit me, in the mean time, to introduce to you two young ladies, who are under my matronising wing; dear in affection, though not near in blood—Miss Ann Fin and Miss Adelgitha Longchild. I finished them both."

"Finished 'em, madam?" said Mr. Moreton, as the stout lady, stepping on one side, developed to his view two female figures, who immediately began to make strange motions.

"Yes, sir, I finished them," said Mrs. Montagu, with a marked emphasis on the phrase.

A passing description is due to these perfected or concluded damsels. The epithet seemed strangely applied to

Miss Ann Fin, to whom there appeared to be no end. In meagre altitude she towered towards the skies, some six feet two, with a figure all alike, a small head, and a sort of nose, which, if it had not been placed where it was, would hardly have passed for any feature at all. She was dressed in the most fashionable style, as she supposed; her columnar structure being surmounted with a short green spencer, trimmed with gold cord or lace—I forget which. Miss Adelgitha Longchild was by no means as tall as Miss Fin. In fact, she lacked two feet of her stature. She was, as to person, what is called *chunky;* had two black eyes rolling promiscuously in her head, and a bright scarlet spencer.

Miss Fin stepped up two mincing paces; Miss Longchild drew herself up on tiptoe. Then Miss Fin drew back her left knee, and Miss Longchild folded her arms under her bust. Then they both performed a courtesy, according to their several positions—saying, in one breath and with identical emphasis, though in different keys—the voice of Miss F. being small and squeaking, and that of Miss L. loud and shrill—

"Exceedingly happy to have the honour of an acquaintance with a gentleman, distinguished alike for his parliamentary eloquence and his domestic morals as—" Here was a long pause, during which Mrs. Montagu stood smiling in placid triumph.

"As the Honourable Mr. Morrison," said Miss Fin.

"As the Honourable Mr. Murphy," said Miss Longchild.

"Mr. Moreton, my loves," said Mrs. Montagu, rather snappishly.

"So distinguished, alike for his parliamentary morals, and for his domestic eloquence, as Mr. Morreton,"—said both the young ladies, as fast as they could repeat the words.

"Really, ladies, you overwhelm me," said Mr. M.; "I am truly happy in forming an acquaintance with you, madam, and these young ladies under your matronal care."

"*Godo, signore, di trovarla qui per accidente,*" said both

the young ladies in one breath, as before—one firing her Italian grammar vocabulary over and the other under the level of Mr. Moreton's ears.

"Pray, Mr. Moreton," asked the senior lady, "is there any special business in the House to-day?"

"I regret, madam, that very imperative business obliges me to be in my seat this morning. But I feel less concern on account of the circumstance, as I see two of my friends coming this way, to whose attentions I shall be most happy to confide you and the young ladies under your charge."

Here our friend Mr. Latimer came up, with Hippolyte de Grey leaning on his arm, in a nonchalant but decisive manner, which indicated that he would not be shaken off, because it was his pleasure or fantasy not to be; while Latimer looked vexed and impatient, like a fine steed with a huge horse-fly fastened upon him, who is trotting rapidly to get to his journey's end, and ever and anon giving a convulsive brush with his tail, in a vain effort to get rid of his impudent customer.

"Perhaps my French is troublesome to you," said Hippolyte, as they came up. "Don't let your modesty prevent you from saying so, if it is."

"Not at all—not at all—for I don't perceive that it is any worse than your English."

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Moreton, "allow me to introduce you to these ladies—Mrs. Wortley, Miss Fisk, and Miss Longbranch—ladies on whom birth, education, and wealth alike have smiled. The Honourable Mr. Latimer and Mr. De Grey. I shall place these ladies under your charge for a short time, Mr. Latimer, and that of your accomplished young friend; as I shall be necessarily occupied with the Rock-creek Bill debate."

"The devil!" half exclaimed Latimer—looking up at Miss Fin, down on Miss Longchild, and collaterally at Hippolyte. The latter, who had bristled up at the word *wealth*, which Mr. Moreton had innocently put in, for want of a

better wherewith to round his sentence, immediately came simpering forward, and said, "Ladies, I shall be most happy to wait on you. Allow me the honour—"

Here he placed himself, bowing and smirking, between the two finished young ladies, who made a courtesy, as before, wheeling half round; Miss Fin bending the tips of her feathers down into the eyes of the Adonis, and Miss Longchild bobbing hers up under his nose. One thrust her arm down, and the other lifted her hand up; and thus they took possession of his elbows; after which they dropped courtesies again, and stood ready to proceed.

Tempted by the ridiculous figure which the trio presented, and willing to accommodate Mr. Moreton, who, as he knew, was never guilty of a joke, Latimer gave a half-suppressed groan, threw away a quid of tobacco, and with an air half-despairing and half-waggish, suffered Mrs. Montagu to take his arm, and led the procession to the gallery, where he determined to get rid of the concern as soon as possible.

"Pray, Mr. Latimer," said the lady, "do you not find a considerable floating mass of floating female intellect in Washington? I am well apprized that you are a literary as well as a political character. The two young ladies behind us are the first fruits of my anxious toils, after having made female education my incessant study, since the period when I was left alone to struggle with the world, preferring independence to a second hymeneal union."

"You raised that neat pair of belles, then, as they say at the south."

"I finished them, sir. My system of education does not include the common school branches. That foundation being laid, my aim is to erect on it the Corinthian superstructure of accomplishments; to teach all that softens the heart, polishes the wit, refines the manners, and expands the genius; together with French, Italian, drawing, the use of the globes, Paley's Moral Philosophy and Evidences, Euclid, the first volume of Dugald Stewart, and the proper

branches of female gymnastics, or calisthenics. Accustomed to the most elegant and refined society, when I quitted the domestic state, I thought it a duty I owed to myself, not to suffer the advantages I had acquired to be wasted; but to devote my time and talents to the intellectual nurture of my young countrywomen."

"Calisthenics, I believe, treats of windmills and steamboats," said Latimer. Before Mrs. Montagu had time to reply, her ears were assailed by a strange combination of noises behind. As they turned round to ascertain what the matter was, they perceived that the remainder of the party was in trouble and entanglement. In winding up the corkscrew gallery stairs, Mr. De Grey had trodden on the flounces of Miss Longchild; and his cords and lapels becoming entangled at the same time with the bobs and flying appurtenances of Miss Fin, they had all three gone backwards together; and it was a special mercy that none of their bones were broken. As it was, they made a sadly ludicrous exhibition, during the happening of the accident, and in regaining their upright position and re-adjusting their finery.

By the time the agitation arising from this difficulty had been in some measure overcome, they reached the gallery, where the ladies were accommodated with seats, pointed out to them by Latimer; who, making a profound bow to them all, said to Hippolyte, "I am compelled to resign to you the exclusive pleasure of attending on these ladies." In an under-tone he added—"The young one sare great fortunes."

"Which of them?" asked Hippolyte, anxiously.

"The tall one is richest in lands. The little plump one is a cash concern—a quarter of the Bank of Little Falls, and half the Skeneatelas Insurance Company."

He then departed, saying to himself, "Heaven forgive us for lying! But it is a work of necessity and mercy.

The Lord send that poor second-hand Beau Brummell a safe deliverance!"

Hippolyte graciously insinuated himself between the two heiresses, and the party gazed on the scene around and beneath them. Who, on this side of the Atlantic, has not seen the hall of the House of Representatives? or who, on either side, has not seen Morse's admirable picture of it, which now graces the gallery of a noble amateur in England?—that hall where all the splendours of the marbles, serpentines, and breccias of America and Italy, and all the graces and proportions of Grecian art, and all the talent of successive architects—of the luxuriant L'Enfant, the magnificent Latrobe, and the practical Bulfinch—aided by the decorations of accomplished sculptors, foreign and domestic, and set off by all the gorgeousness of modern upholstery and Honduras mahogany, wrought and polished by the master artists of New-York and Philadelphia—have conspired to make a room utterly unfit for any earthly purpose to which it can ever be applied; where people can neither see nor hear one another; containing, according to accurate admeasurement, 200,000 cubic feet; and in consequence thereof, and of other enormous advantages, uncomfortable to sit in, unhealthy to stay in, and dangerous to legislate in, alike for the people and the law-makers.

There, too, they saw the Speaker, looking like the lady in the lobster, as he sat in his little gingerbread pagoda, stuck at the bottom of a lofty colonnade, which rivals the portico of the Pantheon in magnitude, and surpasses it in the richness of its materials. In picturesque contrast with him, they saw the colossal plaster virago, who threatens every moment to crush him from above. In one corner of the house they saw an old gentleman in spectacles, who was standing with his hat off, and reading, as they supposed, a newspaper; but who, as they learned from the Intelligencer next day, was making a great speech. The rest of the members, in miscellaneous groups, or about their neat piano-

forte looking desks, were walking, talking, caucusing, reading, writing, or meditating, and making a buzzing noise like that heard in a large school. On one of the sofas they observed Mr. Latimer, holding an extempore levée, and dispensing to his audience sundry edifying remarks, the effect whereof came up to the gallery in many an audible peal of laughter.

When the old gentleman had, as they supposed, got through with reading his newspaper, and sat down, a gentleman of considerable altitude and stentorian lungs arose, and declaimed with vehement gesticulation, in the course of which the words "the Bank of the United States," fell on the ears of the party aloft.

"I hope," said Miss Longchild, "they won't stop the Bank of the United States. That would cut off a good piece of pa's income."

The gentleman with good lungs soon after let fall an observation, made with still greater emphasis and pathos, in which they caught the expression—"the landed interest is on the brink of ruin." On hearing which, Miss Fin exclaimed, "O Lud! I hope not; for most all pa's personal property is landed estate."

"Your filial sensibilities, young ladies," said Hippolyte, "are quite refreshing to my taste; upon my soul they are quite *larmoyantes*, as the French say."

At the words "filial sensibilities," both the young women pricked up their heads quickly, sighed, and took breath, and said together, as before—"Filial affection springs up spontaneously in the human heart like the—*w*ine," said Miss L.—"*v*ine," said Miss F.—"like the *w*ine which entwines itself round the oak of the forest."

"One at a time, my dears," said Mrs. Montagu. "These young ladies, as you perceive, Mr. De Grey, have not yet learned to restrain and conceal their delicate sensibilities. Education can do every thing for the mind; but the world

alone can teach the art of controlling the feelings. You must perceive that they are wholly unsophisticated—with souls fresh from the plastic hand of nature."

"Quite fresh, and bran new, I perceive, ma'am," said Hippolyte, looking abstractedly on a sudden, and somewhat troubled, as if a particular object below had arrested his attention. "After all, this is a dull place. Suppose we go and see some lions. I understand they have some attempts at those kinds of things here."

Mrs. Montagu and her protegées graciously acquiesced; and they travelled off to some other exhibition—the Patent-office, I believe; Hippolyte pondering between real estate and hard cash, but inclining, for certain private reasons, to the latter convenience.

Just as Latimer was getting into a hack, after the adjournment of the house, the door of the vehicle was seized as it was closing, and the visage and person of Dr. Firkins were successively introduced. "Good day, again, sir," said he, as he seated himself. "Drive on, coachee—I am in great luck to have fallen in with you again so soon. It is not often, sir, that twice in one brief day, we meet accidentally with such Trojans. Without flattery, from the sample of your conversational antagonism which I had this morning, I know not which to admire most, the copious variety of your information, the saline pungency of your electrical wit, or the elastic agility of your symposiastic powers."

To each several member of this encomium, Mr. Latimer bowed low, and the doctor bobbed his head responsively.

"Doctor, doctor, you flatter," said the former.

"No, sir; I am not one of those 'mellitis fallere verbis doctus.' I hold with the divine Shakspeare, that ''tis a sin to flatter.' I 'would not flatter Neptune for his trident, nor Jove for his power to thunder.' I suppose you dine at the president's to-day?"

"No; I have not that honour."

"At the British minister's, then?"

"No; I dine at home."

"Ter, quaterque felix, that I am," said the doctor—"I will go along and dine with you—I wish to resume my exposition to Mr. Moreton; and shall be glad to develop my views to a sodality so enlightened as that which encircles your intellectual board—'the feast of reason and the flow of soul,' 'with mirth which after no repentance draws.'"

"Don't give us too much credit on that score, doctor. I have known very sound headaches very honestly earned at that intellectual board; to say nothing of the gout, of which I feel at present a slight twinge."

"Oh! a victim to 'athritic tyranny.' I presume, by-the-by, that you are a descendant of the great herald of the reformation; a prelate whom, in spite of my anti-episcopal opinions, I hold in great veneration. But, though I belong to the straiter sect of our Protestant religion, I cast no malign or puritanic eye on the generous festivities of the hospitable table, and 'a little wine for the stomach's sake,' you know."

Latimer groaned inwardly, muttering something inaudibly, and looking with blank despair at the document he held in his hand, upside down.

"Oh! the report of the Secretary of the Treasury. Pray tell me, sir, what is your opinion as to the measure of value? Do you believe with Ricardo, that all value is founded on the quantity of labour? or do you hold with Malthus—but ha! we are here, in articulo temporis. There is the dinner bell ringing. 'The bell invites me; I go and it is *done*;' you take the paranomasiastic application of "done, ha?" said the doctor, laughing very complacently, as he got out of the carriage."

Latimer was fain to follow him; and though inclined to be vexed at being saddled with such a bore, and meditating whether he could not trump up an extempore fit of the gout, to be rid of him, he concluded it was better to bear the evil

with patience, and make as much of such amusement as the doctor might yield.

He therefore shoved him into the drawing-room, where he apologized for leaving him a few moments. As the doctor entered he saw but one person present; a young man very finically dressed, who sat with his back towards him, resting one foot on the bottom of a chair, and the other on the jam of the fireplace. He was picking his teeth, and trying to hum some sort of an air. The doctor, whose affability extended to all mankind, walked up to him, when the youth, who was no other than our Hippolyte, suddenly dropped his tooth-pick and both feet, upsetting the chair and the poker, and started up in some confusion.

"How came *you* here, sir?" said Firkins.

"In the stage—I came;" said the youth. "My old lad, I have come on a wise errand; and shall feather my nest well enough, I can tell you."

Here other company entering, the pair withdrew within the recess of a window, where they intercommuned until dinner was announced. On this intimation they joined the company, Firkins giving several repeated nods and looks of approbation, and Hippolyte wearing a satisfied smirk of more than ordinary conceit.

If the doctor had justly praised the luxuries of an American breakfast, well might some more gifted eulogist expatiate on those of an American dinner. It has been my lot, as my readers know, to have "sat at good men's feasts," in all parts of the globe; with Indian rajahs, Turkish mollahs, and Persian mirzahs; as well as with English bishops and bankers, peers and players, among whom are to be found the most exquisite judges, as well as the ablest performers in this way. I have dined at the splendid table of Cardinal Fesch, and at the still more *recherchés*, and *soignes* feeds of the Ex-chancellor Cambaceres; have taken pot-luck on *waterzouchie* and Dutch herrings with the rich burghers of Amsterdam, and macaroni and parmesan at

Naples with princes and primates. I have sat in Germany at the meagre but elegant dinners of Professor Kant, and at the sumptuous and groaning board of my some time publisher Brockhaus at Leipsic; of merchant rulers at Frankfort, and professors and constitution-makers at Berlin. But enough of this. Let people talk as pedantically, or as patriotically as they please, about *la cuisine Français*, or *la cucina Italiana*, or "the roast beef of old England," I hold that all good dinners *are* good; but after all, commend me to an American one. My learned friend, President Cooper, to whose authority I always bow in all matters of law, literature, philology, chymistry, political economy, and cookery, has indeed said excathedretically, that "the waste of an American kitchen is horrible." This is a solemn, but not an appalling truth. For we live in a country where we may "cut and come again;" where, notwithstanding profusion, there is always enough left and to spare; where even careless cookery cannot spoil the good material; and where there are seven—yea, eight dishes, unrivalled in all the other countries of the earth—the ham of southern Virginia, the sheepshead of the eastern Atlantic waters, the canvass-back duck of the Potomac, the hump of the buffalo, the muzzle of the moose, the tail of the beaver, the soft-shell of the Red River, and young rattle-snakes cooked *à la matelôte*, as they dress them at the *Saut de Ste. Marie*.

At the present dinner, at which was assembled a numerous company, Dr. Firkins acquitted himself as usual, both in the way of talking and eating. He devoured half a wild goose, while he informed the table, that after the rescue of the capitol, geese had at Rome for a long while been sacred from the spit, until in the downfall of the republic, the geese of Gaul attracted the notice of the Roman epicures, from which time forward large flocks of French goslings were driven to Rome, with as much regularity as droves of Kentucky hogs are now through the avenues of Washington. He did equal justice to a magnificent boiled turkey, while

he quoted Pliny to prove that Sophocles had introduced that sagacious bird in one of his lost tragedies, to deplore the fate of Meleager, who had introduced his race into Greece. Where he got this learning I know not—most probably at second-hand, as we all do now-a-days. Meanwhile Mr. de Grey sat looking, as he thought, exceedingly genteel, and like a *poco-curante* of the first water; while he was committing various solecisms in manners in what the doctor would have called pransorial tactics, which it is unnecessary to specify.

In the chasms of the business of the table, which occurred on this occasion, as they do everywhere, "when the rage of hunger is appeased," and before the spirits are warmed to the true conversation pitch—(by the-way, Dr. Firkins must be excepted, who "made no pause, nor left a void")—the young Adonis ever and anon drew forth and gazed complacently upon a showily set miniature. Somehow it attracted the attention of the castle-building Moreton, and recalled him from the tunnel of the Ohio and Chesapeake Canal, where his mind had been wandering during the delivery of Dr. Firkins's gastronomical didactics.

"What *chef-d'œuvre* of the arts of design is it, Mr. De Grey, that you view with such pleasure?"

"Arts of design—upon my word, sir, I never heard her charged with that, sir—though, to be sure, there was a little scandal about the princess and a young traveller, who shall be nameless; the Princess Pauline, the great beauty, you know—*beauté sans fard*, as the French say. Gentlemen," added he, passing the miniature round the table, "it is a miniature of the Princess Pauline, Napoleon's sister, painted by the great Isabey, of Paris, and represents her looking tenderly at another miniature of a certain friend of hers, who shall be nameless."

The miniature, as it passed from hand to hand, received all the praise it deserved, and it would have done credit to Isabey or Malbone, or any other artist in that way, alive or

dead. At last it reached Mr. Latimer, who, with a slight start of surprise at first seeing it, turned to De Grey with a look half inquiring and half facetious: "'There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in our philosophy.' These accidental resemblances of people to each other, and by'r Lady, of pictures too—are marvellous matters. Had not you told us that this was a French picture of a royal beauty, gazing sentimentally on her friend's miniature—*friend* was the word, I think, was it not? —I should have sworn, by all my gods, that this was a copy or duplicate of a miniature of my own niece, taken in New-York last spring for her husband, when the captain was ordered to the Pacific."

De Grey stammered something about "royal and noble beauty—great Parisian painter—Mr. Latimer being a wag —strange resemblances sometimes,"—when the other suddenly turning the conversation, said:—

"Well, Mr. De Grey, how did you get along with your two splendid heiresses?"

"Oh! well enough, I suppose. It's a great bore to be obliged to do the agreeable to such young things. By-the-way, what was you saying about heiresses? Is Miss Longchild a great heiress?"

"Why"—said Latimer, hesitating—

"Longchamps—Longchamps"—said Mr. Moreton—from whose memory the finished young lady of the morning had totally departed, and who, as he partly heard Hippolyte's question, was led to think of a great commercial friend—"He was one of your *millionaire* men. He made his vast fortune by trade with the East Indies; and has, I understand, left each of his nine daughters a hundred thousand dollars, in money and stocks, besides a splendid house a piece, with all domestic and fashionable appendages."

"All that is clearly not to be sneezed at, especially with so accomplished a young lady in the bargain," said Latimer.

Here Hippolyte threw a triumphant glance at Dr. Firkins, as he asked him to take wine with him.

"Dr. Perkins seems to be an old acquaintance of yours, Mr. De Grey," said Mr. Moreton.

"Oh yes. I imbibed the rudiments of my education from the doctor. I studied Cæsar, and Viri Romæ, and all the other classics, under him. He is universally allowed to be the greatest professor and most learned preacher in the whole county." [The doctor did not hear this well-intended tribute to the extent of his fame, or he might have been shocked at the narrow confines allotted to it.] "If he had completed me in the classics," continued De Gray, "I might have talked Latin and Greek as well as I do French."

It seemed now to occur to this youth that it would be as well to abandon other objects, and follow up some business he had in hand. So far as his face could express it, he looked as if he had something to do. Stating in an affected way that he had an engagement, and regretting that he could not accompany Mr. Moreton in the evening, he departed, just as Dr. Firkins had got fairly under way with one of his digressive dissertations (the utterance of which was only interrupted by an occasional glass of wine), on the comparative merits of Œcolampadius and Jeremy Bentham; "both of whom," he said, "however he might dissent from some of their opinions, he maintained to be *ad unguem* exemplars of definitive ratiocination—Arcades ambo—which Dryden, as you know, somewhat tamely renders,

> 'Arcadians both, and both alike inspired,
> To sing and answer, as the song required.'"

Here it occurred to Mr. Moreton, who had long been gazing in a profound fit of abstraction on a plate of oranges, to ask the doctor a question: and starting from his revery,

he said, "You seem to know Mr. De Grey, Dr. Perkins. Pray who is the young gentleman?"

The cataract of his discourse being stopped thus suddenly, the doctor hesitated, looked blank, and taking a hasty swallow, assumed an air half sheepish and half important, as he replied, "I think I may be indeed said to know him; and to have not only cognition but science of him. I know his accidence as well as his essence; he being in fact my son—that is, metaphysically. In short, my academic bower was to him and his their 'cunabula gentis.' You recollect that fine passage, Mr. Latimer?"

"It is in Trismegistus; isn't it?" said Latimer.

"But, doctor," continued Mr. Moreton, "after the pains you must have lavished upon this young gentleman, it really appears to me that his colloquial English is somewhat—a—too vernacular."

"I confess it, sir. It is all the fault of his mother, for whom the gynecocracy might blush, if they could. 'Varium et mutabile semper'—no, sir, she was *not* mutabile semper. She was an eternal scold, and the indefatigable tormentor of my existence. Her rixatory and objurgative powers were rivalled only by her brutal ignorance—"

"But, doctor, who may the young gentleman be? After such a description of his mother, you do not prepossess us much in favour of the son."

"He is, sir, a young man of merit, for whom, if the humanities have done little, nature and contingencies have done much; and on whose opening pathway Fortune has shed her golden radiance. 'Multos numerabit amicos.' He may count upon soon possessing a regal revenue."

"And what kind of a man, doctor, was his father?"

"His father, sir—his father was a man of original *nous*, cultivated by all the appliances and means which the science and learning of past centuries have accumulated; distinguished in various professions and callings; one, in short, marked out by Providence, to change the moral sur-

face of society; trample under foot that Jacobinic spirit which amalgamates the highest intellect with the lowest; and by the mighty influence of the antagonistic principle—"

"But pray, doctor," said Latimer, "how much did this original *nous*, Jacobin-trampling, antagonistic gentleman make out of it all, in the way of money?"

"Make out of it all, sir? Little or nothing—that is to say, sir, little for such a man. The late Mr. De Grey, sir, left something—a good fortune for his only son. He is a young man of good property, sir,—say two or three hundred thousand dollars." [Here the doctor shut his eyes, and quaffed a glass of champaign.] "Had the lad not left me in mere childhood, I should have formed him to moral issues worthy of his pecuniary expectations; and formed him in like fashion as I hope to mould the sons of Columbia, under the organic pressure of the great national institute."

"And his amiable lady-mother, sir," said Latimer, "on whose vituperative and rixatory accomplishments you have delivered so enthusiastic and impassioned a eulogy—what became of her? Où est donc cette dame là?"

"I hope she is in heaven!" said Firkins, with a groan, swallowing down a glass of Madeira. "A violent and a vile woman was his mother, sir;" filling rapidly and gulping down a large glass of Sherry. Hereupon he drummed on the table with his fingers, and on the floor with his heels; shrugged his shoulders, worked his eyebrows, winked his eyes, bit his lips, and twisted and wriggled about in his chair in a marvellous and mysterious manner. He was silent for a few moments; but did not long suffer himself to labour under such unnatural restraint. He got upon his favourite hobby Œcolampadius, whom he now compared to Lord Coke; talked of Junius and Psalmanazar, and the butter-churn case; of the controversies between the orthodox and liberals, high church and low church, tariff and anti-tariff, the constitutionality of internal improvements,

the comparative merits of the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, his friend Bob Southey, as he called the laureate, and Dr. Dwight; of the Reformation, craniology, and the fine arts.

When it is considered that, meantime, in the usual style of a Washington convivial dinner-party, a variety of wines was constantly passing round the table, and that the doctor regularly helped himself at each revolution to two glasses of different kinds, with no more reference to their affinities than to the coherence of the subjects of his discourse, it is not to be wondered at that the latter soon became strangely jumbled in his brain, and oddly combined in his talk; that he got Œcolampadius into the churn, made Junius a writer in the Quarterly, and Psalmanazar and Southey controversial contemporaries; and finally degenerated into a hodge-podge of unassociated and unassociable things, absurd as the nonsense chorus to a song in O'Keefe's farces.

At length Mr. Latimer, whether out of benevolence or weariness, or a mixture of both, got rid of what he called, in a hog-latin parlance of which he was fond, a *regularis aper*, by fairly bolting the doctor out of the room. The latter, who was in the maudlin crisis of his excitement, was very loving upon his host, hugging him, and calling him by all the affectionate diminutives which his classical vocabulary or his own invention could supply; until Latimer succeeded in thrusting him into a hackney coach, sending his favourite servant to accompany him to his lodgings.

The next morning, as Mr. Moreton was sitting at his abstemious breakfast of dry toast and coffee, with the other viands and provant before enumerated smoking and steaming unregarded before him, and was reading his favourite National Intelligencer, a note was handed to him by a servant, on looking at which he muttered "Montagu? Montagu? Oh! ah! yes—I recollect. It is all in the way."

In consequence of the reception of this billet, he called, before going to the House, on the lady already introduced to my readers, whom he found with her two attendant nymphs, who made their motions as cleverly as on the preceding day; and on being telegraphed by the matron to withdraw, effected their disappearance in seventeen manœuvres, without any serious accident.

"Pray be seated, my dear Mr. Moreton," said Mrs. Montagu. "I have an important inquiry to make, which I felt it my duty to address to you; and I therefore took the liberty, which I hope you will excuse, of requesting this interview. Knowing, as I do, that your time is precious to yourself and to the nation, I feel that some apology is necessary."

"None at all, madam, I assure you. I am honoured by being allowed to receive your communications; and am at your present disposal."

"I am anxious, then, to state to you, sir, that the young gentleman whom you introduced to me yesterday, and whose appearance is undoubtedly prepossessing, has evinced a disposition to cultivate an acquaintance with my young ladies. Knowing, as you must do, how delicate my responsibility is, you will pardon me for asking how far, with perfect security to their peace of mind and my own obligations, I may encourage his polite attentions to them, beyond the ordinary pale of general courtesy."

"Madam," said Mr. Moreton, "your own penetration will doubtless enable you to judge with more accuracy than my imperfect knowledge of his talents and character enables me to do, of the disposition, manners, and morals of this young gentleman. It has been well remarked, by nice observers of human nature, that ladies, from an instinctive gift or quicker faculty of appreciation, form a juster estimate of men from their first impressions, than the lords of creation are themselves enabled to make, notwithstanding their greater general experience. Mr. De Grey brought a

necessary to record as bearing on the issue of my narrative. The Saturday which followed was like all other Saturdays in Washington, during the winter session. Neither House sat. The industrious members went to the public offices to transact the business of their constituents; the electioneering members were engaged in franking letters and printed matters, and in writing to their friends; the fashionable members paid visits and left cards; and the members who were given to frolicking slept off the effects of the preceding night's revel. The young ladies, as it was a rainy day, were making all their preparations for the evening's ball, which was to be given by the lady of a secretary; and the old ladies held consultation about who was who, among all the bachelor and widower faces in Washington. Among other topics of conversation, much was said of a new clergyman, of great learning and eloquence according to rumour, who, it was advertised, would preach on the next morning in the Representatives' Chamber, in the place of one of the chaplains.

Hippolyte de Grey, who had removed the evening before to the house where Mrs. Montagu lodged, was sufficiently engaged in making the amiable to Miss Longchild; the accommodating matron having somehow or other contrived to leave him to enjoy a tête-à-tête with her shortest pupil. In the afternoon, Miss Fin complained of a headache, and a touch of dyspepsy, attended with pulmonary symptoms. By way of a salutary repose, Mrs. Montagu took her out in a hackney-coach, through a fine, cooling, and delightful fall of rain, sleet, and all the varieties of moisture which hiemal Jove administers to the earth in that quarter. Miss Longchild had sprained her ankle, and Hippolyte had an inopportune engagement; so the two ladies went forth together, and unattended, like Ariosto's Bradimante and Marfisa; but before long, Mrs. Montagu met with a knight, whose services she was determined to secure. This was no other than Mr. Moreton, on whose persecutions, for courtesy's dear

sake, none but the rustical and unfeeling will refuse to bestow the tribute of a sigh. He was trudging, like the Duke of Wellington, with his umbrella, on the pavé round the treasury. Mrs. Montagu immediately ordered the carriage to stop, and calling to the representative, invited him to take a seat with her. Once having him in her possession, he was helpless and hopeless: and I regret to record, and shudder at the recollection of having once done so myself, that he was compelled to show to these ladies the lions of Georgetown; to wit, the Nunnery and the College; to stand in the sleet, pointing out where the prospects ought to be; and to get out at almost every corner, inquiring where Timothy Wilkins lived, whose cousin's daughter had been finished by Mrs. Montagu. I drop the curtain over this afflicting adventure. The only pleasing circumstance connected with it was, that Miss Fin came home declaring that all her aches and symptoms had disappeared, in consequence of having taken an infallible specific—a glass of rye-jack and bitters, recommended and administered by Mr. Wilkins.

Sunday dawned in unwonted brightness, auspicious to the hopes of Dr. Firkins, who was that day "to thunder in the capitol," with, as he fondly expected, "all the American Senate at his heels." He had read with great admiration the long speeches, immeasurable even as reported, which were delivered in the House: and though he had never ventured to try more than half of his sermon "on the balance of power," at one time, on even the most patient congregation, he now expanded it, and added several new heads and illustrations; had recourse to all the universal histories and biographical dictionaries in the Congress Library, and copied out and inserted at full length all the lives, characters, and adventures of the several remarkable personages whom he had had occasion to mention by name in his original draft, being determined to give his audience

such a "screed of doctrine," for length, at any rate, as never before was heard in the same place.

Miss Longchild's ankle continued to be sprained, and Hippolyte came late from his room complaining of an intolerable headache, attended with a good deal of fever. Mrs. Montagu was much afflicted with his indisposition; she pressed, however, into her service, Mr. Wilson, a young gentleman who lodged at the house, and who, wonderful to relate, was in Washington, neither seeking an office nor holding one; with no professional business to transact; no contract to solicit; and no bargain, job, scheme, or project of any sort or kind on hand, which he was anxious to effect. This amiable and truly interesting young man had half-expressed an intention to go and hear the celebrated preacher; and good luck dropped from the skies upon him unexpectedly, giving him an opportunity of escorting thither the two ladies by particular request. They did not, however, enter into the hall of the House of Representatives until the preliminary service had been disposed of; Firkins having hurried that over to reserve his powers for the sermon. The floor was crowded with a brilliant congregation, in which talent, fashion, and beauty had a fair representation of their aristocracy; so that our ladies were obliged to find seats in the circle most remote from the Speaker's pagoda, which, like the poet's night-cap, "a cap by night, a stocking all the day," after serving for six days as the throne of human legislation, becomes the chair of pulpit eloquence on the seventh. The officiating clergyman was sitting at the time of their entry—the top of his head, as he was arranging his manuscripts, and his pocket-handkerchief on the desk, being the only items of the man or his appendages that were visible.

When he started up, it was so suddenly done, that many of the congregation were startled in sympathy, and Mrs. Montagu in particular. Mr. Wilson noticed that her twitchings continued after the electric shock had passed off from

the rest of the audience, and that an animation sympathetic with that of the orator sent a flush to her bold Semiramis-like cheeks, and a lightning flash to her piercing eyes, which shot over the heads of the multitude, and ever pointed its coruscations towards Dr. Firkins. The learned principal wiped his brow and his hands, and each particular finger, very carefully. Then perking up, he gave a piercing look round upon the assembly; and having coughed to try his throat and lungs, requested that the doors might be shut. This being complied with, while he was arranging his enormous scroll of didactic eloquence (at the sight of which some prudent elderly gentlemen seated near the door embraced the opportunity of withdrawing), the doctor coughed again. The noise from his diaphragm seemed to sound better in his ears this time, and he took a glass of water with great deliberation and emphasis.

He announced that his text was to be found in Leviticus xix. 36.—"Just balances, just weights, a just ephah, and a just hin shall ye have." My report of some of the heads of his discourse must necessarily be extremely brief; still my readers may complain even of this small matter. If they are so disposed, let them think of what the Washington congregation underwent, such of them at least as sat out the performance, and they will blush at their own selfishness and effeminacy. The doctor began, of course, with the history of weights and measures—their quantity, quality, and nomenclature among the Orientals, Greeks, and Romans; detailed the changes which had taken place in them in different periods and countries; and the effects which those changes had produced on the commercial, moral, and physical condition of men. In adverting to the French decimal system, he was led into an eloquent digression about Jacobinism; which he said had trampled under foot all law and order, and overthrown the system of weights and measures, by gluing up the old standards in an insoluble viscosity of blood and blasphemy. He commented

likewise on long and learned reports made to Congress on the subject; and as to long measure, concluded that it was impossible, owing to the inequalities of the earth's surface, to ascertain the length of a degree on the equator; but suggested, as his own opinion, that it could only be measured with mathematical precision on the moon, by means of a good telescope.

From physical weights, balances, powers, and conventional definitions of extension, he should proceed, he said, to the far more important ones of a moral nature. And, beginning with the individual Man, he should touch first on the metaphysical balance of power. Imagination and the discursive faculty, monomania and animal magnetism were powers operating in various directions. Their force was counteracted in several modes, by judgment, reason, and the direct evidence of the senses. Memory was the balance-wheel; on the proper adjustment of which depended the preservation of a due equilibrium in the intellectual microcosm. By reading good old classical authors, the Fathers, and the commentators on the civil law, and by keeping large commonplace-books after the manner of Locke, of which a dozen pages at least should be filled daily, the balance-wheel, he pronounced, would be kept sufficiently well loaded, and the machinery would work with an equable motion.

Secondly, he proceeded to treat of the domestic balance of power, in which the husband, the head of the family, was the true balance-wheel. He was both erudite and poetical in his account of the patriarchal form of government. This would have been the most curious and fructifying part of his discourse, had not the mischief arising from bad marriages, and the curses attendant upon having bad wives, untimely inflamed his vein of indignation; and, like a whirlwind of dust and a band of hostile Ishmaelites, destroyed the tranquil and refreshing picture of an encampment of the Bedouin Arabs, which he had emptied into his

commonplace-book from some modern traveller, and thence into his sermon. He had obviously lost his temper in the composition of this part of the discourse, nor did he find it again in the delivery. He went the whole length, in speaking of the fair sex, of the surly and coarse protosatyrist Simonides of Cos, from whom he quoted freely. The swine, fox, slut, earth, ocean, ass, cat, mare, and ape species of women, he dwelt upon *con amore*. Of that class whose emblem is the bee, he spake sparingly. He asked, what in the range of animated nature was more insufferable, than a scold, a slut, a hoyden, a harlot, a female fool, fury, or fiend? He ran through Johnson's definitions of scold and shrew, emphasizing with great apparent feeling their beautiful variations—a shrill, peevish, malignant, spiteful, vexatious, turbulent, brawling vixen, or termagant female person. He cited Ecclesiasticus to the effect that "he who hath her," (an uncomfortable wife, to wit), "is as if he held a scorpion. She is a yoke shaken to and fro;" but, said the doctor, not to be shaken off: because, though you may get a divorce in Vermont, Rhode Island, or Connecticut, yet in consequence of recent ill-advised decisions elsewhere, it amounts to nothing in most of the other states.

Old Burton stood him in great stead, and the plagiarisms of Sterne and others were modest in comparison to his; but I have too much respect for Burton as well as for the refined half of human-kind, to assist in spoliations from him, or in repeating the gross terms which the misogamists of antiquity, who were cross only because they did not know how to please the ladies, thought fit to employ; all of which terms, however, the doctor doled out without stint; smacking his lips whenever he took breath, as if, like a Persian laureate, his mouth had been stuffed with sugar-candy.

He then proceeded to give a history of all the bad matches of antiquity. On the authority of Eichhorn and Adam Clarke, he proved Job's wife to be the earliest, though

by no means the worst on record; and from her he went down through all the cases of petit treason and matrimonial impropriety on the part of the weaker vessel, till he came to the spouse of Herod. In the list he included many worthy ancient ladies, of whom all that is to be found is some occasional remark of theirs which may be considered as snappish, and not quite as amiable as modern wives use; but they had the full benefit of the doctor's vocabulary, and he took it for granted that they were all as bad as they could be. He then explored the pages of profane history; beginning with Semiramis and the wife of Candaules, whose name, as he said, Herodotus had forborne to mention out of delicacy; but who, according to Bochart and other good authorities, was called Nyssæa. He mentioned many other oriental belles, and Helen and Clytemnæstra, and a long catalogue of Grecian queens and heroines; and came to the conclusion as to the latter, after having devoted profound attention to the subject, that Penelope was the only woman of rank among them who maintained a show of common delicacy. This one good example he held up as a consolation to all who despaired of the gynecocracy. At the same time, he felt it his duty to observe, from accurate investigation, that the evidence of her conduct during the ten years' war which bore hard upon her, had been smothered, out of respect to her distinguished husband. There certainly was some ingenuity in the argument, which he founded on the tediousness of the nine last books of the Odyssey, and the protracted unwillingness of this far-famed matron to recognise her husband; whom, he said, she *must* have either known, or not chosen to know; and he believed, that if poor Argus, whom he proved from the Greek anthology to be a terrier, had had the gift of speech, and had not died in the sudden paroxysm of his joy, he would have told his old master some very strange stories.

During this part of the discourse, Mrs. Montagu was so peculiarly restless, that Mr. Wilson asked her with an air

of disinterested politeness, if she did not wish to retire. She gave him to understand that she did *not*, so summarily that he did not renew the application; but as old Judge Sympsons had contrived to get a seat by Miss Fin in the mean time, the poor young man took the liberty of stealing a furlough on his own account for a few minutes.

As for the Roman matrons, from Tullia, to Messalina, the doctor found none worthy of his admiration. If the story of Lucretia was not a fable, she was a fool; and all the world who knew any thing, believed that Cornelia was accessory to the murder of her son-in-law.

So, gliding into the middle ages, he expatiated freely through the scandalous chronicles of the lives of the Empress Theodosia of Constantinople, Rosamunda of Lombardy, Lady Macbeth of Scotland, and Elfrida of England. Even poor Elgiva, he said, was a forward wanton, who fared no worse than she deserved, according to the manners of her age. He went through the royal lines of all Europe, in quest of illustrations; among whose distinguished females, Catharine de Medicis, Isabella the wife of Philip of Spain, Mary Queen of Scots, and Catharine of Russia, came in for their several shares of overwhelming vituperation. The Duchess of Marlborough, or old Sal, as he familiarly called her, was shown up in fine style. In the course of these references, he burst out into an eulogium on the eighth Henry of England, who was, he maintained, the rival of Cranmer in Protestant zeal, of Erasmus in learning, and of the Duke of Wellington in energy; and who had revenged, on a series of bad wives, the universal wrongs of injured husbands since the institution of the marriage contract. The evidence was in favour of one of these ladies, and he believed that Jane Seymour might have been a good sort of a woman. But with all due respect to the female sex, this proportion of one good wife out of five, he said, might be taken as a liberal allowance.

He then took a bird's-eye view of the Newgate Calen-

dar; observing that there was a manifest family likeness in the countenances therein depicted of all the bad wives who had been hanged or burned for every variety of crime, from simple larceny to such atrocities as were committed by Martha Brownrigg,

> "Who whipped two female 'prentices to death,
> And hid them in the coal-hole."

He should forbear from touching on men's private experiences, or probing their secret wounds, from respect to the feelings of the audience. Remedies, other than unmanly patience and endurance, there were none—saving the application of discipline, or the gentler experience of divorce. The latter course was rarely vindicated in the pulpit; but for his own part, he was free to say, that he held the opinions of those two illustrious polygamists, the first royal head of the English church, and the immortal Milton.

He observed, moreover, that, according to old Purchas, in his Pilgrims, the Chinese attempted to turn scolds and other pestilent ill-conditioned females to good account, by supporting their deaf and dumb asylums at Pekin by fines levied upon them. But as these fines must commonly be paid by the husband or other sufferer from the nuisance, the doctor doubted the equity of the law. He much more approved of an old English common-law practice, mentioned by Dr. Plot in his History of Staffordshire, as prevailing at Newcastle, where scolds were cured by an easy collar round the neck, connected with a thin smooth plate of iron inserted into the mouth to keep the tongue down—an invention which he pronounced to be "at once preventive and sanative, and worthy of the wisdom of our ancestors."

He next proceeded to the constitutional balance of power in a state; as to which I only remember that he said De Lolme's triangle was good enough to jingle upon; but that

the adjustment must be between the rulers and the beruled, which could only be effected by didactic and ministerial functionaries, or, in other words, by the clergy and the constables.

Little, also, can I report of his last grand head, the National Balance of Power. I should do him injustice in attempting it. The subject, he said, was not understood in this new country, because it *was* new, and its position was original. He would say, that perhaps the proud-eyed, comatose, and inflated dictation of many, who called themselves statesmen, was such as justified him in throwing his own light on the subject, both in its true abstract theory, and as that bore on the existing state of the world. He had done so in two forthcoming octavos; and on the present occasion should advert but to a few familiar topics. Such a thing as an actual balance among nations, he said, first existed when Assyria was governed by Ninus, and altogether ceased when Hayti was lost to France. The question, as to the probability or possibility of a new irruption of barbarians from the North, which was still the subject of grave scholastic discussion in Europe, proved, he said, the deteriorating and dementalizing effects which Jacobinism, gunpowder, and the Encyclopædia had had upon the masses of intellect in that section of the globe. It was absurd to propound such a subject of inquiry. There could be no doubt that in the course of a few centuries, more or less, Europe would be invaded from Africa, whose human material was silently but certainly concentrating and increasing, and would continue to do so, until its movement and destination would become as irresistible as the river, when its waters rise high above the level of the precipice, and it rushes in its bulk over the barrier, gathering fury by its freedom, and scattering destruction in its descent. But the next northern invasion would visit America. China could not contain its millions for ever; and untold hundreds of thousands of roving and ravenous men, hurrying with them in their progress

the sturdy and hungry barbarians of the Arctic regions, would in some long polar night march to Behring's Straits. A more genial climate would still invite them onwards; and they would be on the high road to New-York, perhaps, while half our posterity disbelieved their existence. But these things were not likely to occur soon; though they must take place before all nations could have a military representation at the battle of Armageddon, which he believed would be fought near Botany Bay, on what would then be the neutral ground of the world.

At present he warned the nations of the earth, assembled as he might call them, in that illustrious audience (bowing to a quarter where he saw some foreign gentlemen and diplomatists), to consider the imposing attitude of Denmark, striding as she did like a Colossus across the Baltic, and having a foothold in the occidental Indies, from which her young ambition might aspire to climb the Andes. Once she had swayed the sceptre of three powerful northern realms, and dictated to the princes of Southern Europe;

> And what the fathers did of old
> The sons might do again,

on the larger theatre of two hemispheres. He warned them too against the political ambition of the pope, who, fired by the prospect of Catholic emancipation in Ireland, had already appointed a vice-consul in the United States. He quoted the great Œcolampadius, to prove that great states had always been subdued by small ones; and cited all history to confirm the dogma.

When it was known by an inspection of their watches, which was frequently made during the first half of the sermon, that the northern mail had arrived, the members of Congress present became restless; and certain whispering conversations arose, the murmur of which appeared to fall on the doctor's ear: as he frowned portentously, and was

silent, till silence was restored. When it waxed later, and the resident auditors, who went to their own churches in the afternoon, began to fear that they would lose their own early and frugal Sunday dinner, other symptoms of disquietude were manifested, which were encouraged and backed by such of the former malecontents as had had the grace or the politeness to remain. When the dinner bells were heard from the neighbouring hotels, neither the frowns nor pauses of the orator, had power to quell what he would have styled the Polyphlœsbic noise; and when Mr. Latimer got up a cry of fire, the bulk of the audience poured out with no further ceremony, in a continued stream, the residuum amounting to some twenty or thirty heads; for whose edification Firkins was obliged to huddle up his practical, moral, and religious applications; and to promise a conclusion of his discourse on another occasion.

When the exercises of the morning were at length concluded, Mrs. Montagu put down her veil, took hold strenuously of poor Wilson's arm, and remained standing; waiting, as she said, until the crowd should have withdrawn. As this crowd of some score of persons advanced towards the door, she followed with her eyes, in an attitude of intense observation, the retiring clergyman, who moved rapidly, discoursing all the while as volubly, to half a dozen persons who surrounded him, and quickly disappeared.

Mrs. Montagu started, after a moment's pause, and dragged her chaperon out; while old Judge Sympsons hobbled after, supporting the aerial Patagonian whose prospects of real estate had been vouched for by our friend Latimer. If Mrs. Montagu's object was to overtake the doctor, it was, however, defeated. He departed as rapidly as did the sheriff of Nottingham from the presence of Robin Hood.

As they were returning home, Mrs. Montagu observed to her escort, "I think, nay I am sure, that I have seen the

gentleman who preached for us before. Do you know where he lodges?"

Wilson was unable to give the desired information. Mrs. Montagu requested him to ascertain the doctor's address as soon as possible. She said she had a particular motive for making the inquiry, as she had a little private business of great importance to herself to transact with him. At the same time she prayed Mr. Wilson to obtain this intelligence without mentioning that she had sought for it.

When they arrived at their quarters, the dinner was nearly over, and they sat down to a supplement. Mrs. Montagu was informed, with a meaning look, by the lady of the house, that Miss Longchild and Mr. De Grey had gone out in a carriage, several hours before, and had not returned. She replied, very shortly, that she supposed the fine weather had tempted them out, and that very probably the hospitalities of Georgetown had induced them to protract their absence; and apparently paid little attention to the subject; her mind still being occupied with the author of the morning's prelection. When Wilson informed her after dinner that he had been unable to learn from any one in the house where Firkins resided, she besought him earnestly to prosecute his inquiries until he was successful. She said that she should get no rest all night, unless she received this information. The polite young gentleman promised to ascertain the doctor's abode, if he had any local habitation, and went forth upon his mission.

The day, which had been so fair and fine in the morning, became overcast towards evening. Wind, mist, rain and sleet, asserted their claims and contended for the mastery; so that those who were assembled in the cheerful sitting-room in the evening, had reason to be glad that they were so comfortably protected from the elements. Mrs. Montagu, however, seemed restless and uneasy; which was naturally ascribed to her receiving no intelligence of her

shorter protegée. To some well-meant attempt at consolation on this subject, by the landlady, she replied, "Oh! I feel no concern whatever about the dear girl. I have the most perfect confidence, as she well knows, in her discretion and lady-like sense of propriety. I have no doubt she is at Mr. Wilkins's; and it would be extremely injudicious for either her, or Mr. De Grey, whose health is quite delicate, to think of returning in this storm. Still I know that my affectionate Adelgitha will be anxious on my account. There is a deep tinge of romantic feeling in her nature, which leads her to exaggerate ordinary mischances, and create real out of sentimental evil."

"Romance and sentimentality, and fiction, and all such things," said old Judge Sympsons, who was sitting by Miss Fin, "in my opinion are all affectation; and so are hysterics and dyspepsy."

"To wex the mind with imag-i-na-ry misfortunes," recited Miss Fin, "without the con-com-ba-tant of a moral lesson, is to increase the sum of personal grieve-yan-ces, and in-ca-pa-ci-yate us for enduring un-a-woi-dable evils."

"Now that's what I call good sense," said the judge. "Novels and fits, and writing love-letters, and fainting away, are all nonsense and affectation. It all comes of reading trumpery books."

With such pleasant and profound conversation they beguiled the time, until Mr. Wilson returned, dripping wet, and bespattered with mud. From him Mrs. Montagu learned in a conversation apart, that Dr. Firkins was lodging at the house of a Mrs. Catafelto, who lived somewhere between the Seven Buildings and Rock Creek. She thanked her Mercury so graciously for the trouble he had taken on her account, and regretted so warmly the damage accruing to his clothes, and which might accrue to his health, that he must have been consoled abundantly for the plight was in. The lady then retired to her bower of rest at an early hour, telling Miss Fin she need be in no hurry on her account.

The next morning the reverend, eloquent, and learned subject of Mrs. Montagu's inquiries, again obtruded himself at the breakfast-table of Mr. Moreton's mess, with an air of a singularly complicated character. His gait and his countenance were pregnant with diverse meanings; in which a sort of important perplexity was most obvious. He stated, with more embarrassment than was natural to him, that he wished to make a private communication, which would be very brief, to Messieurs Moreton and Latimer, as soon as possible, and had come early for that purpose. Having seated himself at table, he resumed his ease, and inquired how the "Senatus populusque" had liked his sermon the day before. Latimer said it was the most prodigious performance of the kind he had ever heard, and that the ladies, in particular, talked of nothing else. He regretted extremely, that from the false alarm of fire, he had lost the conclusion, which the door-keeper had assured him was the most interesting part of the discourse. Mr. Moreton, who had not been present, hearing that the subject had been the balance of power, observed that it was a theme prolific in good topics; affording equal scope for the display of philosophic investigation, sound erudition, and ingenious theory.

It was with great good-humour, in consequence of these compliments, that the doctor received Latimer's peremptory intimation that what he had to say must be said quickly, as he had not ten minutes to spare. Mr. Moreton likewise observed, that "though clergymen, in discharging their professional functions, had an unquestioned right to dispose as they saw fit of the conventional period of time assigned to that exercise, yet, on other occasions, public and private duties must, from the constitution of society, maintain a paramount claim."

Descending with these gentlemen to a parlour, the doctor seated himself, crossed his ankles, coaxed his knees with the palms of his hands, rolled his head about, and again looked

importantly perplexed; but was tardy in beginning to articulate.

"Come, Mr. President, *festina lente* won't do now. Fire away, domine," said Latimer; "and you must labour to be brief, or I shall not be able to attend at the parturition. *Shortibus estote*, as Julius Pollux has it."

"Well, gentlemen," said Firkins, "the impediment to my suffering my fledged and winged words to take flight, is the necessity of a previous explanation."

"Oh, there's none at all, doctor," said Latimer. "When the pie was opened—the birds began to sing—"

"I must, however, without a formal vindication, explain, that in relation to the subject matter, or one of the subject matters to which my forthcoming communication relates, and as to which I must solicit your advice, gentlemen, I may heretofore have been misunderstood by you; not without such an inferential assent on my own part to such misapprehension on yours, as unskilful casuists might misinterpret into the similitude of implied or half voluntary deception."

"Oh, if there's a humbug, let it out, doctor. Time flies."

"Patience, for one moment, my dear sir," said Firkins, who seemed honestly in a painful situation. "My character requires a brief exposition of this one point, to gentlemen of your high standing. Whether not to contradict what is false, by yielding an apparent approbation to the sophisticated statement, or to state what is true, being understood differently and knowing one's self to be so, is justifiable in practical ethics, is a question which all the schools of philosophy have agitated, and on which even divines disagree. Far be it from me and my friends to follow the profligate and corrupt tactics of the disciples of Loyola."

"Pshaw, doctor, never mind the Jesuits. Whether a falsehood is a lie or not, depends upon 'a concatenation accordingly,' as the learned Tony Lumpkin says; and besides, I recollect that Œcolampadius says, lying is lawful,

in cases of high treason, and where the honour of families is at stake."

"Does he, indeed? The passage has escaped my memory; and the other great ethical authority you quote is quite new to me. *Lying*, sir, is of course out of the question, or I should not have courted such society. But as to whether countenancing a disguise was strictly proper in one of my cloth, I shall pretermit it now, as a subject for our antagonistic solution in future conversations. You must know, then, gentlemen, that the young man who has appeared here as Mr. De Grey, and whom I fortuitously recognised—"

Here the door opened, and a veiled lady entered, whom a servant ushered in, announcing to Mr. Moreton that it was Mrs. Montagu, who had called upon him. Mr. Moreton was advancing towards her in his usual dignified and polite manner; but the lady, having courtesied, came rapidly forward, raised her veil, and exhibited a countenance glowing with indignation, as she fixed Firkins with her eyes. She sank, much agitated with spasms, on a chair opposite to the doctor, continuing to ray out the wrath of her expression directly upon him; while she panted, heaved, and shook, as one does who is in good case of body and in a towering passion of mind, without being able to come to what the Fancy call the *Scratch*.

The doctor first turned pale, for several moments; a flush then passed over his face, and went and came, and went again, while he was fidgetting about; but after some time, consideration or resolution seemed to visit him; and, after grinding his teeth, and looking red as a turkey-cock, he said, "It is my heart's desire to finish my communication to you, Mr. Moreton. I will retire till this lady has transacted her business, and pray you to remain five minutes afterward. My character requires it."

"I bid you, sir, remain now," said the lady. "It is my

heart's desire to confront you here. *My* character requires it. *Your* character! where did you get it from?"

"But, madam," said Mr. Moreton, "control your feelings. Dr. Perkins—"

"Perkins is *not* his name, nor Firkins either," said the lady. "It is Bigglesbury. Twenty-seven years ago he married me, and twenty years ago he deserted me, taking away my only child, and leaving me totally destitute; labouring, too, under whatever base surmises his conduct might give rise to. I grieved not for his loss; but I *will* know what has become of my child; and will make him vindicate my character, and confess himself a rascal. I found out his lodgings; traced him here; and now [here she sobbed], gentlemen, you will see that I have justice done to me."

Latimer and Moreton looked to Firkins for a response. Strange as it may seem, after such an unexpected assault on his complacency, he soon got over the shock; and having rubbed his eyes, wiped his forehead, and twisted his figure about, he folded his arms, and said, with an air of composure, and even of lurking triumph—"True it is, that I married this lady twenty-seven years ago, or more. I thought she was defunct; but am glad she yet lives, to repent, as I hope she does, of the horrible life she led me during our intercourse. I was compelled to leave her by the acidity of her temperament and the outrageousness of her passions. Of her character for the last twenty years, I know nothing, and can give no certificate; and as she expresses no desire to resume her conjugal relations, I care not to inquire about the matter. But as to her son, I can give her an account of him, which will be satisfactory even to herself, if she be the woman called Mrs. Montagu—"

"What else *should* I call myself, you pedantic and insignificant wretch," exclaimed the lady, "than by my maiden name; never disgraced but by taking yours? Do you

think I would live alone, with such a name as Biggles-bury?"

"Firkins is certainly an improvement; it is more euphonic and sonorous, and suggests divers pleasing bucolical and pastoral associations," said Latimer, who seemed to have got over his hurry.

"Madam," said Mr. Moreton, "allow me to remark—and I address the observation to you, doctor, likewise, that the exposition of family dissensions, beyond that pale of consanguinity which encloses near and confidential kindred, is ever as unprofitable in fact, as it is painful in contemplation—

"Well, sir, my son then, where *is* he?" said the lady, forgetting her manners, and with eyes still flashing at Firkins like the threatenings of an unexploded thunder cloud.

"He is rich and happy," said the doctor;—when the knob of the door was handled, and a voice was heard asking, "Where is Doctor Firkins?"

The doctor started up, exclaiming,

> 'Ecce quem quæris, ille quem requiris,
> Toto notus in orbe—'

"Bigglesbury, alias Firkins,"—added Latimer, as Hippolyte entered, with Adelgitha hanging upon him, with a long green veil covering her dumpy proportions.

They both seemed startled at first on seeing Mrs. Montagu, who had also risen, and, on their appearance, drew herself up with an air of dignity. After a little fluttering, however, they advanced and kneeled (perhaps I should say the female suppliant squatted) gracefully before her.

"Forgive us, madam," said Hippolyte. "We have been a getting married; but it was all owing to my impatience. This elegant and yielding creature is too sensitive to endure scolding; but lay it all on to me."

"Rise, sir," said Mrs. Montagu. "Rise, Adelgitha." It is needless for me to say, that I had not expected such a

want of confidence, such an apparent slight—on so momentous an occasi-on." She shed tears—at least she put her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Oh! my dear Mrs. Montagu! my more than parent!" —sobbed and sputtered Adelgitha; as she clung to the stately figure of her instructress. "There were reasons—yet I could rather have died than have thus offended you! All will be explained—forgive me!" And she seemed to weep likewise, or had, at any rate, violent singults and flesh-quakes, which looked alarming.

Hippolyte stood in an elegant attitude, as he thought; and Latimer handed him a pitcher of water, saying "your bride is in hysterics;" but Mrs. Montagu raised and embraced the penitent bride. "You are forgiven, my still dear Adelgitha," said she. "Explanations must be postponed. Collect yourself, and allow me to introduce to *you*, Mr. Moreton, and to *you*, Mr. Latimer, Mr. and Mrs. De Grey—"

"Well!" said Firkins, "do you know all about it? or why don't you introduce them to *me*?"

A withering look of scorn and contempt flashed from the eyes of the "lofty lady," as she glanced at the querist, who was smirking, and rubbing his hands—and drew herself up to the full altitude of her somewhat commanding figure. Reply she gave him none.

"Ah!" said Firkins, "I see you don't know any thing about it. Ignorance and Sublimity were twins, according to an ancient apologue. Who do you think married them? Who do you think Mr. De Grey is?"

The lady regarded him sternly, and with a look somewhat more contemptuous than angry; and turning to the two representatives, said—"Gentlemen, I have solicited your countenance, and know that I shall not ask it in vain. The éclaircissement which has just happened should have transpired elsewhere. I know not how or why it should have taken place here—its extraordinary nature must ex-

cuse the indecorum, which I presume arose from the anxiety of my dear Adelgitha. I pray you to let it pass; and suffer me again to request that this—clergyman—whom I find in your society, will explain why he abandoned me, and where my son, if he still lives, has been bestowed?"

"So you think," said the doctor, laughing, "that these young people came here to find *you?* O mala fides hominum!—But the rights of nature are sacred, notwithstanding the ludicrousness of circumstances. Jocose associations, in the order of events, frequently induce solemn developments."

'But now the awful hour draws on,
When truth must speak in loftier tone.'

"Kneel, Jonas Biggelsbury, to your mother." [Hippolyte kneeled accordingly, while Adelgitha, starting backwards, sat down upon the floor.] "I *am* a clergyman, madam; you need not have sneered and stuttered about it. Here is your son, round whose name I have suffered a cloud to dwell until this moment; and he is bestowed, I trust, according to your liking. I saw fit to apply to the Massachusetts legislature to change my name, when I changed my profession; and their sovereign act has made that mine by which I am known. Let this young couple, endowed with youth and riches, receive our mutual blessings; and then let *us* follow our several businesses, without interference, obstreperousness, or intercalumniation. These children had not only my consent and paternal benediction, but were solemnly united by me, in my clerical capacity, in that bond which only death, divorce, or the intolerable misconduct of the woman can morally dissolve."

The doctor delivered this declaration in a declamatory style, and in a manner which he thought was dignified; in which supposition he was so wrapt, that he did not observe the effect it produced on the three members of his new

acknowledged family. When Hippolyte, alias Jonas, kneeled to his mamma, as *per* instruction, she stood, after a wild stare, like a monumental and not a live woman; while Adelgitha fidgeted and turned all sorts of colours, rolling her eyes round and round about, as if she saw seven suns in the firmament. Hippolyte, the exquisite Hippolyte, still kneeled in a lackadaisical manner, obviously not knowing what he was about; though the smile of conceit, enhanced apparently by some recent acquisition of imaginary importance, still remained like painted and sickly-looking lightning, on his mawkish, pragmatical, and wishy-washy countenance. He found the use of his tongue first, however, saying, in a stammering way, "Is this lady my *mother*, sir?"

"Oh! yes," said Firkins. "There is no mistake about that. I thought she was dead till ten minutes ago. The ecstacy of our mutual recognition had taken place, and the effervescence passed off before your appearance. Filial piety is to be indulged, as the earliest instinct. But Mr. Latimer is in a hurry, and we have business to transact. Embrace your mother, and reserve family explanations for another time. Look at your wife, sir!"

Well he might; for Adelgitha Bigglesbury was rolling on the rug and thumping the floor in utter oblivion of all her graces and callisthenics. Hippolyte obeyed his father literally by "looking at his wife," and no more, while the good-natured Latimer and the courteous Moreton raised her from the floor and placed her on a sofa.

Mrs. Montagu had sunk upon her chair, and not yet spoken. At length she said, slowly and huskily, but in an imperative voice still—"If this young man is my son, where is the two or three hundred thousand dollars that he is worth to come from?"

"Pecuniarily and presently," said Firkins, sniggering, "from your charming eléve, his wife; but permanently and

prospectively, from the prescience and prospects of his father?"

Mrs. Montagu almost groaned, and nearly screamed as she said, "His wife is my niece, and her clothes are not paid for! her father is porter to the United States Branch Bank. But *you*, Mr. Moreton, you, sir—how could you tell me that you believed this unhappy young man to be so rich?"

"I referred, madam, to Dr. Firkins as my authority; who, I am sorry to say, does not stand at present in a moral attitude which would command hereafter that ordinary credence which I am disposed to yield at all times to a clergyman or a scholar."

"Humph!" said Firkins, who now looked indescribably. "I was prepared to elucidate that point, sir, when the imperative haste of Mr. Latimer induced me to postpone it, and the unexpected visit of this woman rendered it impossible. But why did you say, sir, before many witnesses, of whom I was one, at the public table, that this unfortunate female child was worth a hundred thousand dollars, with a house and furniture, and coach and horses?"

"I said no such thing, my friend," said Mr. Moreton, after a pause—putting on a stateliness which a sculptor might have copied for an Olympian Jove's, while a giant's cub was trifling with one of his thunderbolts. "I did *not* say so."

"Certainly, not," said Latimer. "I was one of the witnesses you spoke of, doctor; and Mr. Moreton referred to quite another lady, though of a name somewhat similar, which you might have misunderstood."

"But you told me yourself," said Hippolyte, who looked as white as a sheet, and still more foolish than would have been credible, even to those who knew his natural expression—"you told me yourself, Mr. Latimer, that she was a cash concern."

It was not in his usual manner that the gentleman thus

addressed replied, after some hesitation—"If I had known you were quite such a spooney, I should have been more cautious in using terms. I never saw or heard of you or the lady before the day you inflicted yourself upon me. But it seems, after all, that it is in the family fashion. She is a charming creature too, and plump as an angel. You may make a cash concern out of it by prudence and industry. I take it for granted it cost you nothing to get married. What strikes me most forcibly is, that any non-resident clergyman is subject to a heavy fine, and imprisonment at the discretion of the court, for marrying in the district without a license. I advise you, doctor, as your friend, very seriously and solemnly, to clear out from Washington extemporaneously. The thing will get wind, and before you know it you will be in jail. My ten minutes were up half an hour ago, and I must go. I can be of no service, and wish you all a good morning. So saying he left the room—but as suddenly returning, addressed Hippolyte: "I had almost forgotten, my gay Lothario—that same miniature of the princess—how came you by it? Did you steal it? or how did you get hold of it, without any direct larceny?—where is it?"

The elegant favourite of Pauline, after fumbling for some time about his bosom, sheepishly produced the miniature, and tendering it to Mr. Latimer, said, "that the original miniature had struck his fancy at Mr. Cummings's, and that he had got the artist to make him a copy—"

"For which you never paid him, hey? Come, I will rid your conscience of that sin. I can't leave my affectionate, sentimental little niece in bad company, constantly running the risk of being passed off for some humbug princess of Parmesan. Give me the picture. I'll make it a present to my wife, and will remember, as I pass through New-York on my way home, to do that which you took care to forget—that is, pay the artist."

Hippolyte delivered the miniature, which Mr. Latimer

deposited in his pocket. Then assuming a mock solemnity, he bowed most gravely and profoundly to every individual member of the assembled party, and withdrew; but as he cleared the door he burst out into what Homer calls inextinguishable laughter, which lasted him in repeated and uncontrollable peals from his lodgings to the capitol stairs, a good mile and three-quarters. "The gods envy an honest man enjoying an honest laugh."

Mr. Moreton, ere he followed the rapidly retreating footsteps of his co-legislator, paused, with an air of unquestionable dignity, while his right hand rested in his bosom, and his hat was balanced in his left, and leisurely and emphatically made the following observations:—

"However much I may be at present disposed to regret the intricate complication of circumstances in which it is apparent that you, madam, and the Rev. Dr. Perkins, together with others, have been involved by your unfortunate severance, and by the multiplicity of not unnaturally superinduced events, and ordinarily consequent contingencies, yet allow me to say that the result cannot be recalled. I regret the result, as I have stated; and I am free to admit, madam, that I do so on the supposition that it was, weighing all the collateral motives and predicaments, entirely unavoidable on your part. On this supposition (or admission as regards you, madam), I must regret that the concatenation of events involving your private comfort and arrangements has wound up so unsatisfactorily. I know not that I have any specific proposition to make for the internal improvement of your individual or domestic condition. I fully concur in the opinion advanced by my honourable friend from—I mean, I agree with Mr. Latimer in advising you to go home. I recommend an oblivion of the past; a sedulous cultivation of the fireside charities; a restoration to their niches of the innocent household gods; a rekindling of early sympathies, and a reunion of ancient solemn connubial engagements. The unsophisticated viva-

city, the vernal freshness of spirits, and the elasticity of feeling in these young persons, will, I trust, enable them to bear patiently the dissipation of their golden dreams. I hope that by industry and prudence they may make their way in the world, and their union be crowned with a happy and numerous issue."

As Mr. Moreton was bringing his observations to a close, with his hand on the knob of the half open door, Firkins had sidled gradually in that direction, and would have slipped out, had not Mrs. Montagu seized him by the end of his coat, which she grasped firmly, and gave him a look like that of armigerent Minerva, which operated as an effectual *ne exeat*. Mr. Moreton, having finished his speech, the words of which he weighed out with great deliberation in a fit of abstraction very natural to him, did what he was ever wont to do at the same hour when quitting his own paper and document-strewed apartment for a committee-room, or any other business. He fairly closed and locked the door behind him, and carefully put the key in his pocket, leaving the good people within to settle their own affairs.

In what wise they discoursed together, I know not, or what mutual explanations took place. It may be proper to mention that what is known of Hippolyte's life, from the time when his father sent him to seek his fortunes, till his appearance at Washington, is rather curious; but I cannot encumber my already too protracted narrative with particulars. I may make them the subject of a separate sketch. I have it on the authority of Mrs. Jerusalem, who kept the house, and let the party out when they began to knock and ring, that they retired in safety and silence, and marched in Indian file to Mrs. Montagu's lodgings, headed by that dignified lady. Here a note was received from Miss Fin, stating that she had walked out with old Judge Sympsons; and that when she walked back it would be as young Mrs. Sympsons. Her father, I may as well mention,

is a very honest army-tailor, and possessed a patent for four hundred acres in the Rocky Mountains.

The doctor took Latimer's advice, and made a speedy departure; wending to Little Babylon with his son and new daughter. Hippolyte taught dancing and fencing in the seminary under his father's charge; and professed to teach French. What practical developments of the antagonistic principle took place in the family circle, it would be vulgar to rehearse.

Mrs. Montagu, the Junonian finisher of the daughters of the land, had got rid of two awkward appendages to her establishment, and tried her system more successfully on better materials. Her fame spread far and wide, till it reached the Andes. She went to South America, under a personal guarantee from Simon Bolivar, that he would pay her ten thousand dollars a year, if she could not make it herself, and provided it could be got out of the public treasury.

It is not at all my fashion, as I have told my readers, to select specific moralities as texts to be illustrated by narrative and example. I have always held that the interests of morals are better served in general by painting vice and virtue as they occur in actual life—strangely mixed with one another—frequently struggling together for the mastery in the same breast—our virtues sometimes leading to misfortune, sometimes degraded by weakness—our vices often made splendid by union with noble qualities, and not always receiving their judgment here.

But in the present instance, my purpose has been to relate a series of actual adventures, which I happened to witness, and which I felt myself bound to record purely for the sake of the regular and useful moral lesson which every character and incident unfolds, and the strict poetical justice with which falsehood and vanity brought upon themselves their own punishment. The silly arts of the son,

the weak falsehood of the father, and the ambitious vanity of the mother, all severally contributed their due share in bringing ridicule, disappointment, and mortification upon the whole family. The root of the follies of all was vanity. That of Hippolyte was ridiculous. That of poor Firkins more inclines me to mourn than to smile. A memory enviable alike for its tenacity and its quickness—learning, not at all select, not very profound, nor all of it very accurate, but truly admirable for abundance, copiousness, and variety—an insatiable thirst for knowledge, industry untiring and indefatigable, a never flagging vivacity of spirits, great command of language, some power of elocution—all these, under the guidance of a sober intellect and a due estimate of himself, would have made him distinguished as a teacher and useful as a pastor. But self-conceit and the love of display made him alike forget his pupils in the school-room and his Master in the pulpit, in the restless desire to show off Dr. Firkins himself. They seduced him into aberrations in private life, and exposed him to mortifications which even Dr. Firkins, such as he was, might well have avoided.

Wisely and truly hath it been said, that humility is the deep and solid foundation of all excellence. It is humility alone which gives the right direction to talents, which adds grace and permanence to every other virtue, dignity to learning, and lustre to genius.

GHOSTS ON THE STAGE.*

EVERY one knows, or has heard of the studious habits of the illustrious JEFFERSON, and of his fondness for collecting books, not for show, but for use, in all departments of science, art, literature, antiquarian research, and modern speculation. But his classical pursuits, and his study of the difficult authors which cannot be read without great labour, while the poet and schoolmaster only can derive profit by mastering them, are probably known but to few. The general impression has been, that he was more attached to philosophical and speculative investigations—to those, the result of which might have a practical influence on the condition of man—than to the perusal of works of pure literature. Indeed, I have heard his example held up, by those who were alike ignorant of the course of his private reading, and of the classics which they condemned as stale and unprofitable, to vindicate the assertion that the acquisition of the Greek and Latin languages was a waste of time at best, and alien to, and uncongenial with a proper comprehension of the important business of life.

But the truth is, that these despised classics, on which all

* This article was published in the Talisman for 1830. It was written in the assumed character of Francis Herbert, the supposed author of that work; and relates an imaginary conversation held by him with one of our most eminent statesmen and scholars. The particulars respecting the literary habits of Jefferson are curious and authentic.

be found in his own handwriting, pasted in several of the classical authors.

It was one of his favourite labour-saving contrivances, to unite in one volume whatever he found most immediately serviceable, or considered most relevant, upon one subject. He would take a valuable classic, Polybius, for example, select the fairest printed Greek text, and the best German annotations, and cause them to be bound, interleaved alternately with the French commentary and translation of Folard, and the Reveries of Marshal Saxe; producing by this conjunction a set of singularly variegated, but curious and useful quartos.

As no directions could have been sufficiently explicit to enable a binder to dispose with any accuracy of these sheets, varying in size and in the contents of the pages, it is obvious that their preliminary arrangement must have been made by the hands of the distinguished collector himself, or under his immediate supervision. In one less celebrated for sound practical sense, political wisdom, aptitude for managing a nation's business, and indomitable moral energy, occupations like these would have been noted and commented upon, by the superficial and flippant, as indicating the reverse of such high qualities. The philosophy of nature's *roturiers* did not hold water in this instance.

One day at dinner, after we had chatted some time, and on a variety of topics, while three or four sorts of wines, which, though neither old, nor curious, nor high priced, were good of their kind, and as pure from brandy adulterations as they came from their vineyards, had passed and been tasted convivially, the conversation turned on dramatic representations, and the introduction of apparitions upon the stage. On this latter subject, I fully subscribed to Lloyd's opinion, that no ghost should be seen by the audience; and argued the inconsistency of making the bloody and brain-created phantom of Banquo stalk before the spectators of the scene, while to those who were upon it, save

Macbeth, the space filled up by the ghost must, by an impracticable effort for imaginative delusion, be conceived to be but empty air. I urged also the more palpable and complicated inconsistency in the representation of Hamlet; in which, at one time, the prince, the audience, and three gentlemen of the palace, behold the resurrection of the buried majesty of Denmark; while, on another occasion, the ghost being visible to all else, the queen could not behold him. And, though the surpassing, and all but actually divine genius of Shakspeare, was here identically conspicuous, so far as conception was concerned, and the play was to be read in the closet, still I maintained, that in enacting regular tragedy, the production of ghosts should not be attempted; both on account of the incongruities before suggested, and the ludicrous accidents which may mar the effect, considering the persons employed to personify them.

"I must dissent from you altogether," said my host. "You admit that the reader sees no inconsistency, or rather feels none, when the queen does not behold the spirit of her dead husband. I am clearly of Dr. Johnson's opinion, that 'a dramatic exhibition is a book recited with concomitants that increase or diminish its effect.' A play read, affects the mind like a play acted. If the poet's fable is worthy of the intervention of a ghost, I am decidedly in favour of having a good honest one produced, that the spectators may be sensible of what it is which terrifies or overawes the actor. With all my regard for the French stage, I confess that La Rive, the Talma of my time, did not affect me (nor do I believe that he did his enthusiastic audience) with half the thrilling emotion, the calenture of the imagination, or nervous excitement, which I have experienced at the appearance of many a sturdy and clumsy old Hamlet, or Banquo, at Drury Lane and Covent Garden; or even at Philadelphia, where, I recollect, while Congress sat there, Fennell played the 'buried majesty of Denmark.'"

"Shakspeare being in question, and Doctor Johnson, the

greatest of scholiasts, and your experience, being against me, I must of course give up the point. But in the regular tragic drama, you will admit, that not only the French stage, but all classical authority and usage is against the introduction of any ghosts at all, whether seen or supposed to be so ?"

"I beg your pardon. Do you remember none in any Greek tragedy ?"

"None," I replied, after some consideration. "Gods and goddesses, personifications, Force, Strength, Death, and so forth, cannot be called such. Alcestis is indeed revived by the descent of Hercules to Hades; but no ghost is introduced, or could be. The Eidolon of Polydore, in the Hecuba, is merely brought in for prologue, to show the purposes of the play, as Shakspeare employed Gower or Father Time; with certainly more poetical effect than could have been attained by the conversational explanations of Messieurs Noodle and Doodle. But he has nothing to do with the action of the drama, nor would Euripides have ventured to make a mere shade an agent or interlocutor."

"You have forgotten, I perceive, the raising of the Eidolon of Darius, by the incantations of the Persian council or magi; and the introduction of Clytemnæstra in the 'Eumenides.' Æschylus, the great master of the sublime, the terrible, and the horrific, had the boldness to bring up the unsubstantial shades: and did so most successfully."

I confess, that though in my youth I was very fond of Greek literature (and my admiration of its unrivalled treasures has never been diminished), I was never very familiar with the remaining works of the father of tragedy. My acquaintance with them was confined to the Prometheus Bound; and, with that exception, Parson Adams's manuscript Æschylus, without copious collateral assistance, would have been nearly as great a puzzle to me as it was to the country squire. This I frankly acknowledged. It was with no small surprise, also, that I heard my host discoursing of these relics, unknown certainly to many professors

in this country, with an ease which showed that he had read them intelligently, and an enthusiasm which was not borrowed from the pedantic raptures of a commentator, but inspired by its original subject. In grandeur and magnificence of conception, he thought Æschylus peerless; and said it needed little study of what he has left, to be convinced that even his own rich and flexible language was insufficient to supply the exorbitant demands of his imagination. As with Shakspeare, expression sunk under the weight of his thoughts, or received from them a power which the same words never had before. He said he would show me the passages to which he had referred.

The conversation then fell into a different channel. On retiring to my room at night, I found on the table two octavo volumes, severally containing the PERSIANS and the FURIES of the ancient dramatist, interleaved and arranged in the manner I have before described. The text was, if I recollect aright, that of Bothe. His annotations, and those of Schutz, the old Scholia, the French of Du Theil, and the English version of Potter, with plates from the antique, were bound together face to face.

With these convenient aids, I made out the meaning, according to the text before me, of the Chorus in the Persians, which calls up the shade of Darius; at whose tomb the widowed mother was making propitiatory offerings to appease the manes, when, after the defeat and flight of Xerxes, the council had been listening with intense impatience to the rumours of disaster and destruction, brought by a messenger. From reading, I was led to versifying; and finding my attempt at translation, not long since, among some loose papers, I suggested the subject, which has often been mentioned as an admirable one for a painter, to Inman. His prolific pencil has furnished me with a classical illustration; and I have taken the opportunity of chronicling the conversation which gave rise to my making the version.

CHORUS IN THE PERSÆ.

GUARDIANS of the world beneath!
Earth! and herald Hermes! hear!
Ruler of the realms of death!
Bid the royal ghost appear!
Hither from depths of endless night,
Conduct him upwards into light!
Of quick and dead by him alone,
Persia's fortunes may be shown!

Hearest thou, king! who did'st in glory and bliss
Rival on earth the gods by earth adored—
Hearest thou now, in the profound abyss,
These strains barbaric to its guardians poured?
These strains that shrill and changeful, as they flow,
Bear the same burthen, of thine empire's wo—
Hearest thou, king! below?

Earth! and ye ushers to the world of gloom!
Yield the magnificent up, the godlike king!
Our earth-born god from your unfathomed womb
We do conjure you to our sight to bring!
From your unseen dominions vast and dread,
Such as when Persia's soil was o'er him spread
Restore Darius dead!

Hallowed hero! hallowed mound!
Hallowed ever is the ground,
Where the great whom nations bless'd,
Slumber in their sacred rest!
King of the invisible world, yield up thy prize!
Pluto! give back Dârius to our eyes,
Darius, good and wise!

For he did not waste the blood
Of the valiant and the good;
Did not, for an idle show,
Plague the world with war and wo;
Heav'n-taught men deemed him, and heav'n-taught he swayed
The hosts of Persia;—sad the homage paid,
Darius! to thy shade!

Time-honoured majesty! return! ascend!
Here o'er thy mausoléum's sculptured pride,
Thy regal sandals raise, in saffron died;
Here let thy diadem blaze upon our eyes;
Mount up, return, our father, and our friend,
Blameless Darius! rise!

What tidings strange and sad thine ears attend?
Master of masters! still for thee they wait;
Thick mists of horror shroud thy suffering state,
The flower of all thy youth unburied lies:
Return, return, our father and our friend,
Blameless Darius! rise!

Wo for the land! for ever wo!
Fresh for thy loss our grief must flow.
In death so mourned, in life so cherished,
Oh! why hast thou, the powerful, perished?
Doubly erring, first and last,
Madly erring, he who cast,
O'er ocean's waste, on hostile shore,
Thy navy, navy now no more—
* * * * * * * *
The shade of Darius appears upon the tomb.

THE BEGINNING.

WRITTEN AS AN INTRODUCTION TO THE TALISMAN FOR THE YEAR 1830.

STRANGE and mysterious Beginning! Of thee nothing is, and nothing can be known, save that thou wast in all created things! The traditions of the human family, as we ascend by their dim light the steps down which the unnumbered generations of ancestry have trodden, show us no limit to the endless stair. We know only that it began when the heavens and the earth were made.

And, as we are ignorant of the beginning of matter and of time, so are we of that of the intellectual process in ourselves. The chain of memory does not extend beyond an uncertain period in infancy,—a period as dimly defined as the outline of the mountains in the dawn of an overclouded day.

Nor do we know the beginning or immediate cause (which are here convertible terms), of the bias given to the temperament of our ancestors, or of ourselves, producing those idiosyncrasies, and tendencies good or bad, which affect our earthly welfare. Poor Ophelia might have added to her simple morality that "we know not how we began to be such as we are!"

And, again, as we have no knowledge of the origin of those elements which constitute our general temperament, so neither have we any of the beginning of our permanent loves and friendships. Poetry may paint the local and

ideal circumstances of the supposed first hour of their formation, and the metaphysician may spin out his fine theory of associations, but no individual can truly tell, from the history of his own *feelings*, when they had their beginning. I speak, of course, of loves and friendships worthy of the name, and of individuals capable of entertaining them.

The Beginning! If that of animal and that of intellectual life is a mystery which philosophy can never solve, and revelation has not explained, that of their phases, of the end of one and the great change of the other, are wrapt in equal obscurity. We know not when madness begins—we know not when sleep begins—we know not when death begins. For ourselves, we can neither mark nor record the commencement of either state; and our friends cannot do it for us. Yet our sane and waking existence has each its definite point of termination; and so hath our being upon earth.

We know not when we began to think; and, so manifold are the perceptions, sensations, and ideas which we acquire and combine, and which lie dormant until the memory is accidentally awakened, or some chord of association is touched, that we can never revert with certainty to the cause and manner by which the embryons of our thoughts were received, whether from observation or the suggestion of others. These we imbody; out of these we invent, and call our work original. Mankind sanction the use of the term, and declare the "clay creator" immortal, if his memory should chance to survive his generation. But he, the poet, the maker, can no more ascertain from the chronology of his own mind at what time his first impressions were received, than he can explain the Beginning of all things.

The old profane poets of various countries and ages may have felt this truth when they began their work with an act of adoration to muse or deity, and then let the current of their inspiration, as it is called, in language which, thus applied, has no particular meaning among either gods or men, run on as it might. They knew not where the fountain

head, the Beginning was; but as the waters of thought rose up, they flowed out in language fresh and noble, and whose every sound was an echo to the sense.

Thus we know no more when the Beginning was than we can predict what the end will be. But while we had no power over the former, we have much over its consequences and issues that may affect the character of the latter.

When beginning to compose a volume, of which the material lies in chaos before us, we have a general idea of the form we wish it to assume; but know not what appendages or alterations the waywardness of fancy, the infinity of associations, or unforeseen effects may occasion, or whether the end will crown the work. But we have it in our power to prevent the intrusion of impurity, reject the instigations of malice, and avoid the appearance of evil; and, though we may be neither wise nor brilliant, take care to write nothing which the truly virtuous must condemn.

And so in human life. While we had no control over the causes which produced our natural tendencies, or the impulses given in childhood, and can have but little over the accidents and contingencies to which our journey is liable, yet we may so encourage the former if good, or struggle with them if vicious, and so deal with the latter by prudence and self-respect, that, though every hope should be frustrated, and every desire ungratified, our life shall still not all run to waste, and its latter end be worse than its Beginning.

THE STRANGER IN WEEHAWK.

Being the Fragment of a Classical, Topographical, Mineralogical, and Botanical Tour to that renowned and ancient City; performed in the Summer of 1817. By a Member of the Institute of Cork. Carefully *printed* from the original MS.

"Navigation hath often united the bodies of kingdoms together, but travel hath done much more."—W. Lithgow.

Having had, from my earliest youth, an insatiable desire of travelling and seeing foreign parts, an impetus which has acquired proportionable vigour with the elongation and dilation of my body, I gave vent some days ago to my inclination, and in company with a friend, packed up my wardrobe, consisting of a few sundries, and departed with him. We descended to the water's edge, and prepared to take a solar observation, when we found that we had no quadrant, and that the luminary was invisible, on account of the clouds which covered all the face of the sky. But I have since discovered that the latitude and longitude are laid down on the map, which supersedes the necessity of mentioning them.

We embarked in an aquatic conveyance, called by the people of these parts a *horse-boat*. But I am inclined to think that this novelty is a mere sham, a trick upon travellers. There are a dozen sorry nags in this contrivance,

which go round in a circular walk, with halters round their necks, and beams at the other extremity. How this orbicular movement can promote the rectilinear advancement of this mammoth boat, is to me a mystery. And as we were six hours in crossing the river, I suspect that they go and come with the tide; and that the horses are a mere catchpenny, to bring their masters the trigesimo-secundal part of a dollar more on every head than the customary ferriage levied on passengers. However, the unhappy quadrupeds appeared to strain very severely, and in their hinder quarters very particularly; indeed every sinew of the latter part seemed to be over-exerted, while the head, neck, and fore legs moved glibly enough, which is certainly a natural curiosity. I account for it in this way:—as the horses are all in a string, and the hinder parts of each one immediately subjected to the inspection of his follower, these noble animals draw up their anteriors from pride, and contract their posteriors from decency. But I do not lay this down as an hypothesis which is defensible, until I hear from the Antiquarian Institute at Cork, to whom I have transmitted an account of this phenomenon, with my conjectures thereon.

The ship's company consisted of nine Dutchmen, three of whom had their *frows* and sundry of their progeny with them; also one leg of mutton, two breasts of veal, one cheese, and a pound of tea. One of the females, though apparently of a slender constitution, seemed to have a pretty good appetite, for she consumed seventeen apples, two loaves of bread, and the cheese; and would probably have proceeded to attack the spare-ribs and leg of mutton, if her husband, anticipating such a result, had not squatted himself down upon them; and being a man of some circumference, it would have been as difficult a task to have effected their liberation, as to get Enceladus out of Etna.

Most of the company were smoking; and I discovered the cause of the phlegmatic nature of the Dutch. They

use such short pipes, that the smoke goes up their noses, and, as I had reason to believe, makes the whole tour of their bodies. They have some shrewdness, however. We observed that the cover of the cabin leaked, and they said it was owing to the cracks.

It was raining very fast when we went on board, but the blue horizon soon afterward appeared, and we expected to see a very fine rainbow; but we were disappointed, as we have since found that in these latitudes there are no rainbows observable at noonday—a curious fact, which I have also transmitted to the Cork Institute.

We landed at Hoboken at half past 2 P. M., but did not tarry to make observations on that place. Its commerce, however, appears to be in a declining condition, as there were but three xebecs, caiques, or galliots lying in the port, two of which were in ruins, and the third by no means seaworthy. Many causes might be assigned for this; but we dropped a tear over this famous city, and wound our course round into the country. The road lay through tall hills, covered with ground grass, *juniperi florentes* of Linnæus, and the granito-rosso, and granito-grigio or bigio rocks, vertical strata of which intersected these mountains in every direction, and had a very picturesque effect. The road appeared to consist of gravel poundato;—specimens of all these I have sent to Ireland.

We journeyed at an easy pace, reflecting on the decline and fall of the Roman empire, a subject which the scenery naturally introduced. Our attention, however, was soon arrested by the singular conduct of a dog. He came up to us as if in despair, and we were afraid at first that he was afflicted with the hydromany; but we were soon convinced of our error in that respect. His path was a curvilinear zigzag; now retrograde, and now forwards. We then conjectured that he was bewitched; and gave credence to the superstitions of the inhabitants of these parts, who firmly believe in the doctrine, and nail horse-shoes over

their barn door, to prevent the foul fiend from exerting his potential malice upon their cattle. [One of these charms I examined, and sent a fac-simile to the society aforesaid.] The dog looked in our faces very particularly, whined, hung his ears, and carried his tail between his legs, in token of submission. This is the first proffer of service which the canine species make: when they do fealty as an acknowledgment of being willing to become your dog, they curl the tail, and lay their front legs horizontally, bending the head and body gracefully back, which is as much as to say, "*Je deviens vôtre chien.*" The dog kept us company ever after, running before, and looking back to let us know that he considered himself an avant courier, or else keeping by us.

* * * * * * *

Nothing particular occurred further until we came to Weehawk. I noticed, however, that the hogs (*sues immundi* of the ancients) are in these parts particularly stupid. An instance which fell under our own observation, is very suprising. One of them had a yoke on his neck, to which was conjoined a stick parallel to the front of his head, perpendicularly directed. This prevented his getting between the bars of the fence; but the stupid beast continued bruising his nose, without reflecting that, by laying on his side, he might with facility have insinuated himself into the delightful bed of clover which tantalized his inability to enjoy it.

We arrived at the Weehawk inn, and stimulated with punch and crackers. These last were great curiosities, as they appeared, from the taste and inscription upon them, to have been baked in the year 1741. They were probably brought over from Holland by the present burgomaster of Weehawk. The dog ate them, apparently with much satisfaction, by which we discovered that he was a country dog, as those belonging to the city are not partial to such food.

We again set out on our pilgrimage, in order to survey the environs of this extensive and populous town, and struck into a different road. We saw two heifers lying on the grass, who did not seem to know what to do with themselves. Here we reflected on the darkness of the middle ages, and the glorious consequences of the invention of *printing*.

We heard something singing, and concluded it was a bird, the "*avis volucris*" of Linnæus. We turned out of the road here to enjoy the prospect afforded by a romantic glen, with a brook in it, and cascades according. The dog washed his feet, and we reflected on the source of the Nile.

We discovered an island in this stream, covered with tansies, bullfrogs, and one straight tall walnut-tree. We shook the latter in hopes of procuring some fruit; but as none descended, I suppose it was not the season for them. The withered leaves which covered the ground, while the trees above were in all their verdure, naturally led our contemplations to a comparison between youth and age, life and death, prosperity and adversity.

We returned to Weehawk through a juniper wood, and remarked two particularities in the inhabitants: one is, that they use pocket handkerchiefs on no day of the week but the first, by any chance whatever. They are then, however, only worn for ornament—the wearer making a pretence of employing his clean and neatly folded piece of muslin after he has performed the nasal emunction with his fingers. This is unquestionably a much cleanlier practice than that of the Europeans and Neo-Eboracians.

The other singularity is, that they wear no *gallowses*, or suspenders. There is an antiquity before the door of the mansion, the date of which we were unable to ascertain. It is a gallows. Whenever any of the male inhabitants walked under this, we observed that they bowed gracefully.

at the same time holding the waistband of their bracchæ with their left hand; and by this we discovered the origin of the custom already mentioned. Peter Stuyvesant is recorded, in the chronicle of Knickerbocker, to have punished minor offences by tying a rope round the criminal's middle, and letting him swim *in vacuo* on a high gallows. Doubtless this indignity was ill brooked by the generous souls of the Dutchmen; and their posterity have inherited their feelings, though they are ignorant of the cause which makes them, as it were, involuntarily perform the feat aforesaid, and forswear *gallowses* as a memorial of their stigma.

We were here witnesses of a very interesting scene, the *last fisherman's* adieus and departure. All the rest had left the river long since; and this man, whose personal appearance was by no means deficient in the grotesque and picturesque, was taking his leave of the scene and of the companions of many a carousal and festivity. They showed much less sympathy than he did, however, and refused to take off his hands a basket of codfish, the savour whereof was not indeed very inviting. Prose is too cold for this scene; I have therefore done it into verse.

LAY OF THE LAST FISHERMAN.

The sun was sinking in his glory
  Behind the dark bluff's shaggy brow,
His ruddy rays stream'd thro' its verdure,
  And streak'd with fire the wave below.
Lit by his sad and parting radiance
  Was every tint of varying green;
The distant spires of yon proud city
  Bright flaming in the ray were seen.

Fill'd by the mournful gale of even
  The white sails o'er the water mov'd,
When came a mariner all lonely,
  To bid adieu to scenes he loved.

His locks hung scattered on the breezes,
Like sea-weeds wild dishevell'd spread;
Ruddy his visage, weather-beaten,
Like coral nurs'd in ocean's bed.

The waters blue lay calm and stilly,
As if to tempt him back again,
When stretching out his arms to heaven,
Thus spoke the LATEST FISHERMAN:
"The hour is come, and I must leave ye,
To wend where tempests furious blow;
Last of my race I fondly linger'd,
Till hope hath fled—and I must go.

"Deserted now, too lovely river!
The bare poles o'er thy waters stand,
And soon the wiggle and waves careering,
Shall root them from the treacherous sand.
Moor'd in yon gentle creek securely,
My little bark? how wilt thou bide?
Will thine own element destroy thee?
Will strangers bear thee o'er the tide?

"O! if their grasp with hands unhallow'd
Should bear thee from that lov'd retreat,
Gape all thy wounds, and break thy rudder,
And midway let them ruin meet!—
I go where ocean darkly rages—
I go to ride the billowy wave—
Farewell! farewell! I must not linger,
If I the ocean storms would brave.

"Fare thee well, thou gallant Hudson,
If for ever, fare thee well!
Waft my last sigh, evening breezes,
Bear it on thy murmuring swell!
Fare thee well, thou fir-clad Weehawk!
Bend thy dark leaves in the gale;
Wave thy cedars now, all mournful
As they seem, to bid farewell!

"Fare thee well, my host, who kindly
Still for me bid cheerers foam,
I will bless thee, when, all dripping,
Driving on the deep I roam.

Fare thee well, too fair MARAUNCHE—
  Oh! my heart is failing now—"
Wild he look'd—put on his old hat,
  As he rush'd from Weehawk's brow!

Then methought that by the river
  Bless'd Saint Anthony had stood,
Calling to a second sermon
  All the fishes of the flood!
For the wave was hid, where swarming,
  Wild with joy's delicious power,
Big and little, porpoise, killie,
  Tumbled on its top that hour!
Sport awhile, ye gentle fishes,
  While ye may, for soon ye'll mourn—
One destroyer now hath left ye,
  But a thousand will return!

* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *

[*Hiatus valde deflendus.*]

HOBOKEN.

[FIRST PUBLISHED IN THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.]

"For what is nature? ring her changes round,
Her three flat notes are water, woods, and ground;
Prolong the peal—yet, spite of all her clatter,
The tedious chime is still—grounds, wood, and water."

Is it so, Master Satirist?—does the all-casing air, with the myriad hues which it lends to and borrows again from the planet it invests, make no change in the appearance of the *spectacula rerum*, the visible exhibitions of nature? Have association and contrast nothing to do with them? Nature can afford to be satirized. She defies burlesque. Look at her in her barrenness, or her terrific majesty—in her poverty, or in her glory—she is still the mighty mother, whom man may superficially trick out, but cannot substantially alter. Art can only succeed by following her; and its most magnificent triumphs are achieved by a religious observance of her rules. It is a proud and primitive prerogative of man, that the physical world has been left under his control, to a certain extent, not merely for the purpose of raising from it his sustenance, but of modifying its appearance to gratify the eye of taste, and, by beautifying the material creation, of improving the spiritual elements of his own being.

When the Duke of Bridgewater's engineer was examined by the House of Commons as to his views on the system of internal communication by water, he gave it as his opinion that rivers were made by the Lord to feed canals;

and it is true that Providence has given us the raw material to make what we can out of it.

This may be thought too sublime a flourish for an introduction to the luxuriant and delightful landscape by Weir, an engraving from which embellishes the present number of the Mirror. But, though it may be crudely expressed, it is germain to the subject. Good taste and enterprise have done for Hoboken precisely what they ought to have done, without violating the propriety of nature. Those who loved its wild haunts before the metamorphosis, were, it is true, not a little shocked at what they could not but consider a desecration; and thought they heard the nymphs screaming—"We are off," when carts, bullocks, paddies, and rollers came to clear the forest sanctuary. They were ready to exclaim with the poet, Cardinal Bernis—

"Quelle etonnante barbarie
D'asservir la varieté
Au cordeau de la symmetrie;
De polir la rusticité
D'un bois fait pour la reverie,
Et d'orner la simplicité
De cette riante prairie!"*

But "*cette riante prairie*" is now one of the prettiest places you may see of a summer's day. It is appropriately called the Elysian Fields, and does, indeed, remind the spectator of

"Yellow meads of asphodel,
And amaranthine bowers."

It is now clothed in vivid, transparent, emerald green;

* "Oh, what a shocking thing to sacrifice
Variety to symmetry,
In such a wise!
To polish the rusticity
Of that old wood, designed for revery,
And ornament the simple grace,
Of that fair meadow's smiling face."—Printer's Devil.

its grove is worthy of being painted by Claude Lorraine; and from it you may look, and cannot help looking, on one of the noblest rivers, and one of the finest cities in the universe.

Hoboken has been illustrated so often, in poetry and prose, and by the pencil of the limner, in late years, that it would be vain and superfluous to attempt a new description. A "sacred bard," one who will be held such in the appreciation of posterity, has spoken of the walk from this village to Weehawken as "one of the most beautiful in the world,"* and has given, in prose, a picture of its appearance. Another writer, whose modest genius (I beg your pardon, Messrs. Editors—he is one of your own gang) leavens the literary aliment of our town, and the best part of whom shall assuredly "escape libitina," has elegantly and graphically described the spot in illustrating another series of pictorial views.† Halleck's lines are as familiar as household words. Francis Herbert has made the vicinity the scene of one of his tough stories. At least half a dozen different views have been taken of it within the last two years. They embraced, generally, an extensive view of the river, bay, and city. Weir has selected a beautiful spot, in one of the new walks near the mansion of Colonel Stevens, with a glimpse of the splendid sheet of water through the embowering foliage. That gentleman, and lady with a parasol, in front of the prim, and who look a little prim themselves, seem to enjoy the loveliness of the scene, as well as the society of one another. Our country has reason to reckon with pride the name of Weir among those of her artists.

"The sunny Italy may boast
The beauteous hues that flush her skies,"

* American Landscape. Edited by W. C. Bryant, No. I. This work was projected by the New-York artists; but the project has been abandoned.

† Views of New-York and its environs. Published by Peabody & Co. and edited by T. S. Fay. Still in the course of publication.

he has seen, admired, studied, and painted them; but he can find subjects for his pencil as fair, in his own land, and no one can do them more justice.

It is a fact not generally known, that there is, or was, an old town in Holland called Hoboken, from which, no doubt, this place was named. There was also a family of that name in Holland. A copy of an old work on medicine, by a Dutch physician of the name of Hoboken, is in the library of one of the eminent medical men of this city. The oldest remaining house *upon* it, for it is insulated, forms the rear of Mr. Thomas Swift's hotel upon the green, and was built sixty years ago, as may be seen by the iron memorandums practicated in the walls. There is at present a superb promenade along the margin of the river, under the high banks and magnesia rocks which overlook it, of more than a mile in length, on which it is intended to lay rails, for the edification of our domestic cockneys and others, who might not else have a chance of seeing a locomotive in operation, and who may be whisked to the Elysian Fields before they will find time to comb their whiskers, or count the seconds.

In this genial season of the year, a more appropriate illustration could not be furnished for the Mirror than a view of this pleasant spot. We say, with Horace, let others cry up Thessalian Tempe, &c., our own citizens have a retreat from the dust and heat of the metropolis more agreeable—

> "Quam domus Albunea resonantis,
> Et præceps Anio, et Tiburni lucus, et uda
> Mobilibus pomaria rivis."

But, as some of your readers may not understand Latin, let us imitate, travesty, and doggrelize the ode of Flaccus, bodily. There is an abrupt transition in the middle of it, which critics have differed about; but I suppose it is preserved as he wrote it; the whole of the old rascal's great argument being, that with good wine you may be comfortable in any place, even in Communipaw.

Laudabunt alii claram Rhodon, &c.

Let Willis tell, in glittering prose,
Of Paris and its tempting shows;
Let Irving, while his fancy glows,
Praise Spain, renowned—romantic!
Let Cooper write, until it palls,
Of Venice, and her marble walls,
Her dungeons, bridges, and canals,
Enough to make one frantic!

Let *voyageurs* Macadamize,
With books, the Alps that climb the skies,
And ne'er forget, in anywise,
Geneva's lake and city;
And poor old Rome—the proud, the great,
Fallen—fallen from her high estate,
No cockney sees, but he must prate
About her—what a pity!

Of travellers there is no lack,
God knows—each one of them a hack,
Who ride to write, and then go back
And publish a long story,
Chiefly about themselves; but each
Or in dispraise or praise, with breach
Of truth on either side, will preach
About some place's glory.

For me—who never saw the sun
His course o'er other regions run,
Than those whose franchise well was won
By blood of patriot martyrs—
Fair fertile France may smile in vain;
Nor will I seek thy ruins, Spain:
Albion, thy freedom I disdain,
With all thy monarchs' charters.

Better I love the river's side,
Where Hudson's sounding waters glide,
And with their full majestic tide
To the great sea keep flowing:
Weehawk, I loved thy frowning height,
Since first I saw, with fond delight,
The wave beneath thee rushing bright,
And the new Rome still growing.

[Here occurs the seeming hiatus above referred to. He proceeds as follows:]—

Though lately we might truly say,
"The rain it raineth every day,"
The wind can sweep the clouds away,
And open daylight's shutters:
So, Colonel Morris, my fine man,
Drink good champagne whene'er you can,
Regardless of the temperance plan,
Or what the parson utters.

Whether in regimentals fine,
Upon a spanking horse you shine,
Or supervise the works divine
Of scribblers like the present;
Trust me, the good old stuff, the blood
Of generous grapes, well understood
On sea, on land, in town, in wood,
Will make all places pleasant.

For hear what Ajax Teucer said,*
Whose brother foolishly went dead
For spleen:—to Salamis he sped,
Sans Telamon's dead body;
His father kicked him off the stoop—
Said he, "For this I will not droop;
The world has realms wherein to *snoop*,
And I am not a noddy.

"Come, my brave boys, and let us go,
As fortune calls, or winds may blow;
Teucer your guide, the way will show—
Fear no mishap nor sorrow:
Another Salamis as fine,
Is promised by the Delphic shrine:
So stuff your skins to-night with wine,
We'll go to sea to-morrow."

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* The papa of the two Ajaces charged them, when they started for Troy, to bring one another home; or else he threatened not to receive the survivor. Ajax Telamon being miffed, because the armour of Achilles was awarded to Ulysses, went crazy, killed sheep, and made a holocaust of himself. When Teucer went home without him, the old gentleman shut the door in his face.—*Free translation of Mad. Dacier.*

JOHN BROWN.

[The two letters which follow, from John Brown and John Smith, were written by Mr. Sands in conjunction with several of his literary friends; and appeared, the one in the New-York Commercial Advertiser, in the summer of 1828, and the other in the Evening Post, in the winter following. As the prose part was principally from the pen of Mr. Sands, and contains many strokes of his peculiar humour, and as moreover the two letters are curious in a literary point of view, it has been thought best to preserve them in this collection.]

To the Editors of the Commercial Advertiser.

GENTLEMEN,

I HAVE concluded to request a publication in your columns of a budget which I have on hand; and can only say that I shall be gratified with your present insertion of my article, although you should have to leave out some terrible accidents, horrible massacres, and dreadful specimens of human depravity and elemental *carelessness* until the next day. Let Mr. Smith's barn be burnt, insured or uninsured; Mr. Brown's house be stricken with thunder and lightning, killing two canary birds, a guinea-pig, and a Muscovy goose, value $7 89½. Let Mr. Johnson be assaulted and battered to any amount his attorney chooses to estimate in his writ, and Mr. Jackson be slandered to any extent, beyond his namesake the general, Mr. Clay, or any other great man; but put in my article by all means, because there is no time to lose. The solemn conviction of my mature judgment is, that the motto devised for the

ticket at the next ensuing commencement of Columbia College, is, to say the least of it, very suspicious Latin indeed —and highly dangerous to the literary character of the institution.

I must therefore request you to give me a place, and your own lights on this matter, by or before Saturday next, although Mrs. Whipple's trial waits thereby for a day or two. Public justice can be executed at any time; but the commencement happens on Monday or Tuesday next, as I am told; after which there will be an end of speculation; and the motto in question will be as good Latin, as any dogma attested by councils is canonical and an article of faith; and all the doctors, shining with their new "semilunar fardels," and the masters who have been confirmed in classicality, on the strength of drumming up an old essay on the *science* of political economy or naturalization laws,— and all the young bachelors, fresh from the unction of *hunc librum tibi trado*, &c. will be a-swearing vigorously, that it is most choice, and excellent, and singularly nice Latin.

The facts are these. They were communicated to me by a member of Congress, who will not volunteer his name; but if called upon by the proper authority, will state all he knows about it. I am a simple seeker after sense, and have often got into personal jeopardy, and undergone personal sufferance, by reason of my simplicity. I am no alumnus of the college. My family thought a private education preferable, and I have had the benefit of all the patent courses from N. G. Dufief's to Mr. Leigh's, who cured me of a queer way I had of pronouncing the *r*'s and *h*'s. The *x* bothers me a little yet; and I cannot, for the soul of me, pronounce the final *g* to eatin and drinkin. But I proceed to the main business of my communication.

As the mottos of the Commencement tickets have always been *caviare* to the laity, and so profoundly mystified that the initiated had much difficulty in explaining the full meaning which was disguised in their sententious and oracular

appearance; the society of graduates, at a meeting about six months since, selected one for the present celebration (according to my information as above stated), and requested their distinguished associate, our secretary of legation near the court of St. James, to obtain illustrations and elucidations of its meaning from his friends among the savans of Europe; all which will be submitted at the next dinner of the alumni. A few of them which have been transmitted, in consequence of this request, I have obtained, and furnish you with below. Though very sublime, they do not settle my scruples as to the motto, which is the most cramp and bitterest bit of Latin I ever had the pleasure of making an acquaintance with. It is as follows:

Hac iter, O Juvenes, en ardua, scandite fortes. Our distinguished fellow-citizen, Mr. Cooper, now at Paris, who was formerly attached to the navy, where, as his masterly descriptions of naval manœuvres show, he had all his eyes open, promptly furnished the following version:

> This is the path; though rough and full of rubbers,
> Climb up, my lads, and don't be lazy lubbers.

Here our great novelist supplies "rubbers" as the noun understood, with which *ardua* agrees; a naval, but not a grammatical license.

The British laureate, who had got his hand in for hexameters, since his Vision of Judgment, supplied this traduction:

> Here lies the | road O my | lads see how—tough and | steep climb it | bravely.

"*Tough and*" is an attempt at imitating the impediments of the path in the ruggedness of the metre. But as a literal translation, this is a failure.

Messrs. Wordsworth and Coleridge united their talents in producing the following scrap:

> Behold the ascent, sheer, craggy, and uncouth;
> With bold foot climb ye up, small infantry!
> ☞ This here's the way.

This is clearly Miltonic, as all the words may be found in Milton. But the difficulties of the grammatical construction are shirked, as they are by most translators. The last clause is obviously suggested by Mr. Wordsworth's old theory of poetry, and contains an allusion to a sign-post. There is no such thing on the road in the picture illustrating the motto: this version, too, however beautiful, is therefore inappropriate.

The following elegant paraphrase is privately said to have been obtained, in the course of diplomacy, from the accomplished premier of England! better known in the literary and poetical world as the illustrious author of the "Loves of the Triangles." He also added a Darwinian illustration, the authenticity of which will be immediately recognised by all who have read the Anti-Jacobin.

Lo yon sheer path, whose windings seem to mock
The venturous foot, and climb from rock to rock;
Yon mount, whose granite ribs, and shoulders bare,
Lift its blue brow to bathe in heaven's own air;
Youth! plant your straining steps against the steep,
Seize the sharp crags, the dangerous chasms o'erleap,
Gain the free summit, grasp the fadeless prize,
And wear the immortal garland of the skies.

Here follows the illustrative simile:—

So erst great JACK, with love of glory fired,
To climb the bean-vine's flexile stem aspired;
From leaf to leaf, the supple urchin springs,
Finds a safe stair among the verdant rings,
Soars till his mother's eyes behold no more,
Nor stays, till at the giant's brazen door;
Then, by the careful housewife hidden well,
Eludes the monster's sight and cheats his smell;
Till stealing sleep at last, with soft surprise,
Lets down the lofty lids that arch his eyes;
Then by his couch the youthful hero stands,
The bright blade gleaming in his uprais'd hands:—

Falls the keen steel, the jointed bones divide,
From the black arteries spouts the vital tide,
Rolls thundering on the floor the severed head,
And listening nations hold their breath in dread.

The following couplet, from an unpublished poem of Lucien Bonaparte, kindly communicated to the royal brother of the noble republican poet, bears so remarkable a resemblance in its spirit and meaning to this exquisite hexameter, that if this were not a singular coincidence, it might pass for a translation:

"Allez donc, mes enfans, pleins d'une belle audace,
Grimpez par là au haut sommet du mont Parnasse."

The *par la* is touching and picturesque; but not exactly a solution of my doubts and misgivings.

Whether the impassioned muse of Berenger will be as readily recognised in the following spirited version, we will not pretend to say.

C'est ici le grand chemin,
Qui conduit au magasin,
Où l'on garde la sagesse:
C'est escarpe, vous dites?—
N'importe—montez! montez!
Brave et robuste jeunesse!

But the translation upon which I place the most value, because it most faithfully reflects the image of the original, is one furnished to me, myself [*Meipsum*], by my Turkish friend Salomon Ben Jeroboim, a learned mufti of Constantinople, who has just parted from me amid an abundance of tears shed on both sides, to make the tour of the Grand Canal. This beautiful translation was left me, that having this emanation of his mind before me, I might in some sort console myself for the absence of his person. Salomon Ben Jeroboim, as the reader well knows, is the author of an

epic poem, in Lingua Franca, on the *Recovery of Corfu*, in forty-eight books, being twice as many as those of Homer's Iliad. He was exceedingly delighted with the motto I showed him, and declared that next to the Lingua Franca, the Latin was that language which expressed the greatest amount of meaning in the fewest words. As the Lingua Franca, however, is made up of all the modern dialects derived from the Latin, it is justly supposed to be a selection of their several beauties, and thus to be enabled to excel the original parent of them all. But I detain the reader from the verse, in which he will see a demonstration of the truth of this observation. I will only premise that I do not believe that the peculiar force of the original could be so perfectly given in any language upon the face of the earth. Here it is:

Star qui camina!
Mozi! mirar
Sti gran Colina:
Montar! Montar!

Still being at fault, and unable to parse this morceau, I applied to Mr. Lingo, president of the Catadelphian, Hypertrophinian Institute, in Catharine-lane. He asked two days to *conster* (as he said), and parse the article; at the expiry of which time he transferred into my possession the following documents, with no charges, which was very genteel in him. The least the college can do is to make him a master of arts; for it is not every master of arts that *can conster* such tough aud troublesome excerpts from the heathen dialects.

Translation by Lionel Lingo, N. Y. H. L. S. F. L. P. S. N. Y., and one of the counsellors of the American Academy of Languages.

Hac iter, this is the way,
Road, journey, path, or route,
O Juvenes, as much as to say,
Lads, youths, or striplings stout;

En ardua, lo! there are tall
Things yonder there on top,
Scandite fortes, climb up all,
Being strong, and never stop.

GRAMMATICAL STRICTURES.

Versi Sciolti.[*]

En is an interjection,
To which I have no objection;
But *ardua* is not so good,
For no one knows what's understood.[†]
For *hac*, it is an adverb,
Though some think it is a pronoun;
But *scandite* 's a bad verb,
Because it governs no noun.[‡]

But it is with pride and pleasure, Mr. Editor, that I (being, by the mother's side, a Knickerbocker of the importation of 1668) contrast these feeble attempts to transfuse the spirit of Roman poetry into any other modern tongue, with a noble and most sonorous version in the manly dialect of our *Faderland.*

The Hon. M[illegible] V[illegible] B[illegible], with his usual attention to the interests of elegant literature, kindly transmitted to the college, under his own frank, the following bit of Dutch dithyrambic, which he had procured from the committee who manufactured the toasts given at the late Dutch dinner at Albany to the Chev. Huyghens.

[*] Mr. Lingo teaches Italian, very cheap, at his literary gymnasium; where there is also no extra charge made for "such as learn manners."

[†] Mr. Lingo thinks it may be *loca*; but will not hazard his pedagogical reputation on the suggestion.

[‡] On looking into the dictionary, I think, with all due respect to Dr. Lingo, that his criticism will not hold water. Tacitus, speaking of some Swamp democrat of his day, uses this verb intransitively; saying, that "he climbed up above the prince;" which shows the fellow's ill-breeding, and also that the verb may be used in this manner.

Zie hier, en zie daer!
Dis weg is hobbeligen—
Dat Berg is Hoog!
Wakkeren Jongelingen!
Klim gylieden!!!

Every reader must be struck with the singular force and expressiveness of *Wakkeren Jongelingen*—stout or whacking young fellows.

Here ends my budget. I remain unsatisfied; and if you, Mr. Editor, or your correspondents, can satisfy my scruples, you will relieve my mind from a great load. In the interim,

I am yours, with great respect and anxiety,

JOHN BROWN.*

* I am not my brother, in the Directory.

JOHN SMITH.

To the Editors of the New-York Evening Post.

GENTLEMEN:—

I BEG permission to address to you the following communication. It is not the first time I have had my ideas published, because I once before had occasion to explain myself in print in the "Commercial Advertiser." I cannot again avail myself of the columns of that newspaper; because the editor has seen fit to let Mr. John Brown, whom I have the misfortune to call my cousin, abuse me without stint, and without any editorial apology. As to John Brown's knowing any thing about polite letters, I assure you that it is a gross absurdity.

On Wednesday evening, as I was reading that charming paper, the "New-York American," I met with the following lines; a version of which was requested by the editor. The lines are intended for an inscription over the door of a gambling house:—

Il est trois portes a cet antre,
L'espoir, l'infamie, et la mort;
C'est par la premiere qu'on entre,
Et par les deux autres qu'on sort.

I have been taking a spell at the French tongue; and, whatever poor Brown may insinuate, I have not been utterly unsuccessful in my studies. It did not take more than half an hour, as I can assure you, and can prove by

my wife and oldest daughter, to produce the following translation:—

To this here hole three gates there be,
Hope and Disgrace and Felo-de-se,
'Tis by the first that men are tempted,
By the two last that they are emptied.

I know that the rhyme in the second distich is not perfect; nor should I have obtruded my thoughts upon you if a better translation had been given. I wish to publish my own first unassisted effort, however, because, much to my surprise, among all the fashionable—travelled people exclusive—ones of us knowables, *distangueys*, and all the other concerns, from abroad or at home, that are supposed to be able to pay their shot, or get clear of paying it by taking the benefit of the act, there was never a one to translate the aforesaid bit of Gallic metre.

I was in this state of mind, when, happening to communicate my anxieties to a highly respectable member of that useful and efficient association, the Coalition Society, he informed me that his ingenious and learned friend and fellow-member, the editor of the Commercial, had put the lines into excellent and edifying verse, worthy to be set in gilt frames and hung over fireplaces, where they might be got by heart by all the little boys that are yet to grow to be men in the dangerous atmosphere of this great city. I sent for the Commercial immediately, and was rejoiced at finding two metrical translations of the lines in question. The first of these, which the erudite editor calls "literal, but not poetical," is as follows:—

Three doors this cavern hath,
Hope, Infamy, and Death,
The first men enter through,
Escape by th' other two.

This version is pretty enough, but the rhyme will be very much improved if at the end of the second line you read

dath instead of *death*. Then follows another translation; which, says the editor, is more *loosely* made. I was shocked to think that any person who made such pretensions to morality should undertake to translate any thing "loosely," more especially lines which convey so strict a lesson of behaviour as the ones in the American, and which seemed to me, therefore, worthy of being strictly translated. On looking at the translation, however, I found that I must have misapprehended the editor's meaning, and that he only meant looseness in the composition. Here it is:—

> Of this horrible den the three portals,
> Hope, Infamy, Death, ever gape;
> The first yields an entrance to mortals,
> And by the two last they escape.

On reading these lines, it struck me as somewhat queer, that the person who entered the gaming house by the avenue of hope, should be said to *escape* by those of infamy and death. It seemed to me that the individual would be better satisfied to stay than to be dragged out and hanged, which I take to be the meaning of the last line. I have heard of fish getting out of the frying-pan into the fire, but I never thought that this could with propriety be called an *escape*. This reflection made me understand why the worthy colonel called his translation a *loose* one, and, for that matter, I could not see why the first was not as loose as the second.

This morning I saw a truly deplorable effort, made in the "American Gazette." I am aware that Philadelphia is a very literary place, where a great many outlandish books are published. I am apprized that they empty all their own learning and fine arts into a very large magazine, which nobody reads; though some persons say they do so, who live upon the reputation of being mightily wise. I tried hard myself to read it, forwards and backwards, and could not crawl over ten pages either way. But I am not so smart as many men; and, as the ghost said to Giles Scroggins, "that's no rule."

* The following is the translation furnished for New-York by Philadelphia:—

> Three ample doors this mansion hath,
> Their names—Hope, Infamy, and Death;
> The first alone for entrance made,
> The others are for those—*who've played.*

In the two first lines the translation in the Commercial is merely watered; and the two last ought to be dated from Point no Point. The italics will not mend the wit. But I must allow that it is innocent, and becoming, and praiseworthy. I should infer, from the high literary character of the editor of the Columbian Gazette, that he had concocted the quatrain himself.

I concluded, on the whole, that I would set this matter right. I was partly induced to do so from a wish to convince John Brown that I have got as many opportunities of finding out the meaning of things as he has, and partly from a wish to enlighten the polite congregation of the American. The last motive is strengthened by the circumstance that none of them have yet essayed to render this French piece of poetry into their own vernacular, or into any other tongue which is alive or dead. I have been at great pains and expenses, on short notice, and submit to you the results; claiming no reward from the corporation, and asking for no public subscription.

The inscription of which the editor of the American seeks to procure a translation, imbodies a valuable scrap of morality which young persons in all countries ought, should understand. I have sent to the editor of a certain morning paper to get a Hebrew translation. If he does not send it to me I shall get one elsewhere. A Chinese version will also, I trust, be furnished by an illustrious stranger, who is at present under a cloud; and an ingenious gentleman in Sloat-lane has promised to manufacture the woodcuts of the characters. Those translations must be at present postponed, together with the Swedish, Russian,

Welsh, and Cherokee, which are *penes me*—that is, in my possession—and which you cannot print, because you have not the types. When John Brown can muster as much learning, I will forgive his past impudence.

I dare not mention the name of the accomplished poet (with which, however, all Europe is vocal), who upset the flimsy French which has worried the American into the following energetic German:—

Hoffnung, Schande und Tod sind die Pforten
Die fuhren zu diesem Haus
Durch die erste ziehen mit Freude wir ein
Durch die andern zernichtet heraus.

I suspect it will be no long time before the elegant author of the foregoing lines will allow everybody to ascertain where he stays, and to become intimate with him. I am *mum*.

The Spanish version which follows is also from a hand which it is not lawful for me to name. But long after we are all dead and forgotten (meaning no offence to you, gentlemen, and including John Brown and his constituents), I reckon this writer will be known. I say no more, because I do not understand the language:—

Esta morada, que tu miras tiene
Tres puertas, esperanza, infamia, muerte:
Por la primera el atronado viene,
Y por las otras un destino fuerte
Despide los juguetes de la suerte.

The following Portuguese version I am thankful to be enabled to do myself. I am modest enough about original compositions, but, as to translations, I have no hesitation in expressing an opinion. I have lived three months in Rio Janeiro, and believe that the Portuguese annexed will hold water:—

Esta caverna tem
Tres portas, esperança, infamia, morte:
Pela primeira vem,
E pelas outras vai, o adorador da sorte.

Wanting a translation in *Lingua Franca*, I bethought me of John Brown's old friend the mufti, as he called him, Salomon Ben Jeroboim. He is no more a mufti than my old shoe; and he actually does sell old shoes at the Five Points, where I found him. He gave me the following version in a very short time. He is a capable man, and, I guess, worth a good deal of money:—

A sti lugar tre porte star,
  Speranza, morte, mala fama
Il home per il prima entrar,
E per il altre se marchar
  Quando el gran diablo clama.

It was by a piece of more singular good fortune than ever befell John Brown that I was enabled to obtain the literal but beautiful version which follows, in the sweet and holy language of Tasso and Ariosto. It is an improvisation, which I have written down. I must die; but let it be engraved on my tombstone that I was its author: because I asked for it, and it was produced:—

A quest' antro v' han tre porte
V'e speranza, Infamia, e Morte—
Nella prima ammesso sei,
Ma per l' altre uscir tu dei.

The poetical archimage who gave me the Tuscan rendering of the passage, and the Latin variations which follows, also gave me the following beautiful arietta, which he has frequently heard sung by the gondoliers of Venice. It is very pretty, I have no doubt, and I will have it set for the guitar by some great composer:—

Se ti gh' avesse vogia de crepar,
Va in quela casa e metite a siogár
Sapi, fradelo, che la gha tre porte,
Lezi! Speranza, Desonor e Morte;
E se ti mete sula prima el pie,
Te tochera passar per tute tre!

An ingenious attempt has been made to imitate this in English, by a rising young man, who will do something wonderful one of these days:—

If you want to be worsted,
Bedeviled and bursted,
Go into this den,
Where traps wait for men:
Each door has its name,
One is Hope, one is Shame,
And one, as you see,
Is Felo-de-se.
Put your foot within one,
There's an end of your fun;
And, as sure as a gun,
Thro' the rest you must run.

My cousin, John Brown, has boasted, in his last letter to the editor of the "Commercial Advertiser," of his intimacy with Dr. Lionel Lingo, Principal of the Hypertrophinian Catadelphian Seminary, in Catherine-lane. I think I may say, without vanity, that I am at least as intimate with him as my cousin John, who, being but an ignorant sort of person, and quite unpolished in his ordinary dialect, is—I say it with all tenderness—by no means a fit companion for scholars like Mr. Lingo. I have applied to Mr. L. to give a version of the French lines aforesaid into Latin and Greek, for the benefit of such persons as may not be acquainted with the various modern tongues aforesaid. He did it with the greatest readiness, and for a compensation which I shall not mention, from a regard to Mr. Brown's feelings,—though I will go so far as to say that I have no doubt that he was hoaxing my cousin when he said that the price of translations was getting high. Here follows the Latin version,—as pretty elegiac stanzas as you will find in Ovid:—

FORUM ALEATORIUM.

Hæ [illegible] int portæ tres [illegible]ápes, infamia, lethum.
Introitus prima est, exitus est aliis

His Greek translation is equally felicitous. Dr. Lingo understands the art of packing down sense as well as any gentleman of my acquaintance:—

Εις κυβευτηριον.

Τρεις εμοι εισι πυλαι, αισχος, θανατος τε και ολεθρος·
Τη μεν πρωτ' εισοδος, τησδ' εστιθ' εξοδιον.

The following Latin translation has also been furnished me by the same elegant pen to which I am indebted for the Italian one, and I have the same right to call it my own:—

TABERNA ALEATORIA.

Tres domui sunt valvae; spes, ignominia et mors,
Una dat introitum, sed remeare duo.

My good friend, Stanislaus Przescwisky, one of the descendants of that little handful of Polish settlers of New-Jersey, who afterward became mingled and confounded with their Dutch neighbours, furnished me with the following neat translation of the inscription into Polish, which, with the help of a grammar and dictionary, he effected in the course of a very few minutes. Mr. Przescwisky is now engaged in the laudable attempt to extricate his family from the confusion of descents into which it had fallen, by studying the language of his ancestors, not being discouraged by the manifest danger to his teeth, which are none of the best. It is a very pleasing and harmonious dialect, abounding with picturesque clusters of consonants:—

Nadjieja, scromota, smirk sa trzy drzwi,
Pizychod przez him, wychod przez drugimi.

The beautiful translation which follows, in the obsolete vernacular of our city, was sent me by a relation and friend, Mr. Lambert, or, as he is more familiarly called, Mr. Bot Burghart, a worthy descendant of the Dutch burgomasters of New-York:—

Drie deuren heeft dat huis zoo snood,
De hoop, de schande, en de dood!
De gek, om her veel gelds te winnen,
Komt blindlings door de eerste binnen,
Verlooren flaks de laat te dutt,
Hij door de anderen gaat uit.

For the following version into one of the most expressive languages of the North, I am indebted to a Danish gentleman, whom, from his accent, I should have taken for an American. There is an odd mark in his manuscript, which he calls the diæresis, which, if you have not, leave out:—

Om nogensinde Du Commer i Nod,
Her er et Huus med tre Dore,
Vil Du vide hvorhen de fore!
Den forste till Haab, de andre til Skiandselog Dod.

Lest the fastidious should not be pleased with my own rendering, above given, of this excellent moral stanza in the vernacular tongue, and thereby the principal benefit thereof be lost to our own and the English nation, I have requested two of my nephews, both young men of promising genius, to put it into English verse for me, giving them my word of honour that they should have the satisfaction of seeing their verses in print. One of them, who is somewhat of a wag, who wears his hat cocked up behind, and a coat to which the feathers and bits of paper have taken a remarkable affection, and whom, although I say it with pain, I have sometimes detected in the absorption of a mint julap in the morning, succeeded in producing the following:—

This cavern, so the Frenchman saith,
Has got three doors, Hope, Shame, and Death:
Men by the first strut in quite stout,
And by the other two sneak out.

My other nephew, a very sober, polite, *natty* young man, who reads Lallah Rookh aloud to himself before breakfast, brought me the version which follows, and which, from the

solemnity of the verse harmonizing so with the gravity of the subject, I hesitate not to say I prefer to the other:—

> Stop, passenger! and with suspended breath!!
> View these three portals, Hope, and Shame, and Death:
> By that of hope men enter—such the law—
> And by the doors of shame and death withdraw.

You have thus, gentlemen, the result of my investigations, excepting what you cannot print for lack of implements. I respectfully beg leave to dedicate the lot to the editor of the American, whose ingenious selection of this poetical morsel has instigated my labours, and to whom, as the primary cause of their being accomplished, the glory ought to be rendered. He is altogether so many cuts above me, that I cannot venture to suggest the fraction of an idea to him. But I would beg leave to intimate the tythe of a notion, that it would be pleasing and useful if he would take measures to have all the versions in the foreign tongues, which I have forwarded to you, done into literal English prose and poetry, as an exercise, by the youthful pillars and pedestals of the country, now forming under the plastic influence of his truly classical journal.

Your obedient servant,

JOHN SMITH.

POLICE LITERATURE.*

We have all seen and read Mornings in Town and Country, and Mornings in all the principal cities of Europe; Evenings at Home, Evenings in Autumn, and in all the other seasons; but a reporter for the Morning Herald has lately chosen to devote his elegant leisure to Mornings in the Police Office; with the philosophical purpose of extracting from the exhibition afforded by the matutine resurrection of the votaries of Bacchus, Mercury, Venus, and Mars (if the tremendous father of Rome may be considered as one of the patrons of the fancy), whatever met his own perception of the ludicrous, or could be travestied into something which might satisfy the effectual demand (to use the scientific language of the political economists) of the newspaper reading market. There is certainly nothing which may not be burlesqued. It is easy enough to conceive that there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous. A little hero (and almost all heroes *are* little), cuts but a sorry figure in a picture-window, with a cocked hat and sword too big for Goliath of Gath, however well he may appear in a gazette, or in an epic poem. But that propensity of our nature, which leads us to make mirth out of moral obliquity, to consider distress and misery, in their concrete appearance, as highly amusing affairs, and to

* This article forms part of a review of a work entitled "Mornings in Bow-street," which appeared in the New-York Review for April, 1828.

turn human vice and sorrow (as the French tutor complains, in one of Matthews's exhibitions), "into ridiculousness," can only be ascribed to Adam's fall, wherein, as the primer properly observes,

"We sinned all."

It is, to be sure, after all, rather a funny sight, to see a young, or an old gentleman, brought up at sunrise in the morning, before the worshipful, courteous, and amiable magistrates, who preside over the nocturnal and diurnal morals of a large city. Refreshed by slumber, and wide awake by turning out of his dormitory at so early and healthy an hour, gently breathed and exercised by his walk to the tribunal, the modern prætor seats himself in his chair, with a countenance full of smiles, a voice mellifluous as the lark's saluting the morn, and an insinuating manner, the charms of which cannot be expressed. (At least, so we are told. We are ready to make affidavit that we have never been in the watch-house, except on works of necessity or mercy.) But then those who have been out *a-larking*, after the solemn noon of night; who have been fatigued by their peripatetic exercises; who have, perhaps, stimulated a little beyond the measure of prudence, and have then been compelled to invoke "nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," in an attitude almost anyhow—on a bench, or in a dark corner—what an awkward squad they compose! They have been very naughty, and we ought to be sorry and ashamed for them. But they cut such a droll figure, from crown to toe, that we feel, for the moment, as if it were more natural to laugh than to shed tears. Their beavers are knocked into divers representations of solids, unenumerated in the eleventh book of Euclid. Their locks are in no nowise Cesarean, but resemble rather those of Absalom after he was hauled down from his state of dependency. Their eyes are not "in a fine phrensy rolling," but like the sun at the same probable hour, are struggling

through clouds and mists, squinting a few slant, occasional beams, as if in search of what may be visible. A little *comm. sap. et aqua. font.* would certainly be a good prescription for the improvement of their complexions. Then consider their gait, and the management of their several members. A leader charging at the head of his squadron; a great orator advancing to address the conscript fathers, or the more illustrious populace, whom they are supposed to represent; a gallant, leading the lady of his love to join in the graceful measures of the mazy dance—would either of them, think ye, walk o' this fashion?* Next take a survey of their drapery. Contemplate the existing condition of their apparel, which may have been bright and glossy enough when they first sallied forth on the ramble which terminated in this disagreeable restriction on their locomotive faculties. However gaudy it may have been, it is now every thing else but neat.

How they have got into this pickle is of very little consequence. The only important question is, how they shall get out of it, without attracting too much observation. The innocent and the guilty are in a similar predicament. Many, and perhaps most, of these *detenus*, if asked what brought them there, might probably adopt, with truth and candour, the answer of Tom Moore of Fleet-street's magpie. But they must give bonds, and pay the fees for their delightful night's rest, as well as the others, who have, perhaps, broken the peace of the people, and violated their dignity.

These cases, however distressing and uncomfortable to the parties most immediately interested, are apt to excite risibility among the by-standers. But when it is an affair of irregular appropriation, either fraudulent or forcible, that is to say, of petit or grand larceny, burglary, or highway robbery, the business, one would think, must assume a more

* The original passage is equally appropriate. "Think ye Alexander *smelt* o' this fashion?"

serious aspect. We should suppose it proper to turn Momus out of court, with all his quips and cranks, "i vezzi e i giochi," before awful Nemesis uplifted her scales. But such is not always the case in criminal proceedings, either as regards the accused—whether innocent or guilty, the judges who are to pass sentence, or the advocates who are to discuss the law and facts. "Even the scaffold" has "echoed with the jest," of which there are illustrious instances. Socrates proposed sacrificing to Esculapius a few hours before his death. Sir Thomas More was facetious in the Tower. Sir Walter Raleigh and Anna Boleyn were quite pleasant in making arrangements for their decapitation. And to descend from Tower-hill to Tyburn, the more vulgar subjects of penal jurisprudence have frequently a natural or assumed waggery, a delightful "recklessness," as Mr. Cooper would say, about the distinctions between meum and tuum, and the rights and duties of individuals (as defined in the treatises of moral philosophy, and in the statutes), or a particular idiom, which gives an amusing air to their improprieties, and in some measure softens the naked atrocity of their outrages. Learned judges have condescended to humour the joke; and Joe Miller furnishes many excellent bon-mots, committed beneath the black cap of judgment, for the benefit of those to whom the bellman was so soon to chant his pious and admonitory verses—

> "And when St. 'Pulchre's bell to-morrow tolls,
> The Lord have mercy upon your poor souls."

We have all heard with what gout that excellent new joke is cracked monthly at the sessions, when the treading-mill is recommended to the malefactor as an agreeable divertimento, a fine exercise, and a healthy amusement, in the intervals of his more sober occupation of picking oakum, or weaving penitentiary striped cloth. As the object of punishment is as much the example it holds up to others, as the reformation of the criminal, particularly in those cases where

the latter is to be *hanged*, all this pleasantry may not be amiss. It is gilding the pill which the culprit must swallow for the good of the community While stern Justice marches onward with swift and equal step, it is strewing her pathway with flowers. And after all, a moralist, like Hamlet, might find little to choose between Jack Sheppard in his cart, and Julius Cæsar in his triumphal chariot. This is certainly a more rational and decorous practice than that in which some well-meaning people seem inclined to indulge in our country, of canonizing felons as martyrs; making their walk to the place of execution a public mourning procession; their *gradus ad patibulum* a Jacob's ladder, and their legal exit from the world (we speak not rashly nor unadvisedly), almost a vicarious suffering, for the benefit of the particular congregation to whose tenets the culprit had happened to be supposed to be converted.

Criminal proceedings of all kinds always excite a strange interest in the public; and the practice of embellishing, as well as reporting them, has long been a source of profit to writers, and of amusement to readers, in Great Britain. Latterly, we have seen many forlorn attempts of the kind in our own daily prints. But the young gentlemen who essay to rival our trans-atlantic brethren in this species of composition, are not at all *up* to the thing. Their reports are insufferably flat. If they will persist in perpetrating them, we recommend a small and select library to their serious perusal, as a preliminary course to qualify them for the undertaking, viz. the variorum editions of the Newgate Calendar; Fielding's Classical History of Jonathan Wild; the Life of Bamfylde Moore Carew, King of the Gipseys, with the glossary; the best modern editions of the Slang Dictionary; and as respectable a collection of reports as they can procure, up to, and including the work, the title of which is at the head of our article. Should there be any of them more promising than there is present reason to expect, we would put them through a second and more refined

course of reading, such as the miscellaneous and multifarious works of Pierce Egan, Blackwood's Magazine, *ad libitum*, and some portions of "Sayings and Doings;" to which we would add, by way of giving them a taste of science and political economy, Colquhoun's Police of London and of the river Thames. With this initiation into style and technical terms, with their opportunities for observing what is droll about black and white convicts, if they could make no better fist of reporting than they do now, we should give them up in despair, and beg them to let the poor devils go to the bridewell, penitentiary, and state-prison, according to law, without such lame and impotent efforts to make their crimes or their misfortunes matters of merriment.

But we are too patriotic not to be willing to ascribe the dullness of our own *police literature* to another cause than the obtuseness of our reporters. We would fain believe that the morality of our nation is too strong to approve and cultivate, as yet, this habit, "miscendi seria ludo," of confounding the bad with the ridiculous, putting sin in masquerade, like the vice of the ancient mysteries, and turning the solemn drama of Justice into a farce. We hope it may long continue to be the case, and pray that none of our remarks may be maliciously or stupidly construed.

LETTER FROM ORANGE COUNTY.

To the Editor of the Atlantic Magazine.

—— Orange County, July 7, 1824.

I AM a plain countryman, of a lineal descent from one of the first settlers in New-Amsterdam. I have lived, man and boy, fifty-seven years, last August, on the farm which my grandfather ploughed; and till this summer in peace and contentment. I have regularly sowed eighty bushels of wheat in a year, and killed, one fall with another, fifty hogs, and pasture at present twelve fine cows, and have had no care or trouble whatever, except never getting enough at Newburgh for my wheat by sixpence a bushel. My barns, Mr. Editor, are almost as big as the court-house at Goshen; and sometimes as well filled as to company. But I have got to be a public man, and find my troubles arise and thicken about me. Last year the classis met, and recommended to the congregation to build a new church; and to tell the truth, the old one was sadly out of repair. It was built when our village was settled, is eight-sided, and the roof looks like one of my wife's extinguishers. So we subscribed among us twelve hundred pounds for the purpose, and I put down twenty pounds myself, which I have repented ever since, not for the money's sake—though it was fully my share; but, being one of the largest subscribers, I was appointed on the building committee, and here, Mr.

Editor, was the beginning of sorrow. There are five of us on this committee, and as you may not know the men, I will tell you what they are. There is Hans Van Hoogendorf, that used to keep a store at the cross-roads, but has lately turned farmer. Hans once went to Boston on some errand, among the Yankees, and ever since tells monstrous long stories about the marvels he saw in his travels in eastern parts. Then there is Harry Ostrander, the miller, he is justice of the peace, has grown very fat, and smokes all day long; and Jacobus Jacobson, who owns a quarter in a sloop that sails from our landing, and who goes in her now and then to New-York; and Jonathan Snap, the Connecticut-man, originally a Yankee pedlar, but who has lived here long enough to be a true Dutchman in grain. Then there is myself, Mr. Editor, as I said before, a plain farmer, and never made for a building committee-man.

Now, sir, I thought when I agreed to serve, that we should just get together and engage some honest carpenter to build our church for us, as cheap as we could, and have nothing to do ourselves but to look out that we got the money's worth in good work, and did not spend more than the twelve hundred pounds. But no such thing:—when we first met, Hans Van Hoogendorf got up and made a long speech, in which he said that the church we were to build ought to be an ornament to the village, and an honour to the county; that it was very important to determine on the best possible plan to build after; and that we ought to procure various drawings and designs from eminent architects, and compare them together, and thus be able to select the best. And he talked moreover about Greece, and Rome, and Palladio, and a parcel of such stuff, that I thought was Latin, and could not understand; but which pleased some of the committee mightily. Then they talked about distribution, and symmetry, and orders, and many other things that I did not comprehend; but the end of the whole was, that nothing was done for a month but talking; and pillars,

and bases, cornices, pedestals, pediments, and many other long words were sounded in my ears till I was fairly bewildered. My brethren of the committee were continually riding round the county, looking at every house, and church, and stable in Orange County, to find what they called a model; in which search Jacobus Jacobson was particularly active: but I never could learn that they found what they were in search of. Then, to make bad worse, one would make a design, and another would make a design; and they would talk about colonnades, and arches, and towers, till my head ached. In that, each one had his own opinion, and differed from every other, and each would try to talk me over to his side, till I got clean addled, and hardly understood one word they said. Then Jacobus Jacobson got a paper from New-York, with a little church drawn upon it, as natural as life, and showed it all about, and then somebody sent another from Albany, and a third from New-York again, all different, so that we were still as bad off as ever. So matters went on some time longer. Then it was proposed to "submit these designs" (I believe I remember the very words) "to some person of distinguished taste for his approbation." And as Cornelius Van Cuyler was thought a better judge of rum, and tea, and brown sugar, than any one else, his taste was relied on, and his opinion was asked. Then a land-surveyor, who could draw maps, was referred to; and a man who formerly kept a store down by the river, but broke, and for some time past has kept a sort of school in our village; and perhaps many more of equal claims for taste and judgment. But so it was, Mr. Editor, these people all differed among themselves as much as the "building committee" had done, so that every thing was left at sixes and sevens, and I begin to doubt whether we shall ever know our own minds on the subject, or come to any agreement at all.

Now, sir, our domine takes your Atlantic Magazine, and sometimes he lends it to me, for I like to read now and then

of an evening, when the work is done; and I lately read in the second number something about "the fine arts," and about "architecture," which I could not understand, but it sounded as if it had some sense in it, did one know how to get hold of it, so I suppose it was understood in New-York. Besides, I have been told that there is to be a very large building put up there, for merchants to go to for some purpose or other, though I did not hear what. So I suppose that all those things are easy with you, that perplex and trouble me so much. And our domine has advised me to write a letter to you about it, and promised to look over the spelling and grammar, being no great scholar myself, and I have made bold to do so. I have built two large barns and a cider-mill since I took the farm into my own hands, and never found any trouble with all these things that plague our committee. So, Mr. Editor, I will take it as a great favour if you will tell me the shortest and best mode of laying out twelve hundred pounds in building a church without all this doubting and debating:—and still more, if you will ask the gentlemen on the "building committee" of the great building (for I suppose they have one), how they manage to get along without troubling their heads with symmetry, and proportion, and effects, or talking about pedestals, and cornices, and pediments, and basements, and columns, and the other things that divide and confuse us so much. If we can come to any determination in time, we mean to begin pulling down the old church about the 1st of next March, so that you need not be in any haste about it. And if you ever come into our place, except in haying-time or harvest, and will call on me, I shall be glad to see you, in an old-fashioned one-story house, built before orders and proportions were invented, where you shall be welcome to as clean a bed, and as good fare at table as the country can furnish.

I am, sir, your most humble servant.

RIP VAN BOSKERK.

DREAM OF PAPANTZIN.*

In examining the contents of my portfolio, with a view of making up the second volume of my occasional miscellanies, I found a fragment written in blank verse (and much of it in *versi sciolti*, which in English means no metre at all), founded on a legend recorded by the Abbe Clavigero, a gentleman with whom I had only the pleasure of enjoying a brief acquaintance, during a short visit to Mexico, which I made in my youth; but whose history I subsequently read with much gratification; not unmingled with regret, that circumstances had prevented me from examining and exploring more fully the scenes and antiquities of a country whose annals are so interesting.

I have inserted in this place a portion of my original fragment, with some alterations and additions. The intelligent reader will perceive that I had a good opportunity of introducing a prophetic account of the political revolutions in Mexico. I did so; but it was too cumbrous for the slender frame of narration in which it was intro-

* [The Dream of Papantzin was published in the Talisman for 1829, with the introduction which precedes it in this volume. It is one of the most perfect specimens left by Mr. Sands of his poetic powers, whether we regard the varied music of the versification, the freedom and splendour of the diction, the nobleness and affluence of the imagery, or the beautiful and original use he has made of the Mexican mythology.]

duced, and too long for this little volume. I have therefore omitted it. I have also been compelled, for the same reason, to omit many allusions to Mexican localities, and many metaphors which I believe would stand the ordeal of criticism, because notes would be awkward in a work of this form; and, in fact, have no business in it. Several things, however, I have necessarily retained, requiring notes according to the modern system, but not, I believe in reality. The story, as told by Clavigero, is as follows:—

"PAPANTZIN, a Mexican princess, sister of Moteuczoma, and widow of the governor of Tlatelolco, died, as was supposed, in the palace of the latter, in 1509. Her funeral rites were celebrated with the usual pomp; her brother, and all the nobility attending. She was buried in a cave, or subterranean grotto, in the gardens of the same palace, near a reservoir in which she usually bathed. The entrance of the cave was closed with a stone of no great size. On the day after the funeral, a little girl, five or six years old, who lived in the palace, was going from her mother's house to the residence of the princess's majordomo, in a farther part of the garden; and passing by, she heard the princess calling to her *cocoton*, a phrase used to call and coax children, &c. &c. The princess sent the little girl to call her mother, and much alarm was of course excited. At length the King of Tezcuco was notified of her resurrection; and, on his representation, Moteuczoma himself, full of terror, visited her with his chief nobility. He asked her if she was his sister. 'I am,' said she, 'the same whom you buried yesterday. I am alive, and desire to tell you what I have seen, as it imports to you to know it.' Then the kings sat down, and the others remained standing, marvelling at what they heard.

"Then the princess, resuming her discourse, said:—'After my life, or, if that is impossible, after sense and the power of motion departed, incontinently I found myself in a vast plain, to which there was no bound in any direction. In the midst I discerned a road, which divided into various paths, and on one side was a great river, whose waters made a frightful rushing noise. Being minded to leap into it to cross to the opposite side, a fair youth stood before my eyes, of noble presence, clad in long robes, white as snow, and resplendent as the sun. He had two wings of beautiful plumage, and bore this sign on his forehead (so saying, the princess made with her fingers the sign of the cross); and taking me by the hand said, 'Stay, it is not yet time to pass this river. God loves thee, although thou dost not know it.' Thence he led me along the shores of the river, where I saw many sculls and human bones, and heard such doleful groans that they moved me to compassion. Then turning my eyes to the river, I saw

in it divers great barks, and in them many men, different from those of these regions in dress and complexion. They were white and bearded, having standards in their hands, and helmets on their heads. Then the young man said to me, 'God wills that you should live, that you may bear testimony of the revolutions which are to occur in these countries. The clamours thou hast heard on these banks are those of the souls of thine ancestors, which are and ever will be tormented in punishment of their sins. The men whom thou seest passing in the barks, are those who with arms will make themselves masters of this country; and with them will come also an annunciation of the true God, Creator of heaven and earth. When the war is finished, and the ablution promulgated which washes away sin, thou shalt be first to receive it, and guide by thine example all the inhabitants of this land.' Thus having said, the young man disappeared; and I found myself restored to life—rose from the place on which I lay—lifted the stone from the sepulchre, and issued forth from the garden, where the servants found me.'

"Moteuczoma went to his house of mourning, full of heavy thoughts, saying nothing to his sister (whom he never would see again), nor to the King of Tezcuco, nor to his courtiers, who tried to persuade him that it was a feverish phantasy of the princess. She lived many years afterward, and in 1524 was baptized."

This incident, says Clavigero, was universally known, and made a great noise at the time. It is described in several Mexican pictures, and affidavits of its truth were sent to the court of Spain.

DREAM OF THE PRINCESS PAPANTZIN.

Mexitlis' power was at its topmost pride;
The name was terrible from sea to sea;
From mountains, where the tameless Ottomite
Maintained his savage freedom, to the shores
Of wild Higueras. Through the nations passed,
As stalks the angel of the pestilence,
The great king's messengers. They marked the young,
The brave and beautiful, and bore them on

For their foul sacrifices. Terror went
Before the tyrant's heralds. Grief and wrath
Remained behind their steps; but they were dumb.

He was as God. Yet in his capital
Sat Moteuczoma, second of that name,
Trembling with fear of dangers long foretold
In ancient prophecies, and now announced
By signs in heaven and portents upon earth;
By the reluctant voices of pale priests;
By the grave looks of solemn counsellors;
But chief, by sickening heaviness of heart
That told of evil, dimly understood,
But evil which must come. With face obscured,
And robed in night the giant phantom rose,
Of his great empire's ruin, and his own.
Happier, though guiltier, he, before whose glance
Of reckless triumph, moved the spectral Hand,
That traced the unearthly characters of fate.

'Twas then, one eve, when o'er the imperial lake
And all its cities, glittering in their pomp,
The lord of glory threw his parting smiles,
In Tlatelolco's palace, in her bower,
Papantzin lay reclined; sister of him
At whose name monarchs trembled. Yielding there
To musings various, o'er her senses crept
Or sleep, or kindred death.

It seemed she stood
In an illimitable plain, that stretched
Its desert continuity around,
Upon the o'erwearied sight; in contrast strange
With that rich vale, where only she had dwelt,
Whose everlasting mountains, girdling it,
As in a chalice held a kingdom's wealth;

Their summits freezing, where the eagle tired,
But found no resting-place. Papantzin looked
On endless barrenness, and walked perplexed
Through the dull haze, along the boundless heath,
Like some lone ghost in Mictlan's cheerless gloom
Debarred from light and glory.

Wandering thus
She came where a great sullen river poured
Its turbid waters with a rushing sound
Of painful moans; as if the inky waves
Were hastening still on their complaining course
To escape the horrid solitudes. Beyond
What seemed a highway ran, with branching paths
Innumerous. This to gain, she sought to plunge
Straight in the troubled stream. For well she knew
To shun with agile limbs the current's force,
Nor feared the noise of waters. She had played
From infancy in her fair native lake,
Amid the gay plumed creatures floating round,
Wheeling or diving, with their changeful hues,
As fearless and as innocent as they.

A vision stayed her purpose. By her side
Stood a bright youth; and startling, as she gazed
On his effulgence, every sense was bound
In pleasing awe and in fond reverence.
For not Tezcatlipoca, as he shone
Upon her priest-led fancy, when from heaven
By filmy thread sustained he came to earth,
In his resplendent mail reflecting all
Its images, with dazzling portraiture,
Was, in his radiance and immortal youth
A peer to this new god.—His stature was
Like that of men; but matched with his, the port
Of kings all dreaded was the crouching mien

Of suppliants at their feet. Serene the light
That floated round him, as the lineaments
It cased with its mild glory. Gravely sweet
The impression of his features, which to scan
Their lofty loveliness forbade: His eyes
She felt, but saw not: only, on his brow—
From over which, encircled by what seemed
A ring of liquid diamond, in pure light
Revolving ever, backward flowed his locks
In buoyant, waving clusters—on his brow
She marked a Cross described; and lowly bent
She knew not wherefore, to the sacred sign.
From either shoulder mantled o'er his front
Wings dropping feathery silver; and his robe
Snow-white in the still air was motionless,
As that of chiselled god, or the pale shroud
Of some fear-conjured ghost.

Her hand he took
And led her passive o'er the naked banks
Of that black stream, still murmuring angrily.
But, as he spoke, she heard its moans no more;
His voice seemed sweeter than the hymnings raised
By brave and gentle souls in Paradise,
To celebrate the outgoing of the sun,
On his majestic progress over heaven.
"Stay, princess," thus he spoke, "thou mayest not yet
O'erpass these waters. Though thou knowest it not,
Nor Him, God loves thee." So he led her on,
Unfainting, amid hideous sights and sounds;
For now, o'er scattered sculls and grisly bones
They walked; while underneath, before, behind,
Rise dolorous wails and groans protracted long,
Sobs of deep anguish, screams of agony,
And melancholy sighs, and the fierce yell
Of hopeless and intolerable pain.

Shuddering, as, in the gloomy whirlwind's pause,
Through the malign, distempered atmosphere,
The second circle's purple blackness, passed
The pitying Florentine, who saw the shades
Of poor Francesca and her paramour,—
The princess o'er the ghastly relics stepped,
Listening the frightful clamour; till a gleam,
Whose sickly and phosphoric lustre seemed
Kindled from these decaying bones, lit up
The sable river. Then a pageant came
Over its obscure tides, of stately barks,
Gigantic, with their prows of quaint device,
Tall masts, and ghostly canvass, huge and high,
Hung in the unnatural light and lifeless air.
Grim bearded men, with stern and angry looks
Strange robes, and uncouth armour, stood behind
Their galleries and bulwarks. One ship bore
A broad sheet pendant, where inwrought with gold
She marked the symbol that adorned the brow
Of her mysterious guide. Down the dark stream
Swept on the spectral fleet, in the false light
Flickering and fading. Louder then uprose
The roar of voices from the accursed strand,
Until in tones, solemn and sweet, again
Her angel-leader spoke.

"Princess, God wills
That thou shouldst live, to testify on earth
What changes are to come; and in the world
Where change comes never, live, when earth and all
Its changes shall have passed like earth away.

"The cries that pierced thy soul and chilled thy veins
Are those of thy tormented ancestors.
Nor shall their torment cease; for God is just.
Foredoomed,—since first from Atzlan led to rove,

Following in quest of change, their kindred tribes,—
Where'er they rested, with foul sacrifice
They stained the shuddering earth. Their monuments
By blood cemented, after ages passed
With idle wonder or fantastic guess,
The traveller shall behold. For broken, then,
Like their own ugly idols, buried, burnt,
Their fragments spurned for every servile use,
Trampled and scattered to the reckless winds,
The records of their origin shall be.
Still in their cruelty and untamed pride,
They lived and died condemned; whether they dwelt
Outcasts, upon a soil that was not theirs,
All steril as it was, and won by stealth
Food from the slimy margent of the lake,
And digged the earth for roots and unclean worms;
Or served in bondage to another race,
Who loved them not. Driven forth, they wandered then
In miserable want, until they came
Where from the thriftless rock the nopal grew,
On which the hungry eagle perched and screamed,
And founded Tenochtitlan; rearing first
With impious care, a cabin for their god
Huitzilopochtli, and with murderous rites
Devoting to his guardianship themselves
And all their issue. Quick the nopal climbed,
Its harsh and bristly growth towering o'er all
The vale of Anahuac. Far for his prey,
And farther still the ravenous eagle flew;
And still with dripping beak but thirst unslaked
With savage cries wheeled home. Nine kings have reigned,
Their records blotted and besmeared with blood
So thick that none may read them. Down the stairs
And o'er the courts and winding corridors
Of their abominable piles, upreared

In the face of heaven, and naked to the sun,
More blood has flowed than would have filled the lakes
O'er which, enthroned midst carnage, they have sat,
Heaping their treasures for the stranger's spoil.
Prodigious cruelty and waste of life,
Unnatural riot and blaspheming pride,—
All that God hates,—and all that tumbles down
Great kingdoms and luxurious commonwealths
After long centuries waxing all corrupt,—
In their brief annals aggregated, forced,
And monstrous, are compressed. And now the cup
Of wrath is full; and now the hour has come.
Nor yet unwarned shall judgment overtake
The tribes of Aztlan, and in chief their lords
Mexitlis' blind adorers. As to one
Who feels his inward malady remain,
Howe'er health's seeming mocks his destiny,
In gay or serious mood the thought of death
Still comes obtrusive; so old prophecy
From age to age preserved, has told thy race
How strangers, from beyond the rising sun,
Should come with thunder armed, to overturn
Their idols, to possess their lands, and hold
Them and their children in long servitude.

"Thou shalt bear record that the hour is nigh.
The white and bearded men whose grim array
Swept o'er thy sight, are those who are to come,
And with strong arms and wisdom stronger far,
Strange beasts obedient to their masters' touch,
And engines hurling death, with Fate to aid,
Shall wrest the sceptre from the Azteques' line,
And lay their temples flat. Horrible war,
Rapine and murder and destruction wild
Shall hurry like the whirlwind o'er the land.
Yet with the avengers come the word of peace;

With the destroyers comes the bread of life;
And, as the wind-god in thine idle creed,
Opens a passage with his boisterous breath
Through which the genial waters over earth
Shed their reviving showers; so, when the storm
Of war has pass'd, rich dews of heavenly grace
Shall fall on flinty hearts. And thou, the flower,
Which, when huge cedars and most ancient pines
Coeval with the mountains are uptorn,
The hurricane shall leave unharmed, thou, then,
Shalt be the first to lift thy drooping head
Renewed, and cleansed from every former stain.

"The fables of thy people teach, that when
The deluge drowned mankind, and one sole pair
In fragile bark preserved, escaped and climbed
The steeps of Colhuacan, daughters and sons
Were born to them, who knew not how to frame
Their simplest thoughts in speech; till from the grove
A dove poured forth, in regulated sounds,
Each varied form of language. Then they spake,
Though neither by another understood.
But thou shalt then hear of that Holiest Dove,
Which is the Spirit of the Eternal God.
When all was void and dark, he moved above
Infinity; and from beneath his wings
Earth and the waters and the islands rose;
The air was quickened, and the world had life.
Then all the lamps of heaven began to shine,
And man was made to gaze upon their fires.

"Among thy fathers' visionary tales,
Thou'st heard, how once near ancient Tula dwelt
A woman, holy and devout, who kept
The temple pure, and to its platform saw
A globe of emerald plumes descend from heaven.

Placing it in her bosom to adorn
Her idol's sanctuary (so the tale
Runs), she conceived, and bore Mexitli. He,
When other children had assailed her life,
Sprang into being, all equipped for war;
His green plumes dancing in their circlet bright,
Like sheaf of sun-lit spray cresting the bed
Of angry torrents. Round, as Tonatiuh
Flames in mid-heaven, his golden buckler shone;
Like nimble lightning flashed his dreadful lance;
And unrelenting vengeance in his eyes
Blazed with its swarthy lustre. He, they tell,
Led on their ancestors; and him the god
Of wrath and terror, with the quivering hearts
And mangled limbs of myriads, and the stench
Of blood-washed shrines and altars they appease.
But then shall be revealed to thee the name
And vision of a virgin undefiled,
Embalmed in holy beauty, in whose eyes,
Downcast and chaste, such sacred influence lived,
That none might gaze in their pure spheres and feel
One earth-born longing. Over her the Dove
Hung, and th' Almighty power came down. She bore
In lowliness, and as a helpless babe,
Heir to man's sorrows and calamities,
His great Deliverer, Conqueror of Death;
And thou shalt learn, how when in years he grew
Perfect, and fairer than the sons of men,
And in that purifying rite partook
Which thou shalt share, as from his sacred locks
The glittering waters dropped, high over head
The azure vault was opened, and that Dove
Swiftly, serenely floating downwards, stretched
His silvery pinions o'er the anointed Lord,
Sprinkling celestial dews. And thou shalt hear
How, when the Sacrifice for man had gone

In glory home, as his chief messengers
Were met in council, on a mighty wind
The Dove was borne among them; on each brow
A forked tongue of fire unquenchable lit;
And, as the lambent points shot up and waved,
Strange speech came to them; thence to every land,
In every tongue, they, with untiring steps,
Bore the glad tidings of a world redeemed."

Much more, which now it suits not to rehearse,
The princess heard. The historic prophet told
Past, Present, Future,—things that since have been,
And things that are to come. And, as he ceased,
O'er the black river, and the desert plain,
As o'er the close of counterfeited scenes,
Shown by the buskined muse, a veil came down,
Impervious; and his figure faded swift
In the dense gloom. But then, in starlike light,
That awful symbol which adorned his brow
In size dilating showed: and up, still up,
In its clear splendour still the same, though still
Lessening, it mounted; and Papantzin woke.

She woke in darkness and in solitude.
Slow passed her lethargy away, and long
To her half dreaming eye that brilliant sign
Distinct appeared. Then damp and close she felt
The air around, and knew the poignant smell
Of spicy herbs collected and confined.
As those awakening from a troubled trance
Are wont, she would have learned by touch if yet
The spirit to the body was allied.
Strange hindrances prevented. O'er her face
A mask thick-plated lay: and round her swathed
Was many a costly and encumbering robe,
Such as she wore on some high festival,

O'erspread with precious gems, rayless and cold,
That now pressed hard and sharp against her touch.
The cumbrous collar round her slender neck,
Of gold thick studded with each valued stone
Earth and the sea-depths yield for human pride—
The bracelets and the many-twisted rings
That girt her taper limbs, coil upon coil—
What were they in this dungeon's solitude?
The plumy coronal that would have sprung
Light from her fillet in the purer air,
Waving in mockery of the rainbow tints,
Now drooping low, and steeped in clogging dews,
Oppressive hung. Groping in dubious search,
She found the household goods, the spindle, broom,
Gicalli quaintly sculptured, and the jar
That held the useless beverage for the dead.
By these, and by the jewel to her lip
Attached, the emerald symbol of the soul,
In its green life immortal, soon she knew
Her dwelling was a sepulchre.

She loosed
The mask, and from her feathery bier uprose,
Casting away the robe, which like long alb
Wrapped her; and with it many an aloe leaf,
Inscribed with Azteck characters and signs,
To guide the spirit where the Serpent hissed,
Hills towered, and deserts spread, and keen winds blew,
And many a "Flower of Death;" though their frail leaves
Were yet unwithered. For the living warmth
Which in her dwelt, their freshness had preserved;
Else, if corruption had begun its work,
The emblems of quick change would have survived
Her beauty's semblance. What is beauty worth,
If the cropt flower retains its tender bloom

When foul decay has stolen the latest lines
Of loveliness in death? Yet even now
Papantzin knew that her exuberant locks—
Which, unconfined, had round her flowed to earth,
Like a stream rushing down some rocky steep,
Threading ten thousand channels—had been shorn
Of half their waving length,—and liked it not.

But through a crevice soon she marked a gleam
Of rays uncertain; and, with staggering steps,
But strong in reckless dreaminess, while still
Presided o'er the chaos of her thoughts
The revelation that upon her soul
Dwelt with its power, she gained the cavern's throat
And pushed the quarried stone aside, and stood
In the free air, and in her own domain.

But now obscurely o'er her vision swam
The beauteous landscape, with its thousand tints
And changeful views; long alleys of bright trees
Bending beneath their fruits; espaliers gay
With tropic flowers and shrubs that filled the breeze
With odorous incense, basins vast, where birds
With shining plumage sported, smooth canals
Leading the glassy wave, or towering grove
Of forest veterans. On a rising bank,
Her seat accustomed, near a well hewn out
From ancient rocks into which waters gushed
From living springs, where she was wont to bathe,
She threw herself to muse. Dim on her sight
The imperial city and its causeways rose,
With the broad lake and all its floating isles
And glancing shallops, and the gilded pomp
Of princely barges, canopied with plumes
Spread fanlike, or with tufted pageantry
Waving magnificent. Unmarked around

The frequent huitzilin, with murmuring hum
Of ever-restless wing, and shrill sweet note,
Shot twinkling, with the ruby star that glowed
Over his tiny bosom, and all hues
That loveliest seem in heaven, with ceaseless change,
Flashing from his fine films. And all in vain
Untiring, from the rustling branches near,
Poured the Centzontli all his hundred strains
Of imitative melody. Not now
She heeded them. Yet pleasant was the shade
Of palms and cedars; and through twining boughs
And fluttering leaves, the subtle god of air,
The serpent armed with plumes, most welcome crept,
And fanned her cheek with kindest ministry.

A dull and dismal sound came booming on;
A solemn, wild, and melancholy noise,
Shaking the tranquil air; and afterward
A clash and jangling, barbarously prolonged,
Torturing the unwilling ear, rang dissonant.
Again the unnatural thunder rolled along,
Again the crash and clamour followed it.
Shuddering she heard, who knew that every peal
From the dread gong, announced a victim's heart
Torn from his breast, and each triumphant clang,
A mangled corse, down the great temple's stairs
Hurled headlong; and she knew, as lately taught,
How vengeance was ordained for cruelty;
How pride would end; and uncouth soldiers tread
Through bloody furrows o'er her pleasant groves
And gardens; and would make themselves a road
Over the dead, choking the silver lake,
And cast the battered idols down the steps
That climbed their execrable towers, and raze
Sheer from the ground Ahuitzol's mighty pile.

There had been wail for her in Mexico,
And with due rites and royal obsequies,
Not without blood at devilish altars shed,
She had been numbered with her ancestry.
Here when beheld, revisiting the light,
Great marvel rose, and greater terror grew,
Until the kings came trembling, to receive
The fore-shown tidings. To his house of wo
Silent and mournful, Moteuczoma went.

Few years had passed, when by the rabble hands
Of his own subjects, in ignoble bonds
He fell; and on a hasty gibbet reared
By the road-side, with scorn and obloquy
The brave and gracious Guatemotzin hung;
While to Honduras, thirsting for revenge,
And gloomier after all his victories,
Stern Cortes stalked. Such was the will of God.

And then with holier rites and sacred pomp,
Again committed to the peaceful grave,
Papantzin slept in consecrated earth.

MONODY,

TO THE MEMORY OF THE REV. J. W. EASTBURN.

Vail, Zion, vail thy mourning head,
Let sacred clouds descending weep;
Mourn, holy hill, thy shepherd dead,
Whose voice no more shall charm thy sheep!
Thou, city of the Lord, deplore
A watchman vanish'd from thy walls!
While nightly tempests round thee roar,
No more thy faithful servant calls.
Temple of God! let chants of wo
Through all thy hallowed courts be borne;
A polished shaft in dust lies low,
And round the sister columns mourn.
Departed saint! how sweet the strain
The spirit taught thy lips to pour!
How dear the echoes which remain
When now the music breathes no more!
Around those lips, as in the shade
Where infant Plato lay reclin'd,
Hymettian bees prophetic play'd,
And left their choicest store behind:
But than their treasures far more sweet,
Though with them inspiration clung,
With unction of the Paraclete,
Descending seraphs tipp'd thy tongue!

"Proclaim,"* the Eternal Spirit said,
"Glad tidings to the meek in heart,
Bind up the wounds that earth has made,
And bid the enfranchis'd slave depart.
Tell the poor captive, chain'd by sin,
'Thy bars are burst, and thou art free!
The year of glory shall begin,
The spring of beauty dawns for thee!'
Bid those who mourn on Zion's steep,
Swathed in such garb as grief should be,
As o'er the sins of men they weep,
Look through their tears to Calvary.
For them the oil of joy shall flow,
Immortal beauty shall be theirs,
And, for the livery sad of wo,
The spotless robe that angel wears.
In ancient wastes, where moss o'erspreads
The temples once devote to God,
And weeds, luxuriant, wave their heads
Above the consecrated sod;
Where ruin, scowling o'er the gloom,
For years has marked the scene her own,
Rebuild the crumbling walls, relume
The fire upon the altar stone!"
He heard the summons and obeyed;
And desolation bloom'd again,
Like nature, as old bards have said,
Obedient to the minstrel strain.
How soon *his* strain exultant swells
The hymn that mortals may not share!
Like music borne on summer gales,
That melts upon the distant air.

* Isaiah.

So soars the lark in early morn,
  Her note heard fainter as she flies;
Upward, still upward, she is borne,
  Until in heaven her warbling dies.
But now, that cherished voice was near;
  And all around yet breathes of him;—
We look, and we can only hear
  "The parting wings of cherubim!"
Mourn ye, whom haply nature taught
  To share the bard's communion high;
To scan the ideal world of thought,
  That floats before the poet's eye;—
Ye, who with ears o'ersated long,
  From native bards disgusted fly,
Expecting only, in their song,
  The ribald strains of calumny;—
Mourn ye a minstrel chaste as sweet,
  Who caught from heaven no doubtful fire,
But chose immortal themes as meet
  Alone, for an immortal lyre.
O silent shell! thy chords are riven!
  That heart lies cold before its prime!
Mute are those lips, that might have given
  One deathless descant to our clime!
No laurel chaplet twines he now;
  He sweeps a harp of heavenly tone,
And plucks the amaranth for his brow
  That springs beside the eternal throne.
Mourn ye, whom friendship's silver chain
  Link'd with his soul in bonds refin'd;
That earth had striv'n to burst in vain,—
  The sacred sympathy of mind.
Still long that sympathy shall last:
  Still shall each object like a spell,
Recall from fate the buried past,
  Present the mind belov'd so well.

That pure intelligence—O where
  Now is its onward progress won?
Through what new regions does it dare
  Push the bold quest on earth begun?
In realms with boundless glory fraught,
  Where fancy can no trophies raise—
In blissful vision, where the thought
  Is whelm'd in wonder and in praise!
Till life's last pulse, O triply dear,
  A loftier strain is due to thee;
But constant memory's votive tear
  Thy sacred epitaph must be.

SLEEP.

[The following address to Sleep is a version of such parts of Mem. v. Part 2. Sec. 2. of Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, as seemed to the writer fit for versification. Other ideas are introduced, probably not more original.]

Since too much waking hurts, O, gentle Sleep!
Even against thy will thou must be woo'd,
And forced the restless soul entranced to keep,
Till we o'ercome the deadly waking mood.
Sweet influence! yea, thou must be forced to steep
In bland oblivion thoughts that are not good
For entertainment—since they bring us pain,
And, without thee, will craze the fevered brain.

Shalt thou, on alpine heights, in polar cold,
The bloodless dormouse and the sullen bear
In one long night of no unrest enfold,
In frozen curtains that admit no care;
While man, as lord of breathing things, enrolled
In God's own order writ, shall have no share
Of solace, which his nature needs must claim,
Both for the mind o'erwrought and wearied frame?

Thee the old poets, in immortal lays,
Adored as universal nature's rest—
Peace of the soul, whose influence care obeys,
Sore care who listens to no other hest;
As still restoring, after anxious days,
The limbs and faculties with toil oppress'd—

Refitting man his daily race to run
Of toil, beneath the ever-travelling sun,

Thy charm the skilful as supreme confess
  Above all alchymy and magic spells;
Of different modes to win thy bland caress,
  The antique leech in lore black-lettered tells.
But when grim night-mare griefs the soul oppress,
  Not his the craft thy presence that compels;
Dark Melancholy's patient cannot find
In foolish physic, slumber for the mind.

Nor unto him luxurious rest deny
  Through a whole third of earths' diurnal phases;
But half asleep in revery to lie
  While light's original fountain streams and blazes,
And nature works beneath the laughing sky,
  Doating, in fond conceits, and dreamy mazes,
Sinks him below all God's own quick creations,
Nor will one muse inspire his meditations.

For that sweet moistening sleep must fall on men
  As heaven's own dew, impalpable and fine,
And unperceived, till cool, clear morning, when
  On every blade and leaf impearled they shine.
So he who well has slept, new hopes again
  Finds fresh and sparkling; and the god divine,
Which we call reason, prompts him through the day
To struggle with his fortune as he may.

Oh sage philosophy! teach us how to slumber,
  When the intractable brain is hot or dry,
With all the pangs and fears we cannot number,
  And all the hopes that blossom, fade, and die;
With the great businesses our thoughts that cumber,
  Whereat the angels laugh—with reason why!

No dreams disturb his slumbers who must wake
To meet the axe, the gibbet, or the stake.

* * * * * *

Might I interrogate thee, thou who art
  Death's younger brother, and his counterfeit,
Fain would I ask thee if, when we depart
  From heaven's clear presence, and in darkness meet
The worms for our companions, in their mart
  Of human food, shall visions foul or sweet
Visit our slumbers, ere the trumpet's peal
Shall summon us to endless wo or weal?

If ere the soul puts its old vesture on,
  Transformed to rapturous or to burning weeds,
It shall do homage at the eternal throne,
  Or penance in dread Hades for its deeds?
Ah, could thine oracle the truth make known
  From those dark halls whence never voice proceeds,
It were in vain, dull god, to question thee,
What portion hast *thou* of eternity?

For in the grave, whether our dreams be fraught
  With amaranths, harpings, and sweet gales of heaven,
Or demon-haunted, is to us as naught,
  Who are imbued with the immortal leaven.
Time is not, if we lie devoid of thought;
  And if the sure expectancy be given,
Whether we wake to glory or to shame,
'Twill at the resurrection be the same.

Blame not, if oft, in melancholy mood,
This theme, too far, sick fancy hath pursued;
And if the soul, which high with hope should beat,
Turns to the gloomy grave's unbless'd retreat.

Majestic nature! since thy course began,
Thy features wear no sympathy for man;
The sun smiles loveliest on our darkest hours;
O'er the cold grave fresh spring the sweetest flowers.
And man himself, in selfish sorrows bound,
Heeds not the melancholy ruin round.
The crowd's vain roar still fills the passing breeze,
That bends above the tomb the cypress-trees.
One only heart, still true in joy or wo,
Is all the kindest fates can e'er bestow.
If frowning Heaven that heart refuse to give,
O, who would ask the ungracious boon—to live?
Then better 'twere, if longer doomed to prove
The listless load of life, unbless'd with love,
To seek midst ocean's waste some island fair,—
And dwell, the anchorite of nature, there;—
Some lonely isle, upon whose rocky shore
No sound, save curlew's scream, or billow's roar,
Hath echoed ever; in whose central woods,
With the quick spirit of its solitudes,
In converse deep, strange sympathies untried,
The soul might find, which this vain world denied.

But I will trust that heart, where truth alone,
In loveliest guise, sits radiant on her throne;
And thus believing, fear not all the power
Of absence drear, or time's most tedious hour.
If e'er I sigh to win the wreaths of fame
And write on memory's scroll a deathless name,
'Tis but thy loved, approving smile to meet,
And lay the budding laurels at thy feet.

A MONODY

MADE ON THE LATE MR. SAMUEL PATCH, BY AN ADMIRER OF THE BATHOS.

By water shall he die, and take his end.—SHAKSPEARE.

Toll for Sam Patch! Sam Patch, who jumps no more,
This or the world to come. Sam Patch is dead!
The vulgar pathway to the unknown shore
Of dark futurity, he would not tread.
No friends stood sorrowing round his dying bed;
Nor with decorous wo, sedately stepp'd
Behind his corpse, and tears by retail shed;—
The mighty river, as it onward swept,
In one great wholesale sob, his body drowned and kept.

Toll for Sam Patch! he scorned the common way
That leads to fame, up heights of rough ascent,
And having heard Pope and Longinus say,
That some great men had risen to falls, he went
And jumped, where wild Passaic's waves had rent
The antique rocks;—the air free passage gave,—
And graciously the liquid element
Upbore him, like some sea-god on its wave;
And all the people said that Sam was very brave.

Fame, the clear spirit that doth to heaven upraise
Led Sam to dive into what Byron calls
The hell of waters. For the sake of praise,
He wooed the bathos down great water-falls;

The dizzy precipice, which the eye appals
Of travellers for pleasure, Samuel found
Pleasant, as are to women lighted halls,
Crammed full of fools and fiddles; to the sound
Of the eternal roar, he timed his desperate bound.

Sam was a fool. But the large world of such,
Has thousands—better taught, alike absurd,
And less sublime. Of fame he soon got much,
Where distant cataracts spout, of him men heard.
Alas for Sam! Had he aright preferred
The kindly element, to which he gave
Himself so fearlessly, we had not heard
That it was now his winding-sheet and grave,
Nor sung, 'twixt tears and smiles, our requiem for the brave.

He soon got drunk, with rum and with renown,
As many others in high places do;—
Whose fall is like Sam's last—for down and down,
By one mad impulse driven, they flounder through
The gulf that keeps the future from our view,
And then are found not. May they rest in peace!
We heave the sigh to human frailty due—
And shall not Sam have his? The muse shall cease
To keep the heroic roll, which she began in Greece—

With demigods, who went to the Black Sea
For wool (and if the best accounts be straight,
Came back, in negro phraseology,
With the same wool each upon his pate),
In which she chronicled the deathless fate
Of him who jumped into the perilous ditch
Left by Rome's street commissioners, in a state
Which made it dangerous, and by jumping which
He made himself renowned, and the contractors rich—

I say, the muse shall quite forget to sound
The chord whose music is undying, if
She do not strike it when Sam Patch is drowned.
Leander dived for love. Leucadia's cliff
The Lesbian Sappho leapt from in a miff,
To punish Phaon; Icarus went dead,
Because the wax did not continue stiff;
And, had he minded what his father said,
He had not given a name unto his watery bed.

And Helle's case was all an accident,
As everybody knows. Why sing of these?
Nor would I rank with Sam that man who went
Down into Ætna's womb—Empedocles,
I think he called himself. Themselves to please,
Or else unwillingly, they made their springs;
For glory in the abstract, Sam made his,
To prove to all men, commons, lords, and kings,
That "some things may be done, as well as other things."

I will not be fatigued, by citing more
Who jump'd of old, by hazard or design,
Nor plague the weary ghosts of boyish lore,
Vulcan, Apollo, Phaeton—in fine
All Tooke's Pantheon. Yet they grew divine
By their long tumbles; and if we can match
Their hierarchy, shall we not entwine
One wreath? Who ever came "up to the scratch,"
And for so little, jumped so bravely as Sam Patch?

To long conclusions many men have jumped
In logic, and the safer course they took;
By any other, they would have been stumped,
Unable to argue, or to quote a book,

And quite dumb-founded, which they cannot brook;
They break no bones, and suffer no contusion,
Hiding their woful fall, by hook and crook,
In slang and gibberish, sputtering and confusion;
But that was not the way Sam came to *his* conclusion.

He jumped in person. Death or Victory
Was his device, "and there was no mistake,"
Except his last; and then he did but die,
A blunder which the wisest men will make.
Aloft, where mighty floods the mountains break,
To stand, the target of ten thousand eyes,
And down into the coil and water-quake,
To leap, like Maia's offspring, from the skies—
For this all vulgar flights he ventured to despise.

And while Niagara prolongs its thunder,
Though still the rock primæval disappears,
And nations change their bounds—the theme of wonder
Shall Sam go down the cataract of long years;
And if there be sublimity in tears,
Those shall be precious which the adventurer shed
When his frail star gave way, and waked his fears
Lest, by the ungenerous crowd it might be said,
That he was all a hoax, or that his pluck had fled.

Who would compare the maudlin Alexander,
Blubbering, because he had no job in hand,
Acting the hypocrite, or else the gander,
With Sam, whose grief we all can understand?
His crying was not womanish, nor plann'd
For exhibition; but his heart o'erswelled
With its own agony, when he the grand
Natural arrangements for a jump beheld,
And measuring the cascade, found not his courage quelled.

His last great failure set the final seal
  Unto the record Time shall never tear,
While bravery has its honour,—while men feel
  The holy natural sympathies which are
  First, last, and mightiest in the bosom. Where
The tortured tides of Genessee descend,
  He came—his only intimate a bear,—
(We know not that he had another friend),
The martyr of renown, his wayward course to end.

The fiend that from the infernal rivers stole
  Hell-draughts for man, too much tormented him,
With nerves unstrung, but steadfast in his soul,
  He stood upon the salient current's brim;
  His head was giddy, and his sight was dim;
And then he knew this leap would be his last,—
  Saw air, and earth, and water wildly swim,
With eyes of many multitudes, dense and vast,
That stared in mockery; none a look of kindness cast.

Beat down, in the huge amphitheatre
  "I see before me the gladiator lie,"
And tier on tier, the myriads waiting there
  The bow of grace, without one pitying eye—
  He was a slave—a captive hired to die;—
Sam was born free as Cæsar; and he might
  The hopeless issue have refused to try;
No! with true leap, but soon with faltering flight,—
"Deep in the roaring gulf, he plunged to endless night."

But, ere he leapt, he begged of those who made
  Money by his dread venture, that if he
Should perish, such collection should be paid
  As might be picked up from the "company"
  To his Mother. This, his last request, shall be,—

Tho' she who bore him ne'er his fate should know,—
An iris, glittering o'er his memory—
When all the streams have worn their barriers low,
And, by the sea drunk up, for ever cease to flow.

On him who chooses to jump down cataracts,
Why should the sternest moralist be severe?
Judge not the dead by prejudice—but facts,
Such as in strictest evidence appear.
Else were the laurels of all ages sere.
Give to the brave, who have pass'd the final goal,—
The gates that ope not back,—the generous tear;
And let the muse's clerk upon her scroll,
In coarse, but honest verse, make up the judgment roll.

Therefore it is considered, that Sam Patch
Shall never be forgot in prose or rhyme;
His name shall be a portion in the batch
Of the heroic dough, which baking Time
Kneads for consuming ages—and the chime
Of Fame's old bells, long as they truly ring,
Shall tell of him; he dived for the sublime,
And found it. Thou, who with the eagle's wing
Being a goose, would'st fly,—dream not of such a thing!

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

Sir,

The three last numbers of Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine contain three cantos of an epic poem, called Daniel O'Rourke. The story, of which this is a new version, is very old, and probably familiar to a great many people. In an old Manchester Almanac, I find the version which I send you. It may have been from the pen of Mr. Wordsworth, as it has much of the characteristic simplicity of Betty Foy, Goody Blake, and Harry Gill.

DANIEL ROOK.

Would you hear of Daniel Rook,
How a journey long he took?
How he travelled to the moon,
And got back again quite soon?

Daniel Rook, beside a lake,
Saw the dimples breezes make;
Saw the skies reflected shine,
And Daniel thought it very fine.

Then an eagle came along,
Very large and very strong;
Said the eagle, Daniel Rook,
Pray what is't at which you look?

Then full boldly Daniel Rook
Unto the monstrous eagle spoke;—
I am looking at the lake,
Seeing how the waters shake.

Said the eagle, no more slack,*
Daniel get upon my back!
So the monstrous eagle took
On his shoulders Daniel Rook.

Up he flew, like sin and death,
Never stopping to take breath;
Daniel thought he'd ne'er have done,
When above he spied the moon;

Like a cheese without a rind,
O how gloriously it shined!
Like a cheese that's cut in two,
Aha! said Daniel, how d'ye do?

Said the eagle, Daniel bold,
Of that there horn you must take hold;
So the simple Daniel did
Just as the monstrous eagle bid.

Then away the eagle flew,
Leaving Daniel looking blue;
Now I'm sure, said Daniel bold,
Hanging here I shall take cold.

Then the man in the moon came out,
Picked his teeth, and looked about;
Mr. Daniel Rook, said he,
Good morning, what do you want with me?

* *Conversation*—Slang Dictionary.

Said Daniel, how is your wife to-day?
She is in a family way;
I fear we shan't have room enough,
SoI beg,Dan iel, you'd be off.

I can't, said Daniel—You must, said he—
I won't, said Daniel, it can't be—
Very well, said the man in the moon,
We shall see that very soon.

In he went, and out he strode,
With a crowbar died with blood;
Sure and certain aim he took,
Knocked off the horn and Daniel Rook.

Fall'n from his high estate,
Daniel went at no small rate;
Nor can he tell, so queer he feels,
Which is his head, and which his heels.

He saw a flock of wild geese nigh,
And long and loud he heard them cry—
Daniel Rook, where will you go?
Indeed, said Daniel, I don't know;

But by the course which now I take,
I guess I'm falling in the lake,
Then said the geese—why don't you look,
And fall on dry land, Daniel Rook?

HIATUS.

PSALM CXXXVII.

Where mid Babel's proud gardens and palaces glide
The waves of Euphrates, we sat by the tide;
Our harps on the willows hung mournful above,
And we wept as we thought on the land of our love!

For our masters came by, and a song they desired,
And mirth from the exile the spoiler required;
With mockery they bade us awake at their nod,
To please his blasphemers, the hymns of our God.

Say, how in the land of the heathen, his foe,
Can the songs of his temple in melody flow.
O Salem, though torn from thine altars away,
If one wish of my heart from thy mem'ry should stray,

Then for ever be withered my hand, nor again
May it win from the harp that I cherish a strain;
Be rigid my tongue, and be voiceless my breath,
Fast locked, for the crime, in the silence of death!

O God of our fathers! remember the day
When the heathen exulting made Salem their prey,
While our kindred stood by, nor our altars revered,
But the spoiler to havoc unpitying cheered.

Yet tremble, thou city of pride and of power!
The avenger shall come, and the terrible hour;
In the blood of thy children his blade shall be died,
For the God of our fathers shall fight on his side!

November 15*th*, 1821.

A MONODY

MADE ON THE LATE MR. SAMUEL PATCH, BY AN ADMIRER OF THE BATHOS.

By water shall he die, and take his end.—SHAKSPEARE.

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Of dark futurity, he would not tread.
No friends stood sorrowing round his dying bed;
Nor with decorous wo, sedately stepp'd
Behind his corpse, and tears by retail shed;—
The mighty river, as it onward swept,
In one great wholesale sob, his body drowned and kept.

Toll for Sam Patch! he scorned the common way
That leads to fame, up heights of rough ascent,
And having heard Pope and Longinus say,
That some great men had risen to falls, he went
And jumped, where wild Passaic's waves had rent
The antique rocks;—the air free passage gave,—
And graciously the liquid element
Upbore him, like some sea-god on its wave;
And all the people said that Sam was very brave.

Fame, the clear spirit that doth to heaven upraise
Led Sam to dive into what Byron calls
The hell of waters. For the sake of praise,
He wooed the bathos down great water-falls;

THE SUN LOOKS ON NAUGHT IN HIS CIRCUIT AS GREAT.

The sun looks on naught, in his circuit, as great
As the mind whose fixed purpose is stubborn as fate;
That in storm or in sunshine, with foe or with friend,
Unchanged and unchanging, endures to the end.

Attractions unnumbered the needle control,
And it trembles unfaithful, forsaking the pole;
But the resolute will moves sublime in its pride,
Nor will turn for affection or flattery aside.

The old oaks may writhe where the hurricane sweeps,
And the firm bedded rocks may be torn from the steeps—
The pine of the forest may bend to the blast,
But the strong will of man stands erect to the last.

As the Titan, by demons in Caucasus bound,
While the war of mad elements thundered around,
Braved Jove, though the vulture had fastened his fangs,
The stout heart yields not, till it breaks mid its pangs.

When her last sob convulsive great nature shall heave,
And the world its foundations in ruin shall leave,
The end the last stoic shall calmly expect,
And sink proud on the bier of a universe wreck'd.

October 13*th*, 1825.

GOOD NIGHT.

Good night to all the world! there's none,
Beneath the "over-going" sun,
To whom I feel or hate or spite,
And so to all a fair good night.

Would I could say good night to pain,
Good night to conscience and her train,
To cheerless poverty, and shame
That I am yet unknown to fame!

Would I could say good night to dreams
That haunt me with delusive gleams,
That through the sable future's veil
Like meteors glimmer, but to fail.

Would I could say a long good night
To halting between wrong and right,
And, like a giant with new force,
Awake prepared to run my course!

But time o'er good and ill sweeps on,
And when few years have come and gone,
The past will be to me as naught,
Whether remembered or forgot.

Yet let me hope one faithful friend,
O'er my last couch shall tearful bend;
And, though no day for me was bright,
Shall bid me then a long good night.

October 13*th*, 1825.

Still memory, when of buried days
The forms and scenes she shall restore,
Though weeping, *haply* she surveys
The loved and lovely then no more,
Shall shrink not with averted gaze
From troublous ghosts of wo or pain,
Of lingering hope that long betrays,
Of vows forgot or breathed in vain!

Fair be thy course, as thou art fair!
Serene thy life, as thou art good!
No harrowing thoughts of days that were,
To mar thy bosom's peace obtrude!
And when thy glance, in joy or care
Cast on these lines, perchance, shall be,
Still think on one, whose constant prayer
Shall ask all heaven's best gifts for thee.

May 5th, 1827.

These, like some steed that scours the desert plain,
Unroll in lengthening folds their floating mane;
These, o'er the horizon's verge that seem to peep,
Look forth like eyes upon a world asleep;
These twinkle through the welkin's far descent,
Like snowy canvass o'er the waters bent,
That from some distant shore returning gleams,
O'er ocean's bosom, in the morning beams.

God of his noblest works, those shining spheres,
Alone the number knows, the distance, and the years;
Some, dim with age, grow pale to mortal eyes,
Some vanish from their orbits in the skies;
Others, like flowers his spirit woos to blow,
Radiant with grace and youth their foreheads show;
And in the east their new effulgence pour,
Startling the eye that counts their numbers o'er;
Through space they shoot, and man, with glad acclaim,
The new-born world salutes, and gives its name.

Oh, who, enraptured with their glances chaste,
As o'er their hosts his wandering looks were cast,
That has not learned the purest orb to call
By that dear name love hallows over all;
For me, one isolated, lonely light
Has cheered the hours of many a tedious night;
Its beams through mystic shadows round it thrown,
Recalled a glance on earth that brightly shone;
May we, ah! may we to those lamps of heaven,
Transfer the name, at least, that love has given?

Now night moves on—through ether's boundless deep
Those floating worlds their course in silence keep;
And we with them, in whirl unceasing rolled,
Still to a port unknown our progress hold.

PROLOGUE

TO

WALDIMAR, A TRAGEDY.

The Tragic Muse, since first her power began,
To rouse to generous warmth the soul of man,
Her scenes and actors everywhere has found,—
In savage wilds, or fable-haunted ground.
For Art may tame or mould, but cannot change
The master-passions in their varying range.
Wonder and Awe awoke, when first the eyes
Of the first patriarch saw the earth and skies;
Love, next in power and order, lit his flame,
And Fear and Grief, as Guilt's companions, came;
Hate and Revenge, as Murder's heralds scowled,
Remorse and mad Despair behind him howled;
While Pity bent above the wreck deplored,
And Hope, with rapturous wing, triumphant soared.
These, the mind's taskers with their kindred train,
In every age and clime hold equal reign.

Our author's scene is in an ancient day,
When stormy passions had their wildest play;

When Rome's enormous mass of power, o'ergrown,
Crumbled and quaked beneath a severed throne:
Each giant fragment, parting from the pile,
Shook all the world, and left an empire's spoil:
Each soldier-chieftain, with a monarch's power,
Usurped the transient homage of the hour;
And oft, insane with delegated might,
Perished, like him whose fate we show to-night.

Bold is each effort now to please the age
With dramas worthy of the classic stage,
In Fame's high dome the masters sit enthroned,
Whose spells resistless every passion owned;
Who gave to each conception prosperous birth,
And with immortal music filled the earth.
While vivid still *their* images appear,
While still *their* numbers linger on the ear,
But cold attention waits the modern bard,
Who risks the crowded theatre's award.

Yet, our New World the muse's pencil needs!
What wild adventures, what heroic deeds,
Remain unsung! what forms, that in the gloom
Of the long Past magnificently loom,
Might re-enact the stories of their time,
Arouse to virtue, or affright from crime!

Would ye behold the native drama rise?
To kill the pioneers were most unwise!
All is not gained at once. The Genoese,
Who first explored our now familiar seas,
Bursting all barriers in his firm intent,
Found but the isles, and not the continent!
A hundred stars had shed prophetic rays,
Ere SHAKSPEARE's sun obscured them in its blaze!

Try, then, our Author's argument and cause,
By patriot feeling, not by tyrant laws;
And let not Justice hold the balance, *blind*,
But poise the scales, determined—TO BE KIND!

THE STARS.

A POETIC MEDITATION.

(FROM DE LA MARTINE.)

It is the hour for thought—a sacred hour,
When lingering twilight yet prolongs its power;
And, cheering heaven for day's departing hue,
Bids to the mountain-steeps a late adieu.
Along their verge its fitful gleams remain,
Like some imperial vesture's floating train;
And slowly sweep the vault o'ercast with gloom,
Where the dim stars their pallid fires relume.

Those globes of gold—those isles that ever shine,
To which the thoughtful eyelids still incline,
Shoot forth their myriads in the fading light,
Sprinkling with golden dust the path of night.
The breath of evening, on its track that veers,
Sows their bright clusters o'er the sparkling skies;
Each quivering flame eludes the dazzled gaze,
Mingling and fading in the brilliant maze;
O'er the fringed wood-tops hovering these appear
Scattering their splendours from each crystal sphere,
Like some fair bird of heaven, that from its wings
Unfolding, founts of living lustre flings;
These stretch their fleecy ridges o'er the dome,
Like cliffs far glistening, hoar with ocean's foam;

These, like some steed that scours the desert plain,
Unroll in lengthening folds their floating mane;
These, o'er the horizon's verge that seem to peep,
Look forth like eyes upon a world asleep;
These twinkle through the welkin's far descent,
Like snowy canvass o'er the waters bent,
That from some distant shore returning gleams,
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Startling the eye that counts their numbers o'er;
Through space they shoot, and man, with glad acclaim,
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Oh, who, enraptured with their glances chaste,
As o'er their hosts his wandering looks were cast,
That has not learned the purest orb to call
By that dear name love hallows over all;
For me, one isolated, lonely light
Has cheered the hours of many a tedious night;
Its beams through mystic shadows round it thrown,
Recalled a glance on earth that brightly shone;
May we, ah! may we to those lamps of heaven,
Transfer the name, at least, that love has given?

Now night moves on—through ether's boundless deep
Those floating worlds their course in silence keep;
And we with them, in whirl unceasing rolled,
Still to a port unknown our progress hold.

Oft, at still night, if sighs the passing breeze,
Earth seems to float, like barks on buoyant seas;
We mark the foamy crests the mountains bear,
Cut, in their measured course, the surge of air;
As rolls our planet through the azure wave,
Against the prow we hear the tempests rave;
Through the strained cords the north-wind shrilly moans,
While the lashed sides respond with sullen groans;
Man, o'er the abyss, where floats his dwelling, flies,
And on the pilot's faith assured relies.

Suns! wandering worlds! borne with us by the tide,
Tell, if 'tis told ye, whither do we glide?
Say, to what port celestial blows the gale?
What bound assigns He to the rapid sail?
Speed we where gloom and silence only wake,
On shoals immense at midnight doomed to break,
O'er everlasting space scattering the mighty wreck?
Or, by his hand, led near some pleasant shore,
There, by the eternal anchor fast, no more
To hang suspended o'er the unmeasured deep,
In some bless'd gulf of heaven shall we arrive in sleep?

O ye, who nearer to yon vault are rolled,
Ye sparkling worlds! the truths ye know unfold!
That purer sea, that heaven wherein ye wheel,
To you must clearer, quicker sense reveal;
More ye must know, as ye are far more bright,
Because of truth the eternal type is light.
Yes—may we trust your cresset's silver floods
That paint the trellised summits of the woods;
Or, breaking glorious o'er the ocean vexed,
Calm, as they spread, its foamy waves perplexed;
Yes—may we trust those rays, whose pregnant fire
Can virtue, love, devotion pure inspire,—

And, while the eye, half-oped, beholds each sphere,
Draw from each fringed lid the unconscious tear;—
If faith to those sweet promptings may be due,
Those hopes that draw the lover's sighs to you,
And beauty's eyes and vows remembered long,
The eagle's fiery wings, and those of song,
Ye camps of heaven, ye Edens of the sky,
Shrines, palaces of holier realms on high,
The sojourn ye must prove of peace and purity!

Through the long tract, at midnight's solemn hour,
Your distant influence o'er us holds its power!
All that we sigh for—fruits, that from above
To earth, rich waifs, have fallen—truth and love,
In your bright climes, for which in vain we sigh,
The heirs of life with heavenly food supply;
And man, perchance, restored his right of birth,
May one day find with you all he has lost on earth.

How oft, when musing on some lonely hill,
Where the free soul sublimer promptings fill,
Beautiful stars! empyreal flowers, whose hue
The drooping lily marks with jealous view,
I've murmured low, Would I were one of you!
Were wafted from this earthly sphere away
To yon bright cope where rapt my glances stray,
With one more fire to strew the heavenly road,
Kindling at once beneath the steps of God;
Or, on his awful brow, to shine a gem,
One pale, fair brilliant in his diadem!

Floating in that clear azure's limpid wave,
I'd still recall the globe my life that gave,
And steal each night, with lonely steps and slow
To shine on mountains, loved so well below;

Beneath the thick boughs' waving gloom to glide,
Sleep o'er the meads, or float above the tide;
Some filmy cloud, with gentlest gleam pervade,
Like young love's glances through their modest shade.
Man I would visit, might I here descry
Some deeply pensive brow—some sleepless eye—
Some soul in weeds, or some o'erburthened breast,
Its pious sadness that to God confess'd—
Some wretch from day that veiled his secret grief,
And in night's bosom sought from tears relief—
Some restless genius, some o'er-active mind,
By too strong impulse urged the infinite to find—
My beam with friendship's holiest tint imbued,
Pitying the woes here too well understood,
Like a soft secret to some genial heart,
To those sad downcast eyes would love to dart;
There my fond glimmering should repose awhile,
Sleep on their breasts or o'er their eyelids smile;
A word I would reveal in heavenly tone,
Of a deep mystery well to sorrow known;
Would dry their tears, and when the morning's eye
Found my disk paling in the bending sky,
Deserting their soothed brows, my parting beam
Should leave them yet a sweet unearthly dream,
And peace and hope; that, over-tired to weep,
At least they might enjoy the boon of balmy sleep.

And you, bright sisters, stars, my kindred train,
Whose amel decks the blue empyreal plain,
That, in due cadence to the heavenly lyre,
Twine and untwine the links of your harmonious quire
Joined to your band, your measures free to tread,
The impulse following that your courses led,
In yon bright maze I would pursue your host,
'Mid shining labyrinths where sight is lost;

Taught to adore and know the Power, whom here
We seek, and haply seeing *ye* revere;
Of the quick splendours of his quivering beams,
There might my soul drink in the eternal streams;
Filled by that presence, in whose sphere ye wheel,
There I might feel in Him all that yourselves can feel.

THE BUTTERFLY.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF DE LA MARTINE.)

Born with the spring, and with the roses dying,
Through the clear sky on Zephyr's pinion sailing,
On the young floweret's opening bosom lying,
Perfume and light and the blue air inhaling,
Shaking the thin dust from its wings, and fleeing,
And fading like a breath in boundless heaven,—
Such is the butterfly's enchanted being;
How like desire, to which no rest is given,
Which still uneasy, rifling every treasure,
Returns at last above to seek for purer pleasure.

ELEGY ON HENRY SLENDER.

And thou art dead! as thin and spare
As mortal form could be;
And frame so lean, and bones so bare
We never more shall see.
Though finished are thine earthly days,
And o'er thy tomb the cow may graze
In rude simplicity—
Still busy memory lingers yet,
Thy well-loved face she can't forget.

I will not ask where thou liest low,
Because I know full well—
I saw thee to the churchyard go,
I heard thy funeral knell.
They brought thee in thine own wheelbarrow,
And laid thee in thy grave so narrow,
Without a stone to tell
Thy name, thy birth-place, or thy station,
Thy virtues, or thy occupation.

I will not ask of what thou died,
Of dropsy or of fever;
Whether thy leg was mortified,
Or out of place thy liver.

It was enough for me to know,
That thou hast gone where all must go,
  Must go, alas! for ever—
The when—the how—the why, or wherefore,
I never knew, nor do I care for.

And life's short day of joy and sorrow,
  Shall never more be thine,
Its stormy nights, its cloudy morrow,
  Its darkness or sunshine—
But yet thy name abroad shall ring,
And far and wide shall poets sing
  Thy praise in strains divine;
And matrons old, and maidens tender,
Long sigh for thee, young Harry Slender.

HORACE, BOOK II. CARM. 3.

When fortune frowns, thine equal mind
Preserve, and when her smiles are kind,
Exult not, arrogantly vain,
But keep thy calm and equal strain;

Whether black care consumes thine hours,
Or stretched in cool secluded bowers,
The festal day inspires thy soul,
And old Falernian fills the bowl;

Where the tall pine and poplar white
Above their social shades unite,
Marrying their boughs, and winding nigh,
The rapid lymph runs trembling by.

Here bring the wine, the perfume bring,
And the sweet rose, soon perishing;
While fortune, youth, and the black twine
Of the dread sisters leave them thine:

For from thy fields and fireside bless'd,
Thy domes by yellow Tiber kiss'd,
Soon thou must part; thine heaps now grown
So high, the heir shall call his own.

How sweet to lie, 'neath some old oak reclining,
Or where the tall grass round is twining;
Through its tall banks the still stream glides along,
Birds wake their sadly pleasing song,
And fountains near their murmuring descant keep,
Inviting calm and holy sleep!
But winter comes, at thundering Jove's command,
With storms and snows in either hand;
Then on the savage boar the dogs are set,
And drive him to the entangling net;
Or for the glutton thrush he lays his snares,
And light extended gins prepares;
Here caught, the trembling puss, the stranger crane
Give sport in hoary winter's reign.
Who thus employed, has time or wish to prove
The pangs and cares of cruel love?
But ah! should some chaste dame adorn his hall,
Whose home and children were her all
(Like fair Sabina, or the browner bride,
Gracing the swift Apulian's side),
Who bids the sacred hearth more brightly burn,
Against the weary man's return,—
Folds up the herd right glad her cares to meet,
And drains each well distended teat,—
Then from the well loved cask the wine draws forth,
Cheering, though of little worth,—
And joyous, for her lord, with active zeal,
Prepares the frugal unbought meal—
With such, nor Lucrine oysters more I'd prize,
Nor turbot of majestic size,
Nor scarcer fish, if any winter bore,
From eastern waters near our shore.
Not Afric's fowl could prove a daintier treat,
Nor Asia's partridge seem more sweet,
Than the ripe olives hanging thick and low,
Plucked from the most luxuriant bough:

HORACE. EPODE 2.

PLEASURES OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

Happy the man, remote from toil and care,
As in the golden age men were;
Who ploughs his native field with his own team,
And hath no debts of which to dream!
Who starts not to the trump's shrill reveillée,
Nor views with fright the raging sea;
Shuns the hoarse forum and the haughty gate
Of wealth, and of the vulgar great;
Well pleased around his poplars tall to twine
The tendrils of the wedded vine;
To prune the useless shoots, and in their place
Engraft a more prolific race.
In the far deepening vale, wandering at ease,
Joyous his lowing herds he sees;
In shining jars the clear pressed honey pours,
Or gathers in his fleecy stores;
Or when dame Autumn rears her honoured head,
With her ripe fruitage garlanded,
Large drooping from the boughs, the yellow pear
And purple grape reward his care;
Thy votive gift, Priapus! Sylvan, thine,
Protector of the bounding line!

Or wholesome mallows, or green sorrel, still
  Wandering o'er the meads at will;
Or the kid rescued from the wolf's fell bite,
  Or victim lamb at festal rite.
And at the feast how pleasant to behold
  The flocks swift bounding to the fold;
To mark the weary oxen dragging slow,
  With drooping necks the inverted plough;
And all the household slaves, a swarming band,
  Around the glittering lares stand.

Thus spoke the usurer Alphius, in his thought
  His house and farm already bought,
He called in all his funds in the Ides; but when
The Calends came—he loaned them out again.

WEEHAWKEN.

Eve o'er our path is stealing fast;
Yon quivering splendours are the last
The sun will fling, to tremble o'er
The waves that kiss the opposing shore;
His latest glories fringe the height
Behind us, with their golden light.

The mountain's mirror'd outline fades
Amid the fast extending shades;
Its shaggy bulk, in sterner pride,
Towers, as the gloom steals o'er the tide;
For the great stream a bulwark meet
That leaves its rock-encumbered feet.

River and Mountain! though to song
Not yet, perchance, your names belong;
Those who have loved your evening hues,
Will ask not the recording Muse,
What antique tales she can relate,
Your banks and steeps to consecrate.

Yet should the stranger ask, what lore
Of by-gone days, this winding shore,
Yon cliffs and fir-clad steeps could tell,
If vocal made by Fancy's spell,—

The varying legend might rehearse
Fit themes for high, romantic verse.

O'er yon rough heights and moss-clad sod
Oft hath the stalworth warrior trod;
Or peered, with hunter's gaze, to mark
The progress of the glancing bark.
Spoils, strangely won on distant waves,
Have lurked in yon obstructed caves.

When the great strife for Freedom rose
Here scouted oft her friends and foes,
Alternate, through the changeful war,
And beacon-fires flashed bright and far;
And here, when Freedom's strife was won,
Fell, in sad feud, her favoured son;—

Her son,—the second of the band,
The Romans of the rescued land.
Where round yon cape the banks ascend,
Long shall the pilgrim's footsteps bend;
There, mirthful hearts shall pause to sigh,
There, tears shall dim the patriot's eye.

There last he stood. Before his sight
Flowed the fair river, free and bright;
The rising Mart and Isles and Bay,
Before him in their glory lay,—
Scenes of his love and of his fame,—
The instant ere the death-shot came.

PREFACE TO AN ALBUM.

An Album, while an Album, is a thing
(If clean the paper, and the binding fair),
Pretty to look at; and the poets sing
Of many similes that appropriate are;
And which 'tis easy to our mind to bring
As none of them are new, or strange, or rare;
Such as—a maiden's heart—a baby's mind—
Or the first state of those two parents of mankind.

But ah! upon the simple maiden's heart,
Will Love, too soon, some guileful image trace;
And Sin and Satan soon will play their part,
And alter much the helpless infant's case.
Adam and Eve were soon seduced to start
From Paradise, awhile their resting place;
And so, an Album, in the course of time,
Is soiled by hands and feet, fingers and rhyme.

Oh! and alas! while on this volume's brink,
Still a white sea, I stand, and meditate
Upon the many coloured kinds of ink,
Whose tortuous currents here must permeate,—
When on the torture of those brains I think,
Whose oozings here must be incorporate,—
Upon the geese that must the quills supply,
And those that must commit the poetry,—

I sorrow, that all fair things must decay,
  While time, and accident, and mischief last;
That the red rose so soon must fade away,
  The white be sullied by the ruthless blast;
The pure snow turned to mud, in half a day;
  Even heaven's own glorious azure be o'ercast;
Imperial ermine be with dust defiled,
And China's finest crockery cracked and spoiled.

Thou snow-white altar! which to friendship rear'd,
  With freshest garlands should alone be hung,
And with no dull and smoky incense smear'd,
  But such as perfume-laden Zephyr flung;
Strange hieroglyphics, soon, I am afeard,
  Thy graceful sculpture will appear among;
The vulgar love their names to cut or write
On every post that's new, or tablet that is white!

Of what an Album's like, before 'tis used,
  I thus have chanted in my homely phrase;
But what it's like, by fate when long abused,
  To tell, perplexes me in various ways;
Fancy invoked assistance has refused
  To yield resemblances; because, she says,
It were to Love and Friendship treason vile,
To comment coarsely on their honest toil.

Then, without thee, O Nymph! so often pray'd,
  So rarely won, to listen to our cry!
Whose image floats in heavenly tints portray'd,
  Of roseate morn, or eve's empurpled sky;—
In later poets' pictures much decay'd
  And patched, and tattered in thy drapery;—
Without the Fancy! I must strive to find
Such similes as suit the common mind.

'Tis like a trunk, with ancient clothes replete,
Of every colour, fashion, age, and shape;
'Tis like a virtuoso's cabinet,
Thro' which with listless eye we talk and gape;
Where beauty and deformity we meet,
Birds of bright plumes and bats, the deer and ape:
'Tis like the legislature,—whereunto
Few swans, some hawks, and many goslings go.

'Tis like an ancient single lady's chest,
Where rummaging, the curious heir discovers
Old patterns, worn-out thimbles, and the rest
Of antique trumpery; fans, and flowers, and covers
Of pincushions; a petrified wasp's nest;
Letters from long defunct or married lovers;
Work-boxes, ten-pences that once were new,
And murder'd metre, if she was a *blue*.

'Tis like a doomsday-book, wherein is writ
Of every man's capacity the measure,—
The length, and breadth, and boundaries of his wit,
And value of his intellectual treasure:—
'Tis like a party, when you ask to it
Clowns, who derive from such soirées no pleasure,
But are compelled in company to go,
Their awkwardness and ignorance to show.

'Tis like a churchyard—where, in crooked rows,
Tomb-stones, and urns, and crosses are arrayed,
Memorials of the persons that repose
Beneath, whose virtues are thereon displayed;
Where every kind and colour, friends and foes,
Together sleep, beneath the cypress shade;
I wish I had let this simile alone—
It is a sad, though an important one.

For, as those pale memorials to the eye
  Of unforgetful friendship, can restore
The loved and lovely in the days gone by,
  The forms once dear, that we behold no more,
So can these pages bring the absent nigh,
  And summon back the ghost from Lethe's shore:
Therefore, they are sacred; and I am ashamed
In any wise their uses to have blamed.

'Tis like a Talisman, by magic hands
  Framed with quaint spells, and graved with figures strange,
That, by the instructed finger touched, commands
  All images that float in nature's range;
Recalls each well-known form from distant lands,
  And shows the shrouded dead without a change:
And long-forgotten scenes, a shadowy train,
And long-forgotten faces smile again.

INVOCATION.

It is not now as it has been of yore;—
The things which I have seen, I now can see no more.
WORDSWORTH.

O quick for me the goblet fill,
From bright Castalia's sparkling rill;
Pluck the young laurel's flexile bough,
And let its foliage wreathe my brow;
And bring the lyre with sounding shell,
The four-stringed lyre I loved so well!

Lo! as I gaze, the picture flies
Of weary life's realities;
Behold the shade, the wild wood shade,
The mountain steeps, the checkered glade;
And hoary rocks and bubbling rills,
And painted waves and distant hills.

O! for an hour, let me forget
How much of life is left me yet;
Recall the visions of the past,
Fair as these tints that cannot last,
That all the heavens and waters o'er
Their gorgeous, transient glories pour.

Ye pastoral scenes by fancy wrought!
Ye pageants of the loftier thought!
Creations proud! majestic things!
Heroes, and demigods, and kings!
Return, with all of shepherds' lore,
Or old romance that pleased before!

Ye forms that are not of the earth,
Of grace, of valour, and of worth!
Ye bright abstractions, by the thought
Like the great master's pictures, wrought
To the ideal's shadowy mien,
From beauties fancied, dreamt or seen!

Ye speaking sounds, that poet's ear
Alone in nature's voice can hear!
Thou full conception, vast and wide,
Hour of the lonely minstrel's pride,
As when projection gave of old
Alchymy's visionary gold!

Return! return! oblivion bring
Of cares that vex, and thoughts that sting!
The hour of gloom is o'er my soul;
Disperse the shades, the fiends control,
As David's harp had power to do,
If sacred chronicles be true.

Oh come! by every classic spell,
By old Pieria's haunted well;
By revels on the Olmeian height
Held in the moon's religious light;
By virgin forms that wont to lave
Permessus! in thy lucid wave!

In vain! in vain! the strain has pass'd;
The laurel leaves upon the blast
Float, withered, ne'er again to bloom,
The cup is drained—the song is dumb—
And spell and rhyme alike in vain
Would woo the genial muse again.

TO A LADY,

ON THE DEATH OF HER DAUGHTER WHO HAD JUST TAKEN THE VEIL.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF GRESSET.)

Shall grief perverse, with midnight gloom,
Thy fairest days o'ercast,
While prostrate by a daughter's tomb,
Thy ceaseless sorrows last?
Ere the glad morn her gates unfolds,
They wake thee with a sigh,
And evening's pensive shade beholds
Tears dim thy lucid eye.

Just was the debt to sacred grief
For her whose fate I sing,
Whose bloom was lovely, as 'twas brief,
And perished in its spring.
The earlier hours of passionate wo
A secret joy mysterious know,
To jealous sorrow dear;
I did not then forbid their flow,
But gave thee tear for tear.

But short the term that nature gives
To unavailing sighs;
The constant grief that longer lives,
Seems morbid to the wise.

Thy dear remains, oh shade beloved!
In their dark prison pent,
Sleep on by all our moans unmoved,
Nor hear our sad lament.

Nor funeral dirge, nor anguish wild
Relentless fate can stay;
The mother mourns in vain her child,
For death retains his prey.
Still, still, the heartless monster calls
For victims, still he waves
The sickly torch that man appals
Still howls around our frighted walls,
And covers earth with graves.

Still under the same cypress shade,
A common urn beneath,
Sees parents with their children laid,
Who followed them in death.
Down to that grave, by anguish worn,
Despairing should'st thou go,
Friendship a double loss must mourn,
Our tears anew must flow.

Or dost thou, with enforced sighs,
Mourn like the common train,
Who in their solemn liveries
Decorous sadness feign?
That it was sweet to weep, a school
Of yore maintained; but false their rule,
And false their poets sing;
From grief so lingering and so dull,
No joy can ever spring.

Deep in the glooms of savage wood,
The turtle wails her mate,

But reconciled to widowhood,
Forgets at length her state.
So faithful grief will strive in vain
Its cherished misery to retain
Nor lift its funeral pall;
Time will at last a triumph gain,
Who triumphs over all.

See by the smoking altar, where
Her Iphigénia bled,
The mother stand in wild despair,
And ask to join the dead.
But other cares her bosom knew,
The wings of time as swift they flew,
Brushed off the parent's tears;
Our Iphigénia's memory, too,
Must yield to fleeting years.

Since then those pinions, broad and strong,
Must bear, perforce, away
Thy melancholy, nurs'd so long,
Why wail the dull delay?
Chase the black poison from thy soul,
And time anticipate,
Thine altered mood let use control,
And reason vindicate.

Not so complained the Grecian dame,
But armed her noble breast;
Her nature's weakness she o'ercame,
Her natural sighs repress'd.
"For why should I consume," she said,
With vain regrets my heart?
When smiling in its infant bed,
I knew one day its fragile thread
The fatal shears must part."

Ah no! your rules, ye stoics cold,
In vain would I enforce—
Great God! thy temple's gates unfold,
And show our sole resource.
A hand divine alone can heal
The wounds the bleeding heart must feel,
Vain human counsels were;
Beside the sacred altar kneel,
The comforter is there.

Go, Christian mother, to the shrine,
And wing thy griefs above,
Submissive to the power divine,
That chastens in its love.
Tho' rankles yet thy recent smart,
Eternal wisdom own,
That breaks the tenderest ties apart,
To fix the undivided heart
Upon itself alone.

Ere the decree of fate went forth,
Already she had died;
Snatched from the dangerous snares of earth,
Heaven claimed her as its bride.
From that vain world its votaries paint
With each delusive die,
Shut out by every firm restraint,
Lived, for her God alone, the saint,
And knew no other tie.

Self-dedicated to the rite
Behold the victim move,
When stands prepared the altar bright
Of everlasting love.

The incense mounts, the wreaths are hung;
Attends the sacrifice;
But whence those shrieks the crowd among!
Her bridal hymn I should have sung,—
I chant her obsequies.

So fades a rose untimely strown,
Of all its petals shorn;
Plucked, with its budding charms half blown,
An altar to adorn.
Its perfumes sweet, at morning light,
Through all the fane it shed;
Eve came, and dark descending night
Saw all its glories fled.

Just Heaven! we mourn her young career
Cut short by sudden blight;
But own thy wisdom; every year
Was numbered in thy sight.
We should not mete by length of days
The term the saintly spirit stays,
Its trials to endure;
Death to the wretch whom none can praise,
Alone is premature.

THE OCEAN OF NONSENSE.

A misty dream—and a flashy maze—
Of a sunshiny flush—and a moonshiny haze!
I lay asleep with my eyes open wide,
When a donkey came to my bedside,
And bade me forth to take a ride.
It was not a donkey of vulgar breed,
But a cloudy vision—a night-mare steed!
His ears were abroad like a warrior's plume,—
From the bosom of darkness was borrowed the gloom
Of his dark, dark hide, and his coal black hair,
But his eyes like no earthly eyes they were!
Like the fields of heaven where none can see
The depths of their blue eternity!
Like the crest of a helmet taught proudly to nod
And wave like a meteor's train abroad,
Was the long, long tail, that glorified
The glorious donkey's hinder side!
And his gait description's power surpasses—
'Twas the beau ideal of all jack-asses.

I strode o'er his back, and he took in his wind—
And he pranced before—and he kicked behind—
And he gave a snort, as when mutterings roll
Abroad from pole to answering pole—
While the storm-king sits on the hail-cloud's back—
And amuses himself with the thunder-crack!

Then off he went, like a bird with red wings
That builds her nest where the cliff-flower springs—
Like a cloudy steed by the light of the moon,
When the night's muffled horn plays a windy tune;
And away I went, while my garment flew
Forth on the night breeze, with a snow-shiny hue—
Like a streak of white foam on a sea of blue.
Up-bristled then the night-charger's hair too,
Like a bayonet grove, at a shoulder-hoo!

Hurra! hurra! what a hurry we made!
My hairs rose too, but I was not afraid;
Like a stand of pikes they stood up all,
Each eye stood out like a cannon ball;
So rapt I looked, like the god of song,
As I shot and whizzed like a rocket along.
Thus thro' the trough of the air as we dash'd,
Goodly and glorious visions flash'd
Before my sight with a flashing and sparkling,
In whose blaze all earthly gems are darkling.
As the gushes of morning, the trappings of eve,
Or the myriad lights that will dance when you give
Yourself a clout on the orb of sight,
And see long ribands of rainbow light;
Such were the splendours, and so divine,
So rosy and starry, and fiery and fine.

Then eagle! then stars! and then rainbows! and all
That I saw at Niagara's tumbling fall,
Where I sung so divinely of them and their glories,
While mewed in vile durance, and kept by the tories.
Where the red cross flag was abroad on the blast
I sat very mournful, but not downcast.
My harp on the willows I did not hang up,
Nor the winglets of fancy were suffered to droop,—

But I soared, and I swooped, like a bird with red wings,
Who mounts to the cloud-god, and soaringly sings.

But the phantom steed in his whirlwind course,
Galloped along like Belzebub's horse,
Till we came to a bank, dark, craggy, and wild,
Where no rock-flowers blushed, no verdure smiled—
But sparse from the thunder cliffs bleak and bare,—
Like the plumage of ravens that warrior helms wear.
And below very far was a gulf profound,
Where tumbling and rumbling, at distance resound
Billowy clouds—o'er whose bottomless bed
The curtain of night its volumes spread—
But a rushing of fire was revealing the gloom,
Where convulsions had birth, and the thunders a home.

You may put out the eyes of the sun at mid-day—
You may hold a young cherubim fast by the tail—
You may steal from night's angel his blanket away—
Or the song of the bard at its flood-tide may stay,
But that cloud-phantom donkey to stop you would fail!

He plunged in the gulf—'twas a great way to go,
E'er we lit mid the darkness and flashings below;
And I looked—as I hung o'er that sulphurous light—
Like a warrior of flame!—on a courser of night!
But what I beheld in that dark ocean's roar,
I have partly described in a poem before,
And the rest I reserve for a measure more strong,
When my heart shall be heaving and bursting with song!

But I saw as he sailed 'mid the dusky air,
A bird that I thought I knew everywhere,
A fierce gray bird with a terrible beak,
With a glittering eye, and peculiar shriek,

"Proud Bird of the Cliff!" I addressed him then—
"How my heart swells high thus to meet thee again!
Thou whose bare bosom for rest is laid
On pillows of night by the thunder-cloud made!
With a rushing of wings and a screaming of praise
Who in ecstasy soar'st in the red-hot blaze!
Who dancest in heaven to the song of the trump,
To the fife's acclaim, and bass-drum's thump!
Whence com'st thou," I cried, "and goest whither?"
As I gently detained him by his tail-feather.
He replied, "Mr. N——! Mr. N——, let me loose!
I am not an eagle, but only a goose!—
Your optics are weak, and the weather is hazy—
And excuse the remark, but I think you are crazy."

THE DELUGE.

SUPPOSED TO BE BY THE AUTHOR OF "JUDGMENT, A VISION."

Methought I stood within a palm-tree grove,
Held in a sleep-like spell—the cooling shades,
Verdure o'er-canopying, voice of birds,
Green hues of nature, perfumes exquisite,
And heaven's fair front with all its glory tricked,
With dazzling argentry and golden waves,
Clouds roseate-wreathed, and broad pavilion spread
High in the west, with crimson tapestry
And Tyrian purple hung—these o'er my senses
Came like a dreamy trance. In that fair grove,
The level beams of the retiring sun
Streamed mottled, multiform, with magic tints,
'Mid the long spiry leaves and tall straight columns,
Where glorious birds, with plumage many-colour'd,
Sat motionless. In their declining trains,
Shone 'mid the foliage from aloft, the glow
Of ruby, emerald, topaz, sardonyx,
All hues that sparkled in the diadems
Of Babylon's or India's monarchs old,
Irradiant.
As I gazed, beside the grove,
A green vale gently sloping I beheld.
There grew the date, the fig-tree and the plane,

And in the midst a whispering brook, that kiss'd
Pebbles to modern mineralogists
Unknown, made music breathing equally of life
And calm repose—Its margin many-tufted
With peerless flow'rets, such as blushed of yore
In Nebuchadnezzar's yard, or the parterre
Of Solomon, or in the regal bower
Of great Semiramis.
An easy swell
Rose from the vale: reposing on its summit
A bulky structure lay; most like two barks,
Joined latitudinally, covered with a platform,
Whereon a dome is reared, o'er-canopied
With shelving roofs. Mechanic specimens
Drawn by exertions of equestrian strength,
Like this, on Hudson's waves are visible;—
From such, when Tyre defied the child of Ammon,
Its massive freight the huge balista hurled—
Methought a stair clomb high the green hill side,
To where in that vast edifice expanded
A portal stood. Then came a mingled train,
With weary steps and sad reverted eyes,
Of size like Amalek, or him of Gath,
Or his surpassing stature, who maintained
His royal throne in forest-girdled Bashan,
And stretched his ponderous limbs on couch of iron.
First, touched with earliest frosts of sacred eld,
Yet upright, with majestic port elate,
The undeluged world's great patriarch went. In vain
My quest (so strange the pageantry of dreams!)
Sought to behold his venerable spouse.
Then passed into the ark, three goodly men,
Following the sage, each with encircling arm
Supporting a fair form of peerless mould;
And a long train behind went mounting still;
As prisoners upon whom the massive portal

Shuts, grating dolorous requiem to the joys
Of liberty and daylight—so they went,
And darkness hid them from. But anon,
Soft on the breeze came notes of minstrelsy;
A bridal train along the vale advanced,
In quaint attire and jewels sheen arrayed;
With step elastic, bounding to the change
Of quick delightful music. There the sons
Of Tubal touched with fingers light the chords,
Which quivered with ecstatic harmony;
And Tubal's offspring bade the sounding brass
Wake its bold clangors. Others through the coil
Of serpent tubes the winding sound prolonged;
While some on pastoral flutes and sweet recorders,
Breathed tones like those, which o'er Italian seas,
Heard in the stillness of the radiant night,
Imbodying passion's soul in melody,
Feed love and young desire.
As when a stranger,
Lingering amid the gardens of the deep,
That stud the glittering Caribbean waves,
In some Antillian grove, beneath the shade
Of tall palmettos, and the embowering wood
Of fig-tree huge, self-multiplied, beholds
Dark Afric's children, on a festal day,
In rainbow colours dight, their dance uncouth,
Albeit not void of grace with vigorous limbs,
Prolong to rustic banja's tinkling twang,—
While on the lively green, the blushing grape,
The golden orange, and the shapely pear,
And ripe ananas with its scaly coat
And virent tuft, in rich confusion lie;—
The stranger looks delighted on the scene
Novel and gay;—so looked I on the rout
Who came with joyance and with minstrelsy.

Then in the porch the hoary patriarch stood
With aspect tristful yet severe—"Avaunt!"
He cried, "repent, repent! the hour is come,
Even now the deluge comes!"
With slight respect,
I trow, to his gray hairs, that sportive band
Sent forth, responsive to the warning voice,
Their heart's gay laugh exuberant, that shook
Their diaphragms, as to the glorious west
They pointed. As in Bagdad's ancient pomp,
Or Ispahan, when the last night is o'er
Of Ramadan's long fast, a flood of light
Pours from the bazars, on the sequent eve,
Resplendent, and the orient waves therein,
Burnished with brilliant blazonry, along
The streets and crowded marts, in splendid glow
Beam like the array of some enchanter's home;
So far and wide the kindling occident
Caught from the eternal fire one blaze of pomp,
Flashing with all its multitudinous tints,
From molten gold that swam in opal fields
To fierce intolerable glory. Thus
The sun went down, upon that fatal eve—
The portal closed. The man of God withdrew.
The mirth, the dance, the minstrelsy went on.
But where the glory of the west? As when
On Jersey's shore, the kindled meadows throw
A pale dull hue of red along the welkin,
So faint, so dim, was now the verge of heaven.
Untimely twilight came. A volumed mist
Rose suddenly, and far unrolling hung
Its sombrous drapery o'er the vaulted cope,
Darkening and deepening.—Whirlwinds pass'd along
On pinions terrible; the forest trees
Bowed their tall heads, and writhed in agony,
Like masts upon the ocean tempest-lashed—

The bridal train swift scattering, from my sight
Vanished—The birds flew screaming in wild circuits,
Mazed and in terror lost—And blackening still
The clouds went up. Sullenly, heavily,
Huge drops came pattering down. A hollow groan,
Even from the bowels of the monstrous world,
Was heard presaging wo. And then a roar,
As of a thousand chariots, or the voice
Of all the ram's horns when the embattled towers
Of Jericho in whelming ruin fell,
At distance came. The solid frame of earth
Shuddered beneath me;—when above, at once,
From tenfold darkness, burst the livid sheet
Of lightning, that revealed the horrid depths
Of blackness round; and on the distant brow
Of the horizon, as it fell, I marked
The ocean, piling wave on wave, advance,
A wall of waters, beetling over-head,
And climbing still, till its impending height
Threatened whole continents; as when it closed
On car-borne Ammon's chivalry and power;
With murmurs wrathful, like the eternal roar
On Lapland's sounding coast. While overhead
The dreadful thunder spoke; and with the peal,
I woke—Right gladly through the casement then,
I marked the dew-drops on the pendant spray,
Glittering with early morning's roseate beam,
And bless'd my stars that I had not been drowned.

NOAH,

A POEM. BY PAUL ALLEN.

The following summary, found among our collection, appears to be the author's Επγραφαι, *or poetical analysis of the above work, which, though just published, has been composed for some time, as appears by the preface.*

CANTO I.

This states how Noah was quite sad,
To see what work the deluge made;
But joyful when the rainbow came,
Calling his wife to see the same.
How first he sent a raven out,
Who carrion ate, and screamed about,
And made such an infernal din,
He wished again he had him in—
How next he sent a dove, who found
An olive branch upon dry ground;
How Noah made a speech, and sent
Her off again—and how she went.

CANTO II.

How upon Ararat, the ark
Stuck in the mud, when it was dark;
And how next morning they went out
To sacrifice, and look about.
How mercy's angel, sweet as may be,
Said she'd known Noah from a baby;

When he caught humble-bees and teazed 'em,
Pulling their tails out, which much pleased 'em;—
How drinking's amiable weakness
Would lead him into shame and sickness;
How great big boats, with masts and sails,
Should go a-fishing after whales;
And Mr. Guillé from Vauxhall
Should mount above the heads of all.
Also, how in her curious speech she
Lugged in the Venus de Medicis;
Concluding with a brief reflection
Upon astronomy's perfection.

CANTO III.

How Shem with a red face got up,
And let the cattle out o' the coop;
And how they came out, one by one,
Also the birds when they had done;
How Noah then got out of bed,
And stroked his offspring on the head,
Saying he had done a good deed,
To let the cattle out to feed.

CANTO IV.

States how the devil came to Ham,
And told him it was all a flam,
About the world's being all o'erspread;
How Ham believed in what he said,
And being glad to hear that others
Besides his father, self, and brothers,
Had not been drowned, a strain quite gay
Began upon his harp to play;
At which the devil, disguised till then,
Took his own ugly form agen;
And with his tail his legs between,
Sneaked off, and looked extremely mean.

CANTO V.

How Ham having lately got a son,
Noah came to see him thereupon,
And in a fit of prophecy,
Told him his baby black should be;
How all his offspring should be dingies,
And sold for slaves to the West Indies.
And how Canaan on the spot
Turned as black as any pot.
Whereat his mother screamed in wonder,
Seeing her babe as dark as thunder.
How Noah then went on to state
Of Japhet's line the happier fate,
How they should all come over here,
Scare off the buffaloes and deer,
And massacre the cruel savages,
Who on their settlements made ravages.
How soon the Lion of the British,
Seeing their good luck, would get skittish,
And walking clear across the ocean,
Would make a terrible commotion,
Till being well kicked and cuffed he should
Go grumbling back across the flood.
These, interspersed with other things,
Paul Allen most obscurely sings.
Ne'er since the ark was set afloat
Was such a curious poem wrote.

THE DEAD OF 1832.

Oh Time and Death! with certain pace,
  Though still unequal, hurrying on,
O'erturning in your awful race,
  The cot, the palace, and the throne!

Not always in the storm of war,
  Nor by the pestilence that sweeps
From the plague-smitten realms afar,
  Beyond the old and solemn deeps:

In crowds the good and mighty go,
  And to those vast dim chambers hie:—
Where mingled with the high and low,
  Dead Cæsars and dead Shakspeares *lie*!

Dread Ministers of God! sometimes
  Ye smite at once, to do His will,
In all earth's ocean-sever'd climes,
  Those—whose renown ye cannot kill!

When all the brightest stars that burn
  At once are banished from their spheres,
Men sadly ask, when shall return
  Such lustre to the coming years?

For where is he*—who lived so long—
Who raised the modern Titan's ghost,
And showed his fate, in powerful song,
Whose soul for learning's sake was lost?

Where he—who backwards to the birth
Of Time itself, adventurous trod,
And in the mingled mass of earth
Found out the handiwork of God?†

Where he—who in the mortal head,‡
Ordained to gaze on heaven, could trace
The soul's vast features, that shall tread
The stars, when earth is nothingness?

Where he—who struck old Albyn's lyre,§
Till round the world its echoes roll,
And swept, with all a prophet's fire,
The diapason of the soul?

Where he—who read the mystic lore,‖
Buried, where buried Pharaohs sleep;
And dared presumptuous to explore
Secrets four thousand years could keep?

Where he—who with a poet's eye¶
Of truth, on lowly nature gazed,
And made even sordid Poverty
Classic, when in HIS numbers glazed?

Where—that old sage so hale and staid,**
The "greatest good" who sought to find;
Who in his garden mused, and made
All forms of rule, for all mankind?

* Goethe and his Faust. † Cuvier. ‡ Spurzheim. § Scott.
‖ Champollion. ¶ Crabbe. ** Jeremy Bentham.

And thou—whom millions far removed*
Revered—the hierarch meek and wise,
Thy ashes sleep, adored, beloved,
Near where thy Wesley's coffin lies.

He too—the heir of glory—where†
Hath great Napoleon's scion fled?
Ah! glory goes not to an heir!
Take him, ye noble, vulgar dead!

But hark! a nation sighs! for he,‡
Last of the brave who perilled all
To make an infant empire free,
Obeys the inevitable call!

They go—and with them is a crowd,
For human rights who THOUGHT and DID,
We rear to them no temples proud,
Each hath his mental pyramid.

All earth is now their sepulchre,
The MIND, their monument sublime—
Young in eternal fame they are—
Such are YOUR triumphs, Death and Time.

* Adam Clarke. † The Duke of Reichstadt. ‡ Charles Carroll.

THE END.

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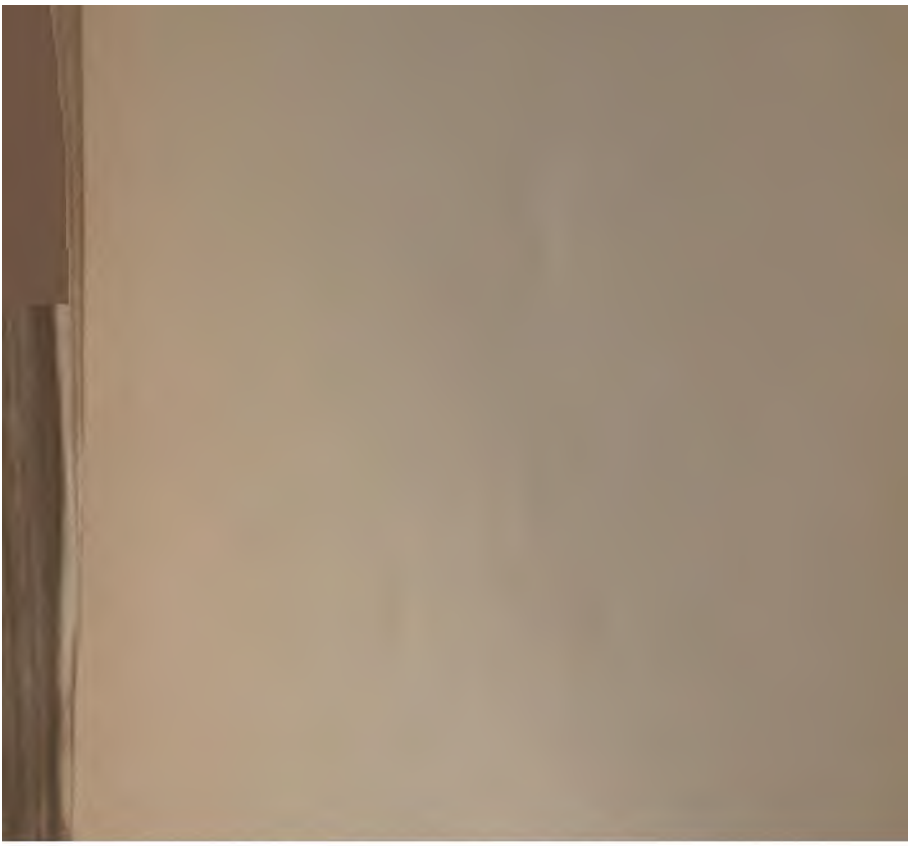

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